THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS MARCH 1967 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

# TRUE®

## "ENDURE AND CONQUER"
## Dr. Sam Sheppard's Own Story of His Fight for Freedom

## AROUND-THE-WORLD OPPORTUNITIES TO ESCAPE TO RICHES

## THE MILLIONAIRE MYSTERY MAN BEHIND RHODESIA'S WHITE REVOLT

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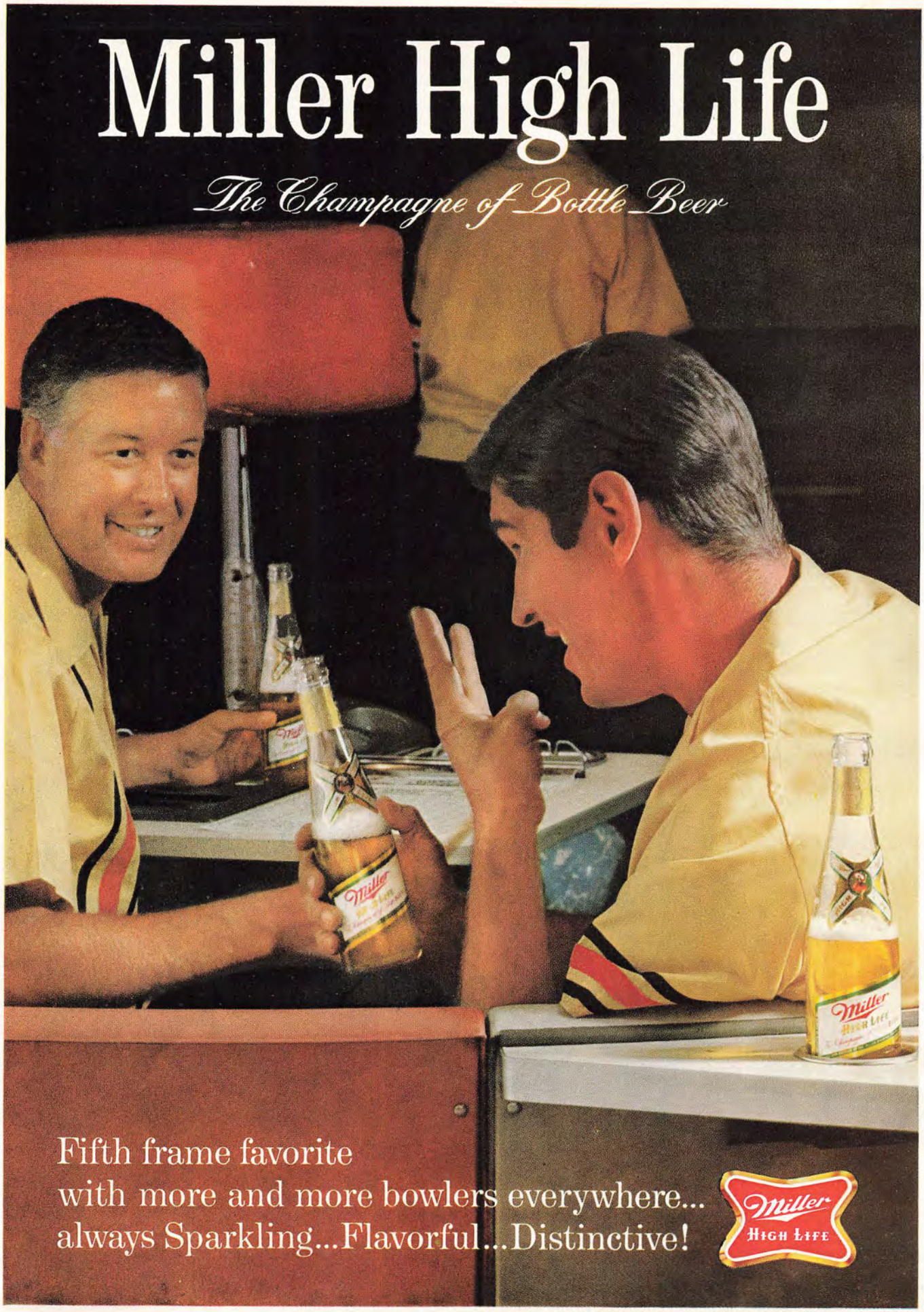


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Know that sweet, flowery after-shave George uses?

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Helen, wondering how to get George out of the house.

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"George, I feel a headache coming on. Would you mind running down to the drugstore?"

# TRUELY YOURS

**tell it to TRUE**
**67 West 44th Street,**
**New York, N.Y. 10036**

### Funny Fellow

Enjoyed your article on Bill Cosby (January TRUE). He is a great entertainer. One point that I must mention, though, is that author Whitman's statement that Germantown is Philadelphia's Harlem is completely unfounded. If Mr. Whitman had ever been in Germantown, he would not make such a statement.

*—Bruce Mathias*
*Fort Meade, Md.*

I have been reading TRUE for six years and enjoy it immensely. I am also a loyal Cosby fan so it naturally irked me to see my favorite comedian done an injustice. You mentioned the name of one of Cosby's albums as *Bill Cosby Is a Very Funny Fellow, Right?* The question mark insinuates a degree of insecurity, while the exclamation mark that rightfully belongs there denotes the fact that he *is* a funny fellow. I am sorry that your magazine was the one to print this error and would appreciate it if you would print this letter to set the world right again.

*—Bill Anderson*
*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

**No question about it—only exclamations: Cosby is a very funny fellow!!!**

### Military Requests

We would like to compliment your magazine for its fine article *Devil Weapons of the Viet Cong* (October, 1966). We were especially interested in the photographs by Hans Knopf.

The Special Operations Departments' main task here at the Naval Amphibious School is to train naval personnel en route to South Viet Nam.

If it is at all possible we would like to obtain 35mm. slides of the photographs for use in our training. We would be only too happy to pay the cost involved.

*—LCDR G. J. Kaiser*
*San Diego, Calif.*

Being engaged in the conduct of Evasion and Escape training for F4-C aircrews bound for S.E. Asia, I was at once impressed with the color photographs on pages 44-47 of this article since they would serve as excellent visual training aids in support of our curriculum. . . .

*—Capt. J. R. Pinkett, III*
*Davis-Monthan AFB, Ariz.*

**Hans, take a bow.**

### Poetry Corner

Your *Man's World* column credited Dorothy Parker with "candy is dandy but liquor is quicker." Not only is this erroneous, but it grants something to the inferior sex that they don't deserve. Ogden Nash wrote said line in "Reflections on Ice-Breaking." If this is truly a *man's world,* kindly render up to man what is his.

*—Gerry Christmas*
*Somers, Conn.*

### Employment Question

You say in November TRUE, page 94, that the most hazardous jobs are test piloting, automobile racing, crop control piloting, steeplejack and flagpole working, underground mining and high rigging in lumbering.

I disagree. I am a soldier in Viet Nam and I think that the most hazardous job is that of an American soldier fighting during wartime.

*—Sgt. Gary D. Garland*
*U.S. Army*

### Pins or Percussions?

Russell Barnett Aitken has shown us an admirable collection of early revolvers, (January 1967) but I believe the LeFaucheux dagger revolver is a pinfire cartridge model and not a percussion model as the caption states.

*—Phil Kellen*
*Sacramento, Calif.*

On page 6 of your January issue there is a list of names and titles. On page 50 at the lower lefthand corner there is a picture of a "dagger revolver . . . used percussion caps like early Colts."

Funny how these things get together! I found that Picture Editor, Patricia; Research Editor, Dorothy; and Research Associates, Rhea and Bridget, were possibly girls. I wonder if this influx of female talent into a MAN's magazine could have resulted in the rather simple mistake in the titling and layout of that fine story *Six-Shooters, B.C.*

Gals! Take a long look at that contraption . . . it's a pinfire revolver . . . uses a brass cased bullet with the cap inside fired by that flat base on the hammer striking the pin that sticks out through those little slots in the cylinder.

*—Old TRUEr E. G. Bentley*
*Mesquite, Texas*

**Obviously, never trust a woman with a gun!**

[*Continued on page* 4]

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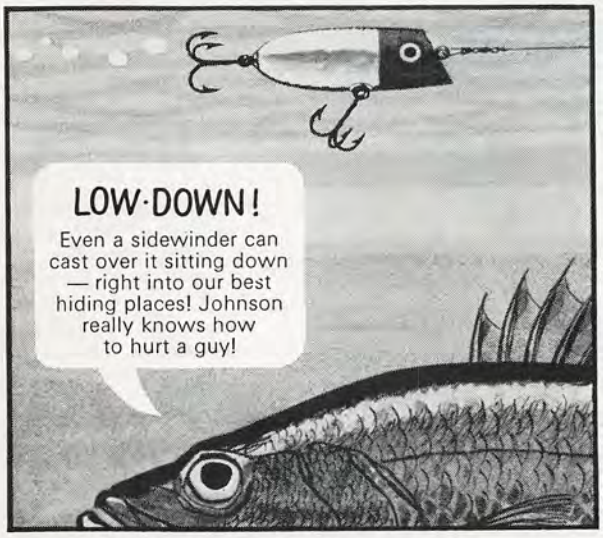


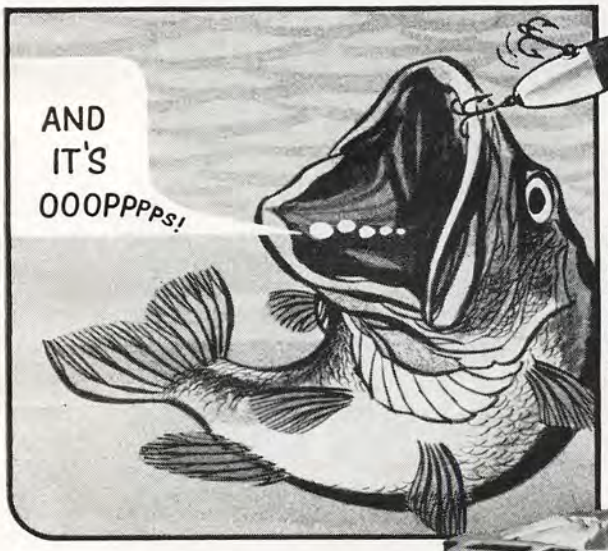


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[*Continued from page 2*]

### Sniper School

In your December issue, Malcolm W. Browne states in his article *We're 13-Cent Killers* that the U.S. Marine Corps had never had a Sniper's School before. This is not the case—I am the proud holder of a certificate dated 17 Dec. 41 from Headquarters, 8th Marine Regiment, 2nd Marine Division, which states that I satisfactorily completed a prescribed course in Scout-Sniper work. . . .

—*E. G. Grant, Jr.*
*Manlius, N. Y.*

. . . while a member of the First Marine Division in the Southwest Pacific during World War II, we had a scout-sniper outfit with M.O.S. 761, as you can see by the enclosed form. And we did attend a formal school administered by the division.

—*Bob Evans*
*Muscle Shoals, Ala.*

### Ski Here!

The item titled *Ski Leaps On Four Legs* on pages 50-51 of the December issue of True was well-written and beautifully illustrated. I must take issue with you, however, regarding your statement that "skibobbing was born in Europe." This is not quite True! In the winter of 1891-92 a Mr. Stevens of Hartford, Conn., modified his bicycle by substituting a ski-runner for his front wheel. Removing his rear wheel he attached two vertical supports to his rear axle and rested these on two very small sled runners. He used his boot heels as brakes. On April 14, 1892, he received U.S. Patent No. 473434 on his snow bicycle, but in spite of this nothing more was done about his invention. So you might say that the skibob was born in America!

—*Wm. E. Cartwright*
*Santa Rosa, Calif.*

### Cat Calls

Re: *A Tough Cat*, January issue.

This is sport? Five hunting dogs, man and pistol against one 33-pound bobcat which, I might add, weighs 13 pounds more than my mother-in-law's domesticated tomcat.

Three cheers for the hunters.

—*Frederick Phrulcox*
*Winston Salem, N. C.*

*A Tough Cat Gives Up His Ninth Life* in the January issue of True should, without a doubt, win this year's award for bad taste.

In this age when we are striving for peace and justice through understanding, in an age when we are trying to clean our air and rivers and spending millions of dollars on conservation of wild life all over the world, you give importance to a cruel and senseless mutilation of an animal.

In your article you ask why, why did this cat stand and fight when it knew it could not win? Class, brother. Class. More than the men or the dogs. Even the most degenerate Roman emperor would have spared the animal's life after it put up such a noble battle. . . .

—*Dr. Michael P. Balbo*
*Long Island City, N. Y.*

### Ege *vs.* Farrell

I protest the cartoon on page 80 of your December issue. No American, and least of all an American magazine, should make light of our heritage and our flag. It's too bad we don't have more people willing to say "God Bless America" and mean it.

—*Harold D. Ege*
*New York, N.Y.*

I note with dismay the letter of R. D. Borgstrom in your November issue—I wonder how many people in our fair land feel the same. Personally, I feel that your magazine is an exemplary example of "Freedom of the Press" and the "American Way of Life!"

Isn't the truth always a little unexpected and stimulating? Our "web of life" is both complex and challenging—True's subject matter is too. I don't agree with everything between True's covers, but after reading an issue (such as November) I am proud to be an American and in America where we can freely and truthfully discuss our own shortcomings.

I consider guys who take potshots at True as the same kind who would blast away at our Statue of Liberty—both are fine symbols of our liberty and I hope you keep printing as long as "She" stands.

—*D. E. Farrell*
*Bellingham, Wash.*

### $300-Million Experiment

Your article on *Scandal in the Job Corps* (December issue of True) was very revealing. I think the November 8 election proved that the public is not as gullible as some of the liberals would try to have us believe. The money being thrown away on these "Great Society" programs had to come from somewhere, namely, the working man's pocketbook.

As long as I can keep reading facts such as this from True I will continue to be a regular subscriber.

—*Price L. Jordan, Jr.*
*Houston, Tex.*

If I had the money, I would order copies of the December issue of True to be sent to every member of Congress, and other pertinent officials in Washington; that they might read and digest your article *Scandal in the Job Corps*, as this obnoxious situation should be immediately remedied.

—*A. J. Hiatt*
*Bristol, Tenn.*

### Gandy Dancer

Your Mr. C. P. Gilmore is a fine writer, but he slipped a little in *You Can't Call 'Em Choo-Choos Anymore* in December True, page 98.

The University of Pennsylvania, founded *by* Franklin in 1749, is a fine educational institution.

The Franklin Institute, founded in honor of Benjamin Franklin in 1824, is also a fine educational and research organization.

We're not related.

The research for freight-car cushioning was performed by The Franklin Institute Research Laboratories.

As a subscriber to your good magazine—and a longtime member of the staff of The Franklin Institute—I couldn't let Mr. Gilmore's slip of identification pass.

Unless he comes down here to see just who and what The Franklin Institute is and does, we will be forced to insist that he dance on his own gandy!

—*Albert D. Hollingsworth*
*The Franklin Institute*
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

"My mother-in-law."

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For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE MARCH 1967

# TRUE

*'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.*
BYRON

## CONTENTS


**BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION**
ENDURE AND CONQUER ..... Dr. Sam Sheppard 29

**TRUE ADVENTURE**
THE ONLY MOUNTAINS IN TOWN ..... J. A. Maxtone Graham 54

**IN THE NEWS**
ROUND-THE-WORLD ROUTE TO RICHES ..... Max Gunther 32
BOSS MAN OF AFRICA'S NEVER-NEVER LAND ..... John Peer Nugent 52
MISTER SIDNEY'S IRON CURTAIN OF DESPAIR ..... Dale Shaw 58

**TRUE'S WHO**
JOHN MECOM: BIG JOHN AND HIS FOUNTAIN OF MONEY ..... Robert Daley 12

**SPORTS**
LOOK OUT, WORLD! HERE COMES SUPER JEW! ..... Myron Cope 34

**FISHING**
A GAUDY NEW TRANSPLANT FOR U.S. ANGLERS ..... Vic Dunaway 38

**GUNS**
"GET UP ON YOUR HIND LEGS AND SHOOT LIKE A MAN!" ..... Ralph Stein 48

**AUTOMOBILE**
409 MPH—ON A GOLDEN SHOESTRING ..... Wayne Thoms 44

**AMERICANA**
RUN, CLOWNS, RUN! ..... Lee Edson 37

**NATURE**
MY WONDERFUL, WARTY MOUSETRAPS ..... Daniel P. Mannix 56

**COLLECTION**
SPRING'S SHAMELESSS BALLYHOO ..... Bill Ballantine 40

**FACT CRIME**
THE FORGER WITH THE HONEST FACE ..... Robert A. Liston 60

**SHORT FEATURES**
TRUELY YOURS ..... 2
TRUE GOES SHOPPING ..... 8
TRUEVIEWS ..... 10
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD ..... 24
STRANGE BUT TRUE ..... 62
MAN TO MAN ANSWERS ..... 84
IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS ..... 91
THIS FUNNY LIFE ..... 128


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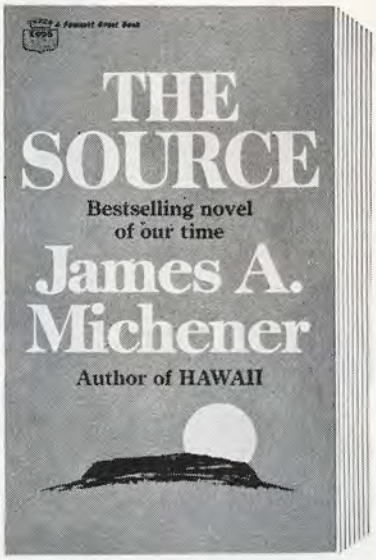


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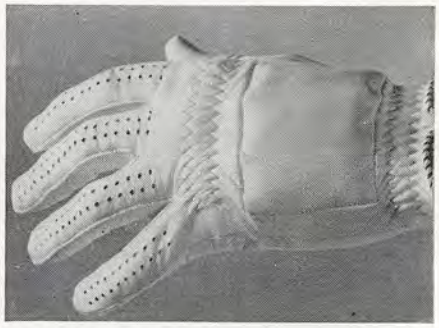

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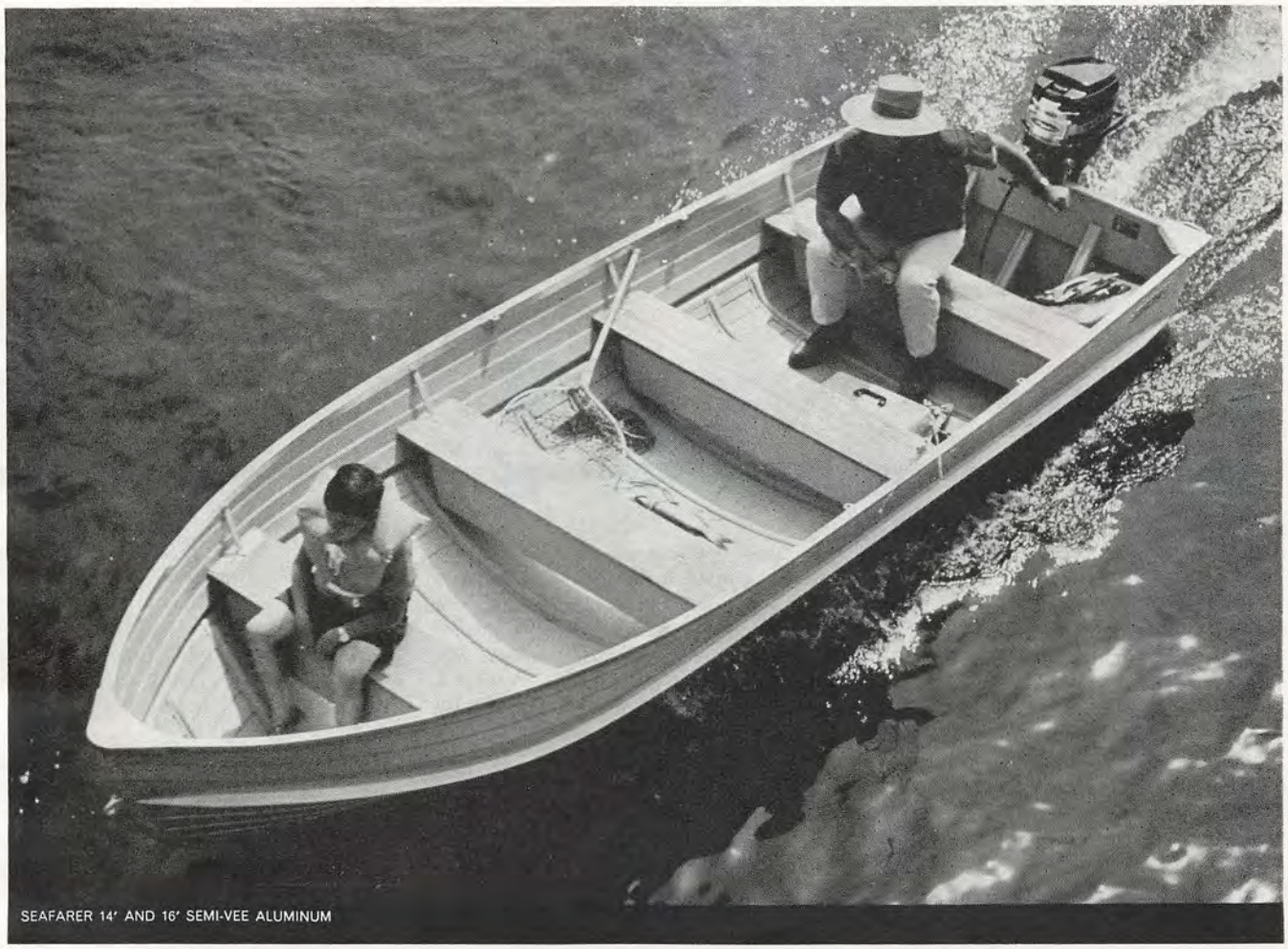

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# TRUEVIEWS:

## MOVIES

**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.** This is a rare and marvelous thing—a movie that satisfies the mind as well as the eye. The story is of the conflict between Sir Thomas More and Henry the Eighth over Henry's divorce and the founding of the Church of England, but the theme—the exaltation of man's conscience—is still valid today. Paul Scofield is brilliant as More, ably abetted by Robert Shaw, Leo McKern, Orson Welles and Susannah York. It's witty but profound.

**THE DEADLY AFFAIR.** Espionage is the peg this excellent murder mystery is hung on. It is based on a story by John Le Carre, and James Mason does a great job as a Secret Service man who quits his job to investigate a murder on his own. It's a neat, tricky puzzle, with a gritty finish. Maximilian Schell, Harry Andrews, Simone Signoret stand out in a top-flight cast.

**FUNERAL IN BERLIN.** Michael Caine is back as Harry Palmer, the snottiest secret agent in the business. This time he's got to smuggle a Russian colonel (Oscar Homolka) out of East Berlin, pacify a sexy Israeli agent (Eva Renzi) and try not to get killed by a large variety of other people. It's often funny, but no spoof, and it gets very tough. Shot at the Berlin wall.

**THE QUILLER MEMORANDUM.** Hugger-mugger in Berlin again. This time secret agents are tangling with a Nazi resurgence. George Segal stars as Quiller, the man caught between forces as both sides use him for a pawn, and Senta Berger is his lovely safety valve. It's a bit too cryptic to be fully convincing, but it has enough good moments to be worthwhile. Alec Guinness and Max von Sydow help keep it that way.

**MURDERERS' ROW.** One of last year's better spy spoofs was *The Silencers*. This is the sequel and it's not good. Dean Martin again plays Matt Helm and again he saves the world, but he can't save the film. One reason is Ann-Margret, who wanders through like a socialite out slumming; another is Karl Malden, who seems to think a villain is a guy who rolls his r's.

## BOOKS

**THE RIOT** by Frank Elli. This is a novel about a riot in a midwestern prison, and it rings with authenticity. It should; the author spent 20 years in prison and was involved in a riot. It has more than that going for it, though: believable characters and an absorbing plot, well told. It's the story of a man's fight to stay human in a dehumanized world, and why he fails. Don't miss it. *Coward-McCann; $4.95.*

**DEATH IN ROME** by Robert Katz. On March 23, 1944, Italian partisans in Rome killed 33 SS men in a raid. The next day, 335 men and boys were massacred by the Nazis in reprisal. This book details the whole story, and it's a gripping, horrifying tale, still controversial in Italy. Not the least of its revelations is the fact that Pope Pius XII might have been able to stop the slaughter, but didn't lift a finger. *Macmillan; $6.95.*

**HELL IN A VERY SMALL PLACE** by Bernard B. Fall. A comprehensive and well-written account of a battle with far-reaching consequences—the fall of Dien Bien Phu. It traces the tangled roots of our involvement in Viet Nam, which began before the French generals goofed so monumentally, and it provides a much-needed long view of the thorny thickets of Asian politics. *Lippincott; $8.95.*

**THE MARK FEIN CASE** by William A. Reuben. In the winter of 1964, a bizarre murder case exploded into the headlines: Mark Fein, a young, rich businessman, was accused of murdering a bookie over a $7,200 loss and then getting a prostitute to help him get rid of the body. The author examines the case from the court record, which he quotes extensively, and arrives at some thought-provoking conclusions. *Dial; $5.00.*

**HISTORY OF MY LIFE** by Giacomo Casanova. This book contains the first two volumes of the autobiography of history's most famous lover. It's the first translation based on the original unexpurgiated manuscript and it takes him up to the age of 23. By then he had already lived a full life as a soldier, diplomat, fiddler, gambler, cleric and, of course, lecher. He's a charming, delightful storyteller and a first-rate companion; spend some time with him. *Harcourt, Brace & World; $7.50.*

## RECORDS

**GIANTS 3.** They are Nat King Cole, Lester Young and Buddy Rich. In 1945 they recorded the seven songs heard here. They were in perfect form and this instrumental album is a must for every jazz fan. Cole's piano solos sparkle, Young's sax is a constant delight, and Rich's drums round it out to perfection. "Mean to Me" is tops. *VSP/Verve.*

**COMING ON STRONG.** Brenda Lee is perhaps not everybody's cup of tea, but with this album she stands a chance of reaching a wider audience than teen-agers. She sings well, the arrangements are good, the songs are literate, and the beat is strong. "Summer Wind," "What Now My Love," "You've Got Your Troubles," nine more. *Decca.*

**S.R.O.** That means "standing room only" and it's par for Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass at every concert they give. This album contains a dozen of their newest hits, as bouncy and brassy as usual: "Flamingo," "Our Day Will Come," "Mexican Road Race" and "Bean Bag" stand out. *A&M.*

**SAMMY DAVIS, JR. SINGS/LAURINDO ALMEIDA PLAYS.** Sammy Davis, Jr., sings late-at-night, all-alone-again love ballads, accompanied by Laurindo Almeida's brilliant, virtuoso guitar. That's all, but it's a lot; soft, warm, romantic and excellent. "Speak Low," "Where Is Love," "We'll Be Together Again," "Joey" and six more. *Reprise.*

**WORDS AND MUSIC BY ROGER MILLER.** A mixed bag of songs by America's kooky minstrel, this album has some funny songs, some serious, some just wry. Like, respectively, "My Uncle Used to Love Me But She Died," "Husbands and Wives" and "Workin' Girl." His singing adds a special, ironic fillip to each of the dozen tunes. *Smash.*

**CHAD MITCHELL/HIMSELF.** This is Mitchell's first album without his trio and it's very impressive. His clear baritone, textured by an unobtrusive tremolo, blends with tasteful handling of lyrics for maximum effect every time. "Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime" and "The Other Side of This Life" are especially good. *Warner Bros.*

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BY ROBERT DALEY

# BIG JOHN AND HIS FOUNTAIN OF MONEY

***He found oil where everybody said there wasn't any. Then he took the money and drilled for more. Hour by hour his fortune grows. If he doesn't pump the planet dry, John Mecom will be the richest man this poor world has ever known***

HOUSTON, TEXAS

■ The forced sale was taking place in a hangar at Logan International Airport, Boston. A major airline had run into financial difficulties, and some of its late model Viscounts were being auctioned off for past-due debts. Waiting to see what kind of bargains they could pick up were executives from several other airlines, all surrounded by their experts. Waiting, too, was a big man with a florid face, hooded blue eyes and a Texas accent. He wore an open-necked khaki shirt and baggy pants.

The auctioneer knocked down several of the planes, while the Texan stood silent. Then a Viscount which was partially dismantled went on the block, and now the Texan began bidding. The price ran quickly past $200,000 to a quarter of a million. Still the Texan kept raising his offer. The auctioneer showed signs of nervousness, and the airline executives turned to stare at their competitor. Whispers went through the crowd: who is this man? The word came back: some junk dealer. The Viscount was finally sold to the "junk dealer" for nearly $400,000. When the Texan handed over his check, the auctioneer eyed it with considerable doubt. He had it rushed to the bank and a call put through to the Texas National Bank of Commerce in Houston.

"We have a check here signed by somebody named John Mecom. Is it any good?"

There was a laugh at the other end. "I imagine so. If it's for under a million I can honor it over the phone."

Who was this man? Why did he need a four-engined airliner? Why did he want the dismantled one? Was he really a junk dealer?

It is easier to give the answers out of order. John Mecom already owned nine planes, including a couple of company airliners, but he wanted something for his personal use. He had studied the Viscount and visualized it converted into a traveling office, with 22 seats, two lounges, two berths and extra fuel tanks. He wanted to be able to fly from Houston to Nigeria or Colombia or the Middle East, through all of which his vast

*In his Houston home office, Mecom keeps constantly in touch with his empire.*

**He shows regard for people, but has little time to spend on friendship**

empire extends. He aimed his bidding at the dismantled plane because he already knew its engines were less worn than those of the other Viscounts on sale, and because he figured he could get it for, say, $50,000 cheaper than a plane ready to fly. And he let himself be taken for a junk dealer because the idea amused him—and because if someone had discovered who John Mecom was, the price might have skyrocketed.

For John W. Mecom, oilman, is worth conservatively at least $200 million, and more likely far more. His riches are probably greater than the individual fortunes of any of the Rockefellers or Fords. And Big John Mecom made it all himself. He is both proud of his wealth (his wife has enough jewelry to decorate a Christmas tree) and embarrassed by it. "How lucky can a guy be?" is a phrase he uses often.

He is awed by his "luck," which even seems to carry into the weather. When the day arrived for the reopening of his Warwick Hotel in Houston, after its renovation, the skies were grim. But as Mecom rose to speak at the ceremony, the sun came out. Big John threw away his prepared speech and said, "People ask me why blue is my favorite color. Look." And he pointed to the sky. Blue is so strongly his favorite, in fact, that his home decorations, racing silks, cars, ships, planes, buildings, tend to be blue, inside and out.

Mecom's yearly income is more than $15 million. He spends some, but pours most of it back into his businesses like any small shopkeeper. He prefers not to talk about what he spends, as if discussing the subject might change his luck. His 27-year-old son, known as Little John, says he "has a horror of seeming to be one of those rich, loudmouthed Texans." When Columbia University asked Mecom, along with other prominent Americans, to describe his life on tape as part of its historical record of our age, he refused. Mecom does not like to talk about himself, and it upsets him when people think only of his money.

But money dominates his life and he can haggle with a furrier over the price of a coat, then plunge $5 million into oil exploration in Jordan where five major companies had already given up. He loves to own things, but owns so much property so far apart he never sees a good deal of it from one year to the next; three of his ranches alone are in three different states. Once he took a gondola ride in Venice, and liked the boat so much he bought it on the spot. He had it shipped to Texas and a motor put in it. Then, with a friend, he sailed down a ship canal into the Gulf of Mexico, watching with delight the astonished faces—the double takes—along the canal. It was an expensive joke, but he can afford expensive jokes.

The part of his income that Mecom spends, he casts in all directions. In 1964 he contributed $7,000 to the Democratic Party, yet he professes no interest in politics. "I'm trying to make a living, not run the country," he growls. He and the President have visited each other's Texas ranches, and Johnson sometimes wears gift cuff links with Big John's longhorn brand on them. But Mecom does not fit into the pattern of the Texas oil-and-cattle cult, with the primitive tastes the term implies. At home he

is surrounded by half a million dollars in art; the rooms of his French-inspired chateau in Houston (which cost him $215,000 in 1954) look, in the words of one visitor, "as if Marie Antoinette lived there." Even in his Warwick Hotel there are paintings in every room. Still, the Texas style crops out now and then. A beautiful Aubusson tapestry bought for the Warwick's lobby proved too wide, so Big John had it trimmed to fit. After a board meeting of the directors of Mecom's bank, the Texas National Bank of Commerce, the talk turned to a fund drive for the Houston Fine Arts Museum. Mecom said, "I'm from East Texas, and I don't know much about that art business. Some of it looks like the artist just threw some paint on a piece of paper. But I appreciate engraving as a real art." And he pulled a $100 bill out of his pocket to show the kind of engraving he meant.

His charities are extensive and often highly imaginative. In southern Mexico, Mecom, a nonchurchgoing Episcopalian, came upon a poor priest whose parish included outlying islands. Big John furnished the priest with a motor launch and a credit card for fuel. To relieve the thirst of desert Arabs in Yemen, where he was searching for oil, Mecom ordered water wells drilled first. He sent his longtime secretary to Italy for "experience in the Rome office." But the secretary, with Big John's apartment and car there at her disposal, was not fooled; she told her friends, "He just wanted me to have a summer in Rome at his expense." On occasion Mecom has given his maids mink stoles for Christmas; because he believes in marriage (his own appears to be very close), one year he gave his several married housemen jeweled wedding bands for their wives. He is forever taking off his wristwatch or cuff links and, in the manner of an Arabian sheik, presenting one or the other to his companion of the moment, usually with some remark as, "This never looked well on my arm."

How did John Mecom amass such prodigious wealth? How could one man, in this age of confiscatory taxes, go from a $700 loan to personal ownership of a worldwide web of land, buildings, leases, and almost everything else, with a total value of possibly as high as half a *billion* dollars, all in under 30 years?

The answers lie in both the man and his background. John Whitfield Mecom was born in El Paso on January 13, 1911, and inherited the Texas tradition of ruggedness and individuality. He grew up in the town of Liberty, 30 miles northeast of Houston, the only child of a prosperous contractor. Liberty lies in oil country —dry, flat, empty. It was the kind of country young John Mecom returned to when he gave up school after dropping out of two colleges where he had studied geology with interest but failed at math. He was a tough kid, 6 feet 3 and 200 pounds, and he got a job as a roughneck in the oil fields. He could do any work around a rig, but his ideas and ambition wouldn't let him be content with merely belonging to a well-paid crew. All around the area were men who had become rich off oil not so much because they were smart as because they were lucky. There were very few instruments then. The oil was around, but elusive. Some men found it and some didn't. Some called it luck and some put their faith in expedient beliefs—such as: Oil never crossed state lines. There was no oil west of the Pecos River. Oil was never found below certain depths.

Mecom was only 25, but he was shrewd enough to recognize ignorance and brave enough to stake everything on his own hunches, his own penetrating study of geological maps.

In those days major companies drilled to predetermined depths and if no oil came out, they abandoned the hole. They also abandoned a "depleted" well or lease as soon as production dropped below a certain rate. From these practices Mecom worked out two theories: some of those abandoned holes might have oil a little deeper, and it wouldn't cost much to drill that extra depth; many of the depleted leases were depleted only by the standards of a big company with high overhead—a man working on a shoestring could still get oil out at a profit, from either a reworked or a newly bored hole.

In 1936, with a borrowed drill rig, the borrowed $700 and two pals with equal investments as partners, Mecom took over a depleted lease a few miles from Houston. He hired a crew to haul the rig into a position which he had carefully pinpointed, following a mixture of


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hunch and judgment that was to become famous as the Mecom nose for oil. But the workmen knocked off for Emancipation Day, June 19—an unofficial southern holiday—while the rig was still 100 yards from the site. Impatient, Mecom started the drill on the spot.

For six weeks he strained at wrenches, swung pickaxes, drove his men. He kept himself going 24 hours a day.

Mecom studied the mud that came out of the hole, reviewed costs, worried over the amount of money left. He snatched sleep in a nearby shack, listening even then to the drill.

At last, at 880 feet, it broke through into oil. The well was to prove out at only about 80 barrels a day, but it was oil.

Two years later Mecom's share of this first lease was worth $100,000. He sold out. For by now he had ideas of bigness that his partners didn't comprehend. They were thinking about the next $100,000, and he was dreaming about millions.

He took his money into the big game where the major companies held all the chips and most of the cards. Over the next several years he built his stake up with the utmost care. He bought depleted wells and made them give up enough oil to borrow against, so he could buy more depleted wells. He drilled old holes deeper. He scrounged gear and rigs and leases. And he owed so much to banks that any major failure would have broken him for good. Always, with his warm smile and dependability, he made friends. He went into the junkyard of a man named Ben Proler and put a rig together with his own hands. After he'd set it to work on a hole, Proler called up and said, "John, I'm hungry."

In an hour Mecom was at Proler's door with a calf around his neck. "I don't have any money to give you, Ben," he said, "but you can't go hungry."

In his brief intervals away from his rigs, Big John courted Mary Elizabeth Withers, whom he had known in high school. In 1937 he married her and brought her to the oil fields to make a home in one shack after another. Living had to be slender, and when Mecom needed a new car he went for a bargain used one. Even here his luck—or shrewdness—came out. He picked up a flashy Cadillac convertible at a sheriff's auction. The car had been abandoned by bandits trying to escape after a robbery, and Mecom got it cheap. With this prop for the image of a prosperous oilman, he drove to New York to borrow money. He got the loan—as he usually did on subsequent fund-raising trips.

Some of that money went to experiment with a notion Mecom had for drilling. Both hunch-governed wildcatters and educated geologists were convinced that the north flanks of subterranean dome "structures" would not yield oil. "Dome" was the term applied to a geologic formation with a kind of impervious rock cap over a reservoir of oil-bearing sand, all far underground. Sometimes a dome could be detected from the surface by a slight lifting of the ground from the level of the Texas flatland. Wells drilled south, east and west of the approximate centers of domes had often been successful, but north flanks had been dry. Therefore, oilmen argued, there was no oil to the north of a dome. Mecom wasn't convinced, partly because north flank leases went for a song, partly because the argument didn't make sense.

When he started a north flank hole, everyone told him he was wrong. He kept on drilling. He drilled 11 dry holes in a row before he even thought of quitting. But there *had* to be oil under the north flanks—deeper, perhaps, and if deeper, then richer.

He tried again at Hull, not far from his first strike. He went down 6,000 feet on the north flank of the dome—and hit oil. That well broke the pattern. From that point on he found oil frequently on north domes. Soon his wells were producing 1,000 barrels a day. But Mecom was still virtually penniless, every drop already hocked to the banks.

He worked all the time. He started drilling in 1945 at High Island, Texas, on a north flank again. The drill went down 6,200 feet and through $75,000 and brought up the kind of oil-bearing sand Mecom was looking for, but no oil. His geologists told him to quit.

How does a man know whether there's oil down there or not? When does he quit? What makes him keep on? Mecom kept on.

Just 700 feet deeper, at 6,900, the drill hit oil. Mecom rushed to the cabin where his wife was scrubbing the floor. "Get off your knees," he bellowed. "We've struck it rich!"

The High Island field still produces 12,000 barrels a day. It convinced the oil world about north flank drilling. Mike Halbouty, one of the best-known Texas oilmen, commented later, "By having the guts to dig expensive holes far out on the flanks, John showed the rest of the boys how to get rich. He's proved we haven't yet found a fraction of our oil."

It was clear that Big John Mecom had an instinct for finding oil. During the next 12 years he brought in 22 percent of the wildcat wells he drilled, in an industry where 16 percent was considered great and 12 percent average. It was gambling. "John takes a long, careful look at the odds," a friend observed. "But once he makes his play, he'll back it."

Mecom himself says, "We always went where others were before, and where there was much information available. We just tried new methods or dug deeper. Look, I've been drilling wells a long time and spending my own money. That makes a man very careful."

In the early 1950's Mecom made another gigantic strike on the flank of a dome under the Louisiana marshes, ramming one well four miles down to get a new record for depth at that time. This field, at Lake Washington, was so rich it made Mecom a millionaire a hundred times over.

With this money Big John was ready for newer fields. Though he kept looking for oil along the Gulf Coast, he also sank wells in Colombia, in West Africa, in the sheikdom of Dhofar and in Yemen on the South Arabian Peninsula, and in Jordan. But he was suddenly beyond the point of being merely an oil hunter. He had become a financial institution in himself. He bought a Houston drugstore, half interest in an $18 million fertilizer plant in Veracruz, Mexico; a Galveston nightclub; part of two fish-meal plants in Peru; a plastic dinnerware company in New Jersey; the Reed Roller Bit Co., a maker of oil-drilling devices, and the Cardwell Manufacturing Co., which turns out oil-well servicing gear; a small boat company; an automobile dealership; the

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Warwick Hotel in Houston, and Warrier Constructors, Inc., which was to refurbish it; a half interest in the $29 million San Francisco Hilton Hotel; the 350-room Hotel Bolivar in Lima, Peru. In December, 1965, with an $85 million flourish, Mecom took an option to buy Houston's Rice Hotel, its garage and laundry, a controlling interest in the Texas National Bank of Commerce, and Houston's biggest newspaper, the *Chronicle,* all held by the Houston Endowment, a trust fund set up by the paper's late publisher, Jesse Jones. The option was for six months, but though Mecom's name was attached to the paper as president and publisher, in the end he let the whole deal go.

John Mecom may not be the richest American. Fellow oilmen Paul Getty and H. L. Hunt and one or two others could have slightly more money. But Mecom seems clearly the richest man still actively increasing his wealth. Since he is only 56 and works 12 hours a day, he has plenty of time left for accumulating more. Though the income tax tends to eat up money, there are ways to ease its bite, and oil royalties have one of the best. Called the depletion allowance, it's based on the assumption that every well must eventually run dry. For tax purposes, it means that in most cases a man pays no tax at all on 27½ percent of his annual income from oil. To John Mecom this means millions.

Whether John Mecom is the richest man or not is almost immaterial. He is very rich indeed, and he must have stepped on some toes to get that rich. But with the exception of a few competitors, no one speaks ill of him. If he has trod heavily at times, his warm smile and acknowledged honor have eased the hurt.

Without question Mecom is Number One in the hearts of Houston. When his daughter was married last April, Mecom stood at the doorway of his home and shook hands with each of the 1,300 guests. Then, since the house was set up for partying, five days later he invited out all the employees of the *Chronicle* and their families—1,100 altogether. Again he stood at the door, shaking each hand until his own was raw.

Only from representatives of the major oil companies is there any real criticism of Mecom. They describe him as a man "impossible to do business with." A recent $200 million deal Mecom was making with one of the giants fell through because he would not yield on several points. Says his son Little John, who is actively engaged in business with his father, "A lot of the majors say he won't give in on anything. That's not true. It's just that he's as tough as they are. Ten years ago there were five or six hundred independent oil operators; now there are five or six. You have to be tough to survive."

Mecom is not only tough, but he produces moneymaking and money-saving ideas at a rapid rate. He has invented and pioneered techniques for deep drilling, slim-hole drilling, tapping fields at various levels at the same time. He built an offshore drilling rig on two salvaged bridge construction barges, with the result that the outfit cost him $2,500,000 instead of double that. He decided that hauling the necessary water and fuel out to an offshore rig by boat was ridiculous; now when he floats a rig into position, he first drills for fresh water, then for natural gas to run the engines, and finally for oil. He modernized the plastic company he'd acquired by combining its 20 old buildings into a single structure through use of steel beams taken from a Houston ball park in the process of being wrecked. One of his ranches was a former blimp base. He transformed the enlisted men's mess hall into a show barn.

In a way, many of his businesses resemble his early oil leases: like the leases, they were run-down—the life had presumably been taken out of them by someone else. So they were bargain buys. The Warwick Hotel in Houston, for example, was in beat-up condition when he bought it at auction. With $14 million Mecom put in an outside glass elevator to catch the public eye, hung the barbershop with art and raised the price of haircuts to $5, added tapestries, chandeliers and French paneling to the public rooms, and cleared $1,300,000 the first year above running expenses. By 1975 he'll have his total investment back.

His philosophy on refurbishing worn-out places is straightforward. He says, "I like to take promising properties that have been misused or neglected and use them the right way. Whether it's an oil field that has been improperly developed, a poorly managed manufacturing concern or a hotel that's been allowed to go to seed, the principle is the same. After acquisition, it's a matter of attention to detail."

In dealing with people Mecom swarms with ideas that win loyalty, affection and an ultimate increase in his wealth. When King Hussein of Jordan, a car-racing devotee, gave Mecom oil rights to his country, the Mecom Racing Team (run by Little John) developed a new racing car called the Hussein. Later, while the King was in Texas to inspect his car, Mecom planted 10-gallon Stetsons on both Hussein and his 30 bodyguards. When Mecom went into Yemen to drill, while the country was still at peace, he had a limousine constructed for the ruler, the Imam, which was the last word in armored personal cars. It was a Cadillac body with a special engine mounted on a truck frame to support the quarter-inch thick steel plating, the two-inch thick glass and the huge air-conditioning unit needed against the desert heat. The trunk was rebuilt to open forward as a kind of rumble seat for the Imam's bodyguard.

Mecom is scarcely less imaginative with his own personnel. Not only are they paid well, but he frequently lends them money to buy stock he knows will boom. He says, "I lean heavily on the advice of my employees, and even help them start sideline businesses for themselves if they wish. That way I have loyal employees, not hypocrites."

The acquisitions, the ideas, the drive for wealth add up to enormous energy. Mecom is on the go as early as 7 a.m. talking by radio with his men in the field. If he is interested in a property, he flies in and looks it over himself, brain-picking everyone on the site and apparently remembering everything he is told. He asks opinions from the lowest broom-pusher to the top man, his smile warm and his attention to their words flattering. If his interest in the property continues, he calls out a squad of accountants and lawyers to work out the details of purchase.

Whenever a problem develops anywhere in his vast empire, Mecom boards one of his planes and flies there, taking with him whatever experts he needs. All his planes are refueled the instant they land, ready to take off immediately. In the air Mecom studies reports and technical papers or falls asleep. The ability to sleep anywhere any time helps him keep up under the frantic pace he sets for himself. He does not smoke and drinks liquor sparingly, but the tension he is under makes him a compulsive eater and gives him a permanent thirst for light beverages. He looks older than his years —a longtime friend says he has aged 20 years in the last 10. Despite the warmth of his manner, he does not really have time for close friendships any more. But one of his few intimates is Joe Marsh, a New York restaurant owner who was a captain of waiters at Leon and Eddie's nightclub in 1939 when Mecom and his pregnant wife walked in. There were no tables free, nor any stools at the bar. Seeing Mrs. Mecom, however, Marsh immediately fetched a stool, and Big John tried to tip him. "I accept tips for getting people tables," said Marsh, "not for bringing in a stool for a pregnant lady." Mecom and his wife came back several nights in a row, and Mecom, not yet rich, kept thrusting money at Marsh, which Marsh continued to refuse. The incident was the start of an extremely warm relationship. Mecom still sees Marsh when he's in New York and invites him often to Houston.

But business takes most of Mecom's life. If his men are about to bring in a well anywhere in the world, he tries to be there. In a sense, he could spend his time more profitably in his office, but for Mecom hunting oil is not only business but relaxation. Working as hard as his roughnecks, and sometimes stripped to the waist, he is keyed to utmost excitement when the critical moment is reached. "Every time you hit it's like making a touchdown," he says. "There's no thrill like it. I *like* hunting oil."

When he can squeeze in a little leisure,

[*Continued on page* 22]

**COMING . . .**

A startling report on U.S. news management in Viet Nam

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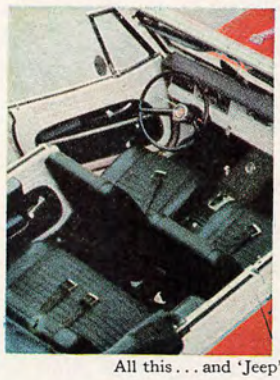

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# out of Toledo! The Jeepster.

There's a whole family of Jeepsters to choose from... Convertible; Jeepster Commando Station Wagon; Jeepster Commando Pick-up; Jeepster Commando Roadster. Choice of colors, too.

Hop in and give the new Jeepster a test drive. You've never handled a sportscar with the smooth ride and bold, brash performance of this one!

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

## "Holy Toledo, what a car!"

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT... THAT'S TOLEDO'S FAVORITE SON, DANNY THOMAS!

[*Continued from page* 18]
he collects hand-tooled leather boots and watches his horses run (he has a racing stable). Besides breeding horses, he experiments with domestic cattle and has successfully combined the Brahman and Angus types into a heat-resistant, meaty animal. He's interested in what Little John is doing at the Mecom ranch near Laredo, Texas. The son has stocked 5,000 acres of the spread with 75 species of African game, with a view toward developing a permanent reserve of the animals. The Mecoms reason that, with much of Africa's wildlife disappearing, it's time to develop our own supply for the zoos of this country. If the project works—initial results are good—the Mecoms will be able to ship out, say, a wildebeeste on order. "I can't leave books behind me," Big John says, "but I can leave this."

With Little John, he has also recently become interested in professional football. He will be a minority stockholder in the New Orleans team for which his son received a franchise from the National Football League, on the basis of an $8,500,000 investment.

In business, although Mecom has had spectacular successes, he has taken lickings too. The war in Yemen stopped drilling there. A key man was recently murdered by bandits in Dhofar. A Mecom cargo plane was shot down by the Egyptian Air Force. The Colombian peso has dropped so much in value that Mecom now wonders whether he will ever get his money out of that country. So far his teams have found no oil in Jordan or in West Africa, and the immense cost of drilling adds up only to an immense deficit.

But if Mecom likes to gamble for oil, he also likes to make a bet in other areas. Once, flying friends to San Francisco, he asked, "You don't mind if we stop in Las Vegas on the way, do you? I just can't stand to fly over it without stopping." To those who know him it came as no surprise when his name turned up in Houston bookies' records during a couple of investigations. He was called before the authorities to testify, and on one occasion, on his way out of the courthouse, he got into a scuffle with a couple of photographers. There were some pushing and harsh words, then Mecom yanked at a camera and dashed off.

Mecom can lose his temper. He sometimes gets angry with employees, particularly on an oil field when he knows he could do a job better himself. But the courthouse scuffle was the first time he had ever blown up in public.

The incident must have bothered the man who seems to be so much concerned about the regard of others. As soon as Mecom was back in his office, he phoned the two photographers to say he was sorry; then he issued a formal apology: "I saw cameramen in front of me and heard someone say, 'Get his picture! Get his picture!' Being only human, I resented this treatment, lost my temper and attempted to prevent my picture from being taken—not an effort at secrecy but because I was angered at being treated this way."

A more accurate portrayal of Mecom was probably shown at the Houston Club in February, 1966. He was to get a good citizenship award from the Texas branch of the Sons of the American Revolution. The presentation address was filled with praise, and Mecom listened to it with tears welling in his eyes. When the multimillionaire wheeler-dealer rose to speak in reply, his voice choked up. He thanked his wife, the society, and the people of Houston, then he broke completely and mumbled, "How lucky can a guy be?" He sat down to rub away his tears with a handkerchief. —**Robert Daley**

TRUE

". . . . And, by this resignation, I hereby waive any and all rights I possess to the bank's profit-sharing plan, employees' savings program, retirement plan and any other fringe-benefits which may have accrued during my. . . ."

***New MerCruiser 80 outpulls, outruns and out-accelerates all other 80-HP stern drives—on less gas!***

Efficient? Pound for pound, the new MerCruiser 80 packs more horsepower than anything in its class. Reason? A new high-performance design with die-cast aluminum block, head and manifold. This new MerCruiser weighs from 40 to 85 pounds less than other 80s—outruns and outaccelerates them on less fuel! Like to ski? An all-new drive unit, combined with props up to 14" in diameter, delivers plenty of low-end thrust to pop up skiers and get on plane fast. Rugged? This new 80 has all the dependable MerCruiser exclusives: shearproof drive, one-piece lower unit housing, Jet-Prop exhaust, optional hydraulic shock absorbers and Power Tilt. A new alternator built into the flywheel eliminates belts and pulleys for greater safety, dependability and quiet. See the new MerCruiser 80—and 9 other new MerCruisers for '67, engineered to stay ahead: 60, 110, 120, 150, 160, 225, 325, 475 HP, and 60 HP diesel. See your MerCruiser dealer—or write for information to Dept. T-3A, Kiekhaefer Corp., Fond du Lac, Wis.

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY

*World Leader in Marine Propulsion*

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**MERCRUISER**
**STERN DRIVES**

# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

*A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place*

## DRESS GALLUSES

**The problem of supporting the bosom, especially the sort superendowed by nature or by silicones, engages the rapt attention of many of our best engineers. A new approach which incorporates the principle of the ox yoke has come to our attention in a photo we gladly share with you. Actually, close scrutiny discloses that what is supported is the top of a dress, but we cleave to principle. The contraption, introduced by designer Emmanuelle Khanh at a high society ball, is called a "robe suspendu," which we guess means "dress suspenders." A man seeking the ideal gift for a girl who has everything can produce one of these things with some plywood and electric-light pull chains, but she'll be non-embraceable while wearing it.**

## SILENT POWER

We saw the moving motorcycle but didn't hear it. It chugged without chugging and emitted nothing from its innards but harmless water and nitrogen. Its driver, Dr. Karl Kordesch, was very careful to stay within a roped-off area of sidewalk in front of the Union Carbide building in Manhattan. He used to ride the machine to and from work until his employer, none other than Union Carbide, yanked him off the public streets for fear that people who saw the soundless motorcycle would be in a lather to buy one. The company isn't in the motorcycle business but it does make fuel cells, which is what the demonstration was all about. Our vague ideas of what a fuel cell is were moderately clarified by the demonstration. A fuel cell converts chemical energy directly into electrical energy, very much like an ordinary battery. But a battery has to be recharged when it runs down; a fuel cell runs as long as it gets fuel from a supply tank. The cell of Doctor Kordesch's bike runs on air and hydrazine, a rocket fuel. Liquid hydrazine enters one end of a cell containing an alkaline electrolyte, air enters the other end, and reactions deliver 28 volts worth of direct current. The motorbike can do 25 mph. and run 200 miles on a gallon of hydrazine that costs $8. All the officials at the demonstration poohpoohed the idea of millions of fuel cell-powered vehicles in the near future, but they spoke before a public health officer in California issued an ominous warning that gasoline powered vehicles would have to be totally prohibited in the state by 1980 to prevent people from choking to death.

## LADYSHIP

**The French are noted for their logic or claims thereto, and it is not surprising that a carefully reasoned reason why ships are spoken of as females comes from a French Minister of Public Transport: "Does not a vessel have the gracious curves of a woman, does it not need a man to steer it, and does it not need elaborate paint to show itself in the full bloom of beauty?"**

## GENIUS PAYS OFF

There's no place like government to win cash for bright ideas dropped into suggestion boxes. After reading a list of suggestions that won cash for workers at NASA's John F. Kennedy Space Center, we're inclined to think you can get $10 or $15 for just trying. Ostensibly, each of the following ideas saved the government a barrel of money: Announce promotions on colored paper. Show movies to employees. Furnish umbrellas to people boarding aircraft. Start a lost and found department. Put old magazines in the library. Display the American flag properly at one of the Center buildings. By some regal feat of mathematics, it was figured that these and a few other ideas of comparable brilliance saved the government $5,042.51, and the scintillating suggesters laughed on the way to the bank with $922. A suggestion to abolish government suggestion boxes should be worth $500.

## ACTION *NOW!*

**An organization called NOW has sprung up under the aegis of Betty Friedan, who has squeezed most of the juice from "the feminine mystique" and has taken up with acronyms. NOW stands for National Organization for Women. A purist would call it NOFW. Members are committed to press for true equality for all women in America. There is no doubt that women are discriminated against in many ways—they are not, for instance, permitted to sire children—and we are the first to decry inequalities. What's more, we have ferreted out several discriminations that NOW can go to work on if there's time left after club meetings. Seventeen states will not allow women to work in or about mines. Nine states forbid women to mix or serve liquor at a bar and one won't let them sell bottled booze in a store. Arizona won't let a woman stand too long. Ohio forbids women to work as bellhops, to read gas meters, to work in shoeshine parlors or poolrooms or set pins in bowling alleys. NOW is the time to attack with a POW! and a ZOWIE!**

## SPEEDING PROGRESS

**Everyone around Jacksonville, Florida, recognizes teen-age drivers who have been convicted for repeated traffic violations in the court of Judge John B. Santora. The judge sentences them to display on their cars for two months a sign reading BEWARE in red letters four inches high, "I Am A Traffic Violator, Jacksonville Municipal Court." And things are getting tougher all the time**

(Continued on page 26)

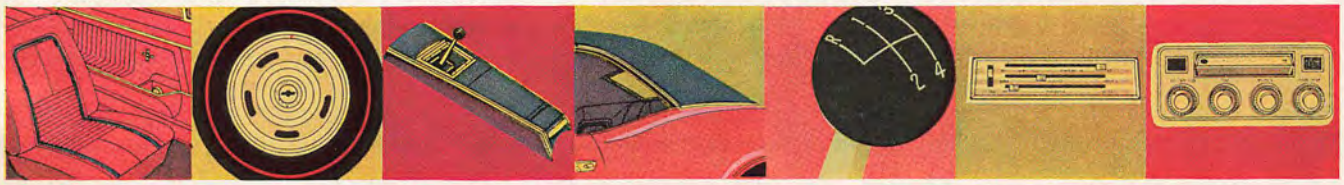
**Take a Camaro, sport coupe or convertible.**

**Make it a Rally Sport with hideaway headlights.**

**Make it an SS with Camaro's new 325-hp V8.**

**Or both: SS with Rally Sport equipment.**

*Custom Interior* *Front disc brakes* *Center console* *Vinyl roof cover* *4-speed transmission* *Air conditioning* *Stereo tape system*



**Then order whatever else you want from your Chevrolet dealer. Camaro's your idea of a car.**

CHEVROLET

Command Performance

# Camaro

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 24)

**for speeders. A new gadget invented by Arthur Marshall of Richmond, Virginia — cheaper than radar — registers the speed of a passing car and a trooper hauls off to flag the speeder down. The device, about the size of a cigar box, takes a fix on two points of the road and calculates the time it takes a car to cover the distance. New Jersey State Police are testing the instrument, which can be run by a single cop in a police car.**

## DANCE, ANYONE?

Does a man dance because he loves to, because he wants to please the chicks, or is too tired to object? The first reason is least likely, we judge from a study by Thomas J. Cottle of Harvard University. Cottle has learned things about dancing that Fred Astaire and Arthur Murray don't know and probably don't want to. Cottle and his colleagues cased scores of dances in places ranging from jukebox bars to expensive hotels. Men dominate and do the leading and talking in dancing done by what Cottle calls working class people. Because he is a sociologist, Cottle looks for social reasons, and he surmises that working-class folk communicate more by touch than by words and that dancing projects a sexual invitation which the woman accepts or rejects quite clearly. It's different with middle-class dancers. Here it's the woman who comes to dance: "all I need is someone to bring me here." Men come along because "she wants to go dancing, I go dancing. What the hell, this place doesn't cost much." The couples rarely look at each other even while they dance. For these women the pleasures of dancing are private: "it's like you're all alone in the world." Cottle believes that the middle-class female is ambivalent about sex and dances that way; she throws out an invitation, then retreats into her private world. Upper-crust dancers tend to go through the steps like stylized rituals, keeping a cool eye on what the crowd is doing, reserving their important messages for words. So how about the next watusi, baby?

## WHY HUSBANDS VANISH

**Would you believe that husbands run away from home because another woman has stolen their affections? Wrong. They drop from sight to get away from a woman — a mother-in-law. Evidently most men can stand a wife pretty well. Her mother is another kettle of fishwifery. It rather surprised us to learn from an annual report of Tracers Co. of America, an outfit that tracks down missing persons, that very few husbands run off with another woman — or if they do, the wife doesn't care enough to put a tracer on them. Ten times as many husbands disappear because they can't stand their mothers-in-law. Money and mothers-in-law seem to be the big stumbling blocks in flight from marriage.**

## WHO'S FOR TRADITION?

It's all right for topless women to dance in Manhattan "if it is part of their tradition." This curious decision by Mayor John Lindsay permitted members of Les Ballets Africains, a Guinean dance troupe, to perform on stage with bare bosoms. Curious, because a few days before the city had denied that the constitutional rights of topless waitresses were invaded when they were forbidden to serve customers informally. When you get right down to it, toplessness is a matter of constitutional right — and left. An unconstitutional display would be quite bizarre. And how does a tradition get started? It must have some beginning in time. Lawyers who tried to defend New York's topless waitresses obviously took the wrong tack. They should have told the girls to plead tradition. Who knows what a particular woman's tradition is, anyway? We think the whole matter is constitutionally pretty shaky.

## SPRAYPANTS

**Predictions of future fashions by the American Institute of Men's and Boy's Wear tell us that women's skirts will some day disappear completely. They'll be replaced by long tights sprayed out of a can. Presumably, textile-like chemicals will come in aerosol form and a dozen cans will constitute a wardrobe. Okay for well-stacked girls, but we've seen present-day slacks and shorts with entirely too much in them. Less unkind is another prediction that the color of one's garments will be changed at will by the blast of an electronic whistle. And we'll be wearing thermostatic belts to keep us comfortably warm or cool in the middle.**

## WORDS THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT

There are 260,000 word entries in the handsome new 2,059-page Random House Dictionary of the English Language, but among the missing are most of the world's most complete collection of obscenities, laboriously gathered by Random House staffers. Some salesmen thought the whole list should go into the dictionary. Jess Stein, the editor, called them into a conference room and started to read the list. They dived under a table. The classic list of blue words was a collector's item and some thief collected it. The whole list was compiled again. This, too, was stolen. Finally a third copy was made and stored in plain sight in a box labeled "The Teaching of Geography in Secondary School Systems." As far as we know, it's still there.

## DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

**The National Football League has endorsed a Yo-Yo.**

**The crew cut is the coming style of haircut for women.**

**A school to teach better backseat driving to women has been started in London.**

**The Job Corps has canceled a series of articles on sex education because the subject is "too complex for the written word."**

**Bright reflectors with the letters SMV are taking hold as an emblem for attachment to Slow Moving Vehicles such as tractors, to warn oncoming drivers of a slowpoke ahead.**

**Crooked dice with the sides shaved to make the 6 and 1 come up have been recovered from deposits left under the city of London by the Romans 2,000 years ago.**

**A new postage stamp issued by the kingdom of Bhutan in the Himalayas bears a picture of the Abominable Snowman.**

**A woman can now buy a $3,500 mink coat that reverses into a raincoat.**

**The stuff that gives a pearly sheen to pallid lipstick is bismuth, which in another form is a dysentery remedy.**

**According to federal law, an antique is an object made before 1830.**

**—THE EDITORS**

THE CHRYSLER CREW COMES THROUGH FOR YOU!

# NEW...CHRYSLER HYDRO-VEE'S...MORE FUN PER FOOT

SWIFT! Chrysler 16′ Charger 183 has a total hull capacity of 183 cubic feet. (Calculated according to B.I.A. formula.)

SMOOTH! Deep-V takes crunch out of waves; strakes and delta "wing" help hull skim surface for smooth planing.

SAFE! Sponsons minimize side sway; non-trip chines hold track in turns. Foam-Pac fiberglass construction.

SMART! Color-coordinated interiors; swiveling-reclining bucket seats; sport-car wheels and instrument panels.

SEE!

CHRYSLER Boats

...the Chrysler Crew, your nearest Chrysler Boat dealer!

Combine the best of the deep-V with the best of the hydroplane, *improve* them with Chrysler engineering know-how . . . and what've you got?

The new Chrysler Hydro-Vee hull!

It rides softer than a V, planes and corners like a hydro; and it's steadier and more stable than either of them. It's safe—with exclusive Foam-Pac fiberglass construction. It offers more hull capacity per foot of length (a full 183 cubic feet in the 16-foot Charger 183 according to the B.I.A. formula!) It's a beauty—inside *and* out!

*Your* new Chrysler Hydro-Vee can be a 14-, 15-, 16- or 19-foot runabout; a 17-foot bow-rider; or a 23-foot Sport Cruiser. It can be powered by an outboard or an inboard-outdrive.

Take your pick. For a boat that's *really* more fun per foot, see the nearest member of the Chrysler Crew—your Chrysler Boat dealer! *Chrysler Boat Corporation, Plano, Texas.*

CHRYSLER MARINE PRODUCTS—BOATS, TRAILERS, OUTBOARDS, INBOARDS, AND INBOARD-OUTDRIVES

CHRYSLER BOAT CORPORATION

# Tied down by today's car prices? The Good Guys to the rescue with their "White Hat" Special.

**What's a "White Hat" Special? It's a dazzling new Dodge Coronet 440—with the special features you have wanted at a special low package price!**

- ☐ White or black vinyl top or a standard roof
- ☐ Deluxe wheel covers
- ☐ White sidewall tires
- ☐ Bumper guards, front and rear
- ☐ Deluxe steering wheel
- ☐ Fender-mounted turn signals

The "White Hat" Special is available in your choice of a 2-door hardtop (shown here) or a 4-door sedan. Colors? Choose again from a rainbow of nineteen! Air conditioning and V8 power? The Good Guys can make 'em yours for a breeze! Also, ask about the "White Hat" Special on Charger. See your Dodge Dealer. Try a "White Hat" Special on for size.

**The Dodge Rebellion wants you!**

Dodge

CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

# ENDURE AND CONQUER

BY DR. SAM SHEPPARD

**Sam Sheppard's own story of the controversial case that continues to make headlines almost 13 years after Marilyn Sheppard was slain**

FOREWORD BY F. LEE BAILEY

It was a bitter cold day in November, 1961, when I walked from the state prison in Marion, Ohio, after my first meeting with Dr. Sam Sheppard. But the feeling of numbness did not come principally from the temperature; I have always liked the cold. It came from a very deep emotion that our meeting had spawned, an almost instinctive feeling that the man I had left behind the bars was innocent and the victim of an outrage, and, more shocking, that what had happened to him could as easily have happened to me, or to any of us. I resolved then and there

Condensed from the book *Endure and Conquer*, copyright © 1966 by Samuel H. Sheppard. Published by the World Publishing Company

# ENDURE AND CONQUER

**Sheppard was jailed as a wife murderer...**

*The victim, Marilyn Sheppard, was beaten to death July 4, 1954.*

to somehow get him out and clear him. It took just five years to do it.

To many who have followed with interest and even fascination the agonizing developments of the Sheppard case for the past 12 years, Sam has been the image at the spearhead of a great cause, a tragic image that achieved almost legendary status long ago. But behind the image is a man, a remarkable man, who was somehow chosen to suffer 12 years of society's worst abuse in order to demonstrate that our system of justice is badly flawed.

Now, finally, society can get acquainted with its victim, through the pages of this book. And each American citizen who too complacently believes that American justice is too grand to need improvement ought to read this book, and subject his complacency to a badly needed jolt.

Now that Sam is free for all time, and the world is beginning to blink and realize that his case was more macabre joke than due process of law, I can turn to other men in other places whose freedom is in jeopardy or lost.

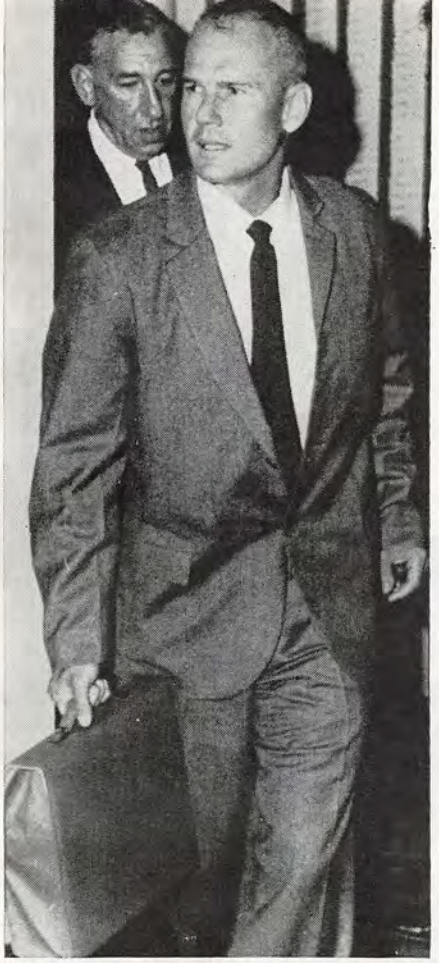
There need never be another Sam Sheppard if enough people come to know and understand this one, and understand what happened to him, how it happened, and why it was all so unnecessary. One of the ways to understand is to read his story, which follows.

*Wearing brace, Sheppard told police killer also hit him.*

---

■ By July, 1954, I had everything a man could ask for. I was busy as a surgeon and for the first time in our married life had my head above water financially. My income was about $2,500 a month and we had paid the major portion of the mortgage on our big old frame house on Lake Road in Bay Village, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland. The lot ran down a steep bluff to the Lake Erie beach and it had been an extravagance three years before when I returned from residency training in Los Angeles to join Dad and my two brothers, Stephen and Richard, in the 80-bed Lake View Hospital in Bay Village which Dad had formed. All of us were osteopathic surgeons; osteopathy functioned on the theory that most ailments resulted from pressure of displaced bones and nerves and were curable by manipulation. The larger group of doctors, called medical doctors, practiced allopathy, which called for treatment of most disease by drugs. Medical doctors were continually making it rough on my father and his colleagues.

I had met the love of my life at Roosevelt Junior High in



*Federal court freed Sheppard in 1964, stating he hadn't had a fair trial.*

*New defense attorney, famed F. Lee Bailey, changed tactics for second trial.*

Cleveland; her name was Marilyn Reese. We were married while I was in the Osteopathic School of Physicians and Surgeons in Los Angeles. Eventually I graduated to a residency in neurosurgery in Los Angeles County Hospital and when I had completed that, I came back to Cleveland. Our son, whom we named Sam but called Chip, was born in 1946. Marilyn's labor was prolonged and painful and psychologically it affected her sexual drive and desire for more children. By 1954, however, her sexual coldness and fear had abated and we were expecting our second child. Our marriage, like most, had its ups and downs but now as we approached our ninth anniversary we were as happy as a couple of newlyweds.

However, in one horrifying moment, it would all change, shattering the tidy world of Marilyn and myself and those we loved and setting the stage for a long and bizarre story that would be heard around the world.

**...then came a private investigation and the new trial that would make him a legal landmark and give him a new life**

On the evening of Saturday, July 3, Don and Nancy Ahern came to dinner. It was one of those easy, pleasant evenings; we had drinks and dinner on the porch overlooking the lake, then went into the living room and tuned in a baseball game on the radio and a comedy on the television. It had been a long day for me. I had worked desperately that morning to save a child run over by a truck—and I had failed. Now I lay on the couch and gradually fell asleep.

The Aherns apparently stayed for [*Continued on page* 113]

*Sheppard first met his present wife Ariane when she visited him in prison. Son Sam, Jr. (l.), was 7 when his mother was slain.*

# ROUND-THE-WORLD ROUTE TO RICHES

*Getting restless in your stateside job? Opportunities seem limited on your town's Main Street? Many Americans are taking a more adventurous road to fortune by bringing old Yankee ingenuity to new and exotic locales*

**BY MAX GUNTHER**

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN FRIEDMAN

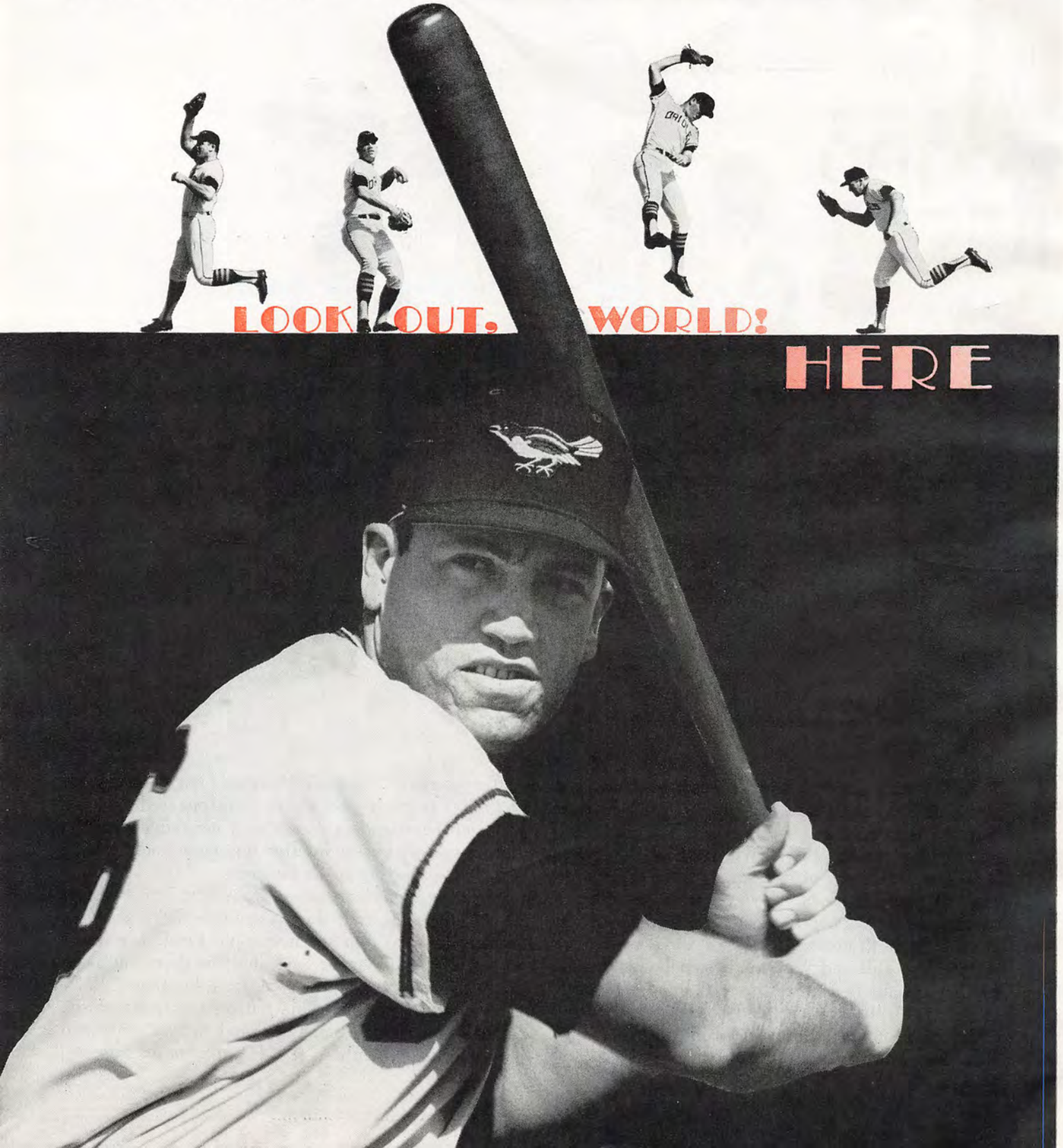
■ Two young Americans wandered into Pretoria, South Africa, six years ago with $4,000 between them, built a small wooden shack and launched a business venture called Bill & Wally's Hot Dog Stand. It was a nutty idea, of course. Everyone said so. It couldn't possibly work. If you want to go into the business of selling hot dogs, you do it on Main Street, U.S.A., not in Pretoria. All this was obvious to everybody except Bill and Wally. Yet somehow, when the two entrepreneurs decided to sell their wiener parlor last year, all the doubters had become silent. For it had turned out that South Africans love hot dogs. Now everybody in sight wanted to buy the modest little enterprise. Bill and Wally sold out, tucked some $25,000 in their pockets and disappeared into the African heartland in search of a new adventure. At last report they were hunting big game and thinking about the sporting-goods business.

Another American, a man from New Jersey named Harry Wendall, rattled into the city of Teheran, Iran, four years ago in a seven-year-old Ford. There was a statistic in his head: back in 1956 there had been only 55,000 motor vehicles in Iran, but now (1963) there were 137,000. This nation was prospering. There was enough money around so that more and more citizens could [*Continued on page* 98]

*Swinging into the Orioles' stadium this spring comes a young man who's part Clark Kent, part Mickey Mantle. Mike Epstein belts a baseball faster than a speeding bullet—and seems to know what else it takes to be a superstar*

■ The batter glared at the pitcher, whose fastball had just whistled past his ear. They were minor-leaguers (the pitcher working for Rochester and the batter for Buffalo), nice young men, but victims of a code that demands a pitcher intimidate a batter who has hit a game-tying home run his previous time at bat. Now the Rochester pitcher wound up with a Sal Maglie scowl on his face and fired high and inside again. The batter leaned away in the nick of time and then charged the mound. The pitcher moved forward to meet him. In a moment, it seemed, the crack of bare knuckles would besmirch the national pastime.

But wait. Peaceful intervention was on the way.



BY MYRON COPE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BURTON McNEELY

From the first base area an enormous form suddenly appeared. It flew through the air, level as an arrow, and crashed down upon the two players impartially, enveloping them as if they were no more than a couple of sacks of flour. Down they went under the weight of the powerful thing, wondering what had hit them.

A gigantic bird maybe? A plane? Don't be a *dumbkopf*. It was Mike Epstein, Super Jew.

"I felt like a wall fell on me," the batter muttered later. Mike Epstein simply does not know his own strength. He is the hottest piece of merchandise coming up from baseball's minor leagues, the winner of the Topps [bubble gum] Minor League Player-of-the-Year Award as a first baseman at Rochester last season, a horse of a batter who hits baseballs faster and farther than a speeding bullet. The way he makes peace, a man would prefer war. One day, throwing a bear hug on a teammate who was about to sock an umpire, he lifted the player straight off the ground, then slammed him on his back and sat on him. The

# COMES SUPER JEW!

*Clark Kent has Lois Lane to cheer him on. Epstein's beauty is the former Miss Barbara Gluskin.*

He was raised on blintzes and gefilte fish.

Such a build on him you wouldn't believe

poor fellow, having been deprived of the umpire's jaw, went to the clubhouse and punched the wall. As always, Epstein's intentions had been benevolent, and he was wounded to find that his teammate, one Joe DeLuise, would think ill of him. "Gee, Joe, please don't think I didn't do that for your own good," he said, while DeLuise studied a cracked hand that would keep him on the sidelines for three weeks.

Ever since, Epstein has been painstakingly solicitous of his teammates' well-being. Fetched up to the Baltimore Orioles' roster in the waning days of the 1966 season, he charged a short pop-up, thundering on a collision course toward husky catcher Andy Etchebarren. Unable to get out of Etchebarren's way, he scooped him over his shoulder and carefully carried him back to home plate as though burping an infant.

Behold the son of Jack and Evelyn Epstein, reared and *barmitzvahed* in Los Angeles. He stands left-handed at the plate—glowering. His fists are the size of canteloupes as he fits them around the bat. His grip turns his knuckles white and the cords stand out on his thick forearms. He looks like he has George Lincoln Rockwell by the throat.

Such a build on him, you wouldn't believe. Not even Hammerin' Henry Greenberg had a body like this. "A kosher sequoia, a kosher Lou Gehrig," shrieked *New York Post* columnist Larry Merchant on first glimpse. He is six-feet-three-and-a-half, 230 pounds of iron, with a back like the front window of Lindy's Restaurant and thighs that seem about to burst through his flannel baseball knickers. His arms folded across his chest, he stands in the on-deck circle with the fat end of his bat tucked into his back pocket, as if he carries it around to pick his teeth. Meanwhile pitchers who face him are entitled to blink. Where have they seen that face before?

God help them, it is Mickey Mantle's—the same high cheekbones, the same creases around the mouth; more often than Mantle, the great, toothy quarter-moon smile with eyes narrowed and crinkled. Except for the curly brown hair and a flattened nose, Mike Epstein is a 23-year-old Mickey Mantle bred on blintzes and gefilte fish.

Purely to break up a double play, mind you, he smacks shortstops and second basemen groggy. "Knocks them into left field," says one baseball man. But you wouldn't have to worry if your sister, the one who went to Radcliffe, had married him. Like many ballplayers, Epstein favors a stereo in his auto, but *his* plays Van Cliburn's Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor. And he wears an autumn-gold houndstooth jacket and coordinated slacks like he just stepped out of Abercrombie & Fitch's window.

Most important of all, baseball scouts clap themselves on the forehead and declare that not even Mantle ever hit a ball as far as Epstein belts it. Two years ago the Baltimore Orioles signed him to a bonus contract and sent him to play first base at Stockton in the California League. Rocky Bridges, a [*Continued on page* 88]

GET SET...

GO!

# RUN, CLOWNS, RUN!

*It was the twenties, so anything could happen. When a character called Cash and Carry Pyle said let's have a cross-country footrace, 300 other characters responded to his call*

*Race promoter Pyle, with Red Grange as his aide, made gala event of start.*

**BY LEE EDSON**

■ One day in 1926 sports promoter Charles C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle was glancing idly through a newspaper when his eye fell on an incredible news item from Morocco. An Arab tribesman had run 90 miles in 15 hours through the hot blistering desert to carry a message to his sheik during a Riff uprising.

Excitement tingled through Pyle. Such a display of human stamina seemed wasted in a remote desert. Why not put it on a profitable basis in the United States? And in that moment of sudden inspiration was born the first International Transcontinental Foot Marathon—a fantastic 3,400-mile footrace from Los Angeles to New York. Ballyhooed as "the greatest, most stupendous athletic accomplishment in all history," it became better known to the [*Continued on page* 74]

*Author fished for peacocks in Venezuelan river to preview sport Americans will enjoy. Here a friend hefts fish 10 to 13 pounds.*

*Soon to swim in southern waters is a South American fish that grows fast, fights hard and bites at almost anything. Meet the peacock bass...*

# A GAUDY NEW TRANSPLANT FOR U.S. ANGLERS

*In Venezuela a leaping peacock is played by Bill Morris, who has caught them bigger than U.S. largemouth bass record of 22¼.*

MIAMI, FLORIDA

■ Freshwater anglers, awake! A new fish is coming that grows big fast, is as violent as a muskie and more colorful than a tropical sunset. Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana are interested in introducing this flashy performer and Florida has been experimenting with it in its waters for three years.

Called *pavon* in South America (the word means "peacock" and refers to the peacock-eye spot on the fish's tail), the newcomer will soon be known to American sportsmen as the peacock bass. But a bass it is not, though there is a certain resemblance and the new fish will be found in typical bass waters of the South.

Don't let the slightly pretty-sounding name of peacock bass put you off—this fish is a gangster, an oversexed brawler with an extremely careless attitude toward most fishing lures.

Results of Florida's testing have been so encouraging that biologist Vernon Ogilvie, who heads the state's study project, can scarcely hide a grin of pleasure.

Never has so thorough a preintroduction study been undertaken with an exotic fish in this country. More than two years ago I stood with Ogilvie on the banks of two ponds at Miami Lakes golf course, water hazards that were the first Florida home of the peacock bass. Self-consciously I tossed flies and light spinners at young peacocks while attempting to ignore the wondering stares of passing golfers. The fish at that time ranged from finger length to slightly [*Continued on page* 70]

*A Florida-raised peacock bass. The fish gets its name from the "peacock eye" spot on tail.*

**BY VIC DUNAWAY**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

BROS WORLD'S GREATEST SHOWS
GORILLA
MONKEYS AND APES SEEN IN THE BIG 100 CAGE ZOO
SANGER'S ROYAL BRITISH MENAGERIE & GRAND INTERNATIONAL ALLIED SHOWS.
BARNUM, BAILEY & HUTCHINSON. — SOLE OWNERS. —
The Only Show
GIANT WHITE POLAR BEAR
SANGER'S ROYAL BRITISH MENAGERIE & GRAND INTERNATIONAL ALLIED
BARNUM, BAILEY & HUTCHINSON. — SOLE OWNERS. —
SHOWS CONSOLIDATED
ONDIN
A HIGH LUNCH
50 FEET ELEVATION 200 FT IN LENGTH
COLLEGE, RUSSIAN ROLLER SEATERS
ENCYCLOPEDIA AND RACES
JUMBO.
JUMBO
THE LARGEST SHOW IN THE WORLD.
BOLIVAR
FOREPAUGH'S GREAT AGGREGATION.
COL. W. F. CODY
"BUFFALO BILL"
THE WORLD.
RST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA DARING ARTISTE
SELLS BROTHERS
COLUMBIA
SIX ENORMOUS RAIL-ROAD SHOWS NOW UNITED.
WINTER QUARTERS.
OCCUPYING 10 ACRES OF GROUND 9 RAILROAD TRACKS SIDE BY SIDE MAKING 2½ MILES STEEL RAILS
P. T. BARNUM'S GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
THE GREAT LONDON CIRCUS
SANGER'S ROYAL BRITISH MENAGERIE
GRAND INTERNATIONAL ALLIED SHOWS
PAWNEE B
GERIE & TRIPLE CIRCUS.
BARNUM & BAILEY
COMBINED SHOWS
THE WORLD'S MOST TERRIFYING LIVING CREATURE!
HAGENBECK-WALLACE CIRCUS
TRAINED MONARCHS OF ANIMAL KINGDOM
THE MOST MARVELOUS TROUPE OF PERFORMING LIONS EVER EXHIBITED
RINGLING BROS AND BARNUM & BAILEY
COMBINED SHOWS
THE MOST CHARMING CAPTIVATING BEWITCHING SENSATIONAL HIGH WIRE ARTISTE IN THE WORLD
INTREPID INTRICATE FEATS ON A SINGLE STRAND OF WIRE AT DIZZY HEIGHTS
BIRD MILLMAN
W. C. COUP'S NEW
THREE CIRCUSES IN
WILD WEST.
P. T. BARNUM'S GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.
& THE GREAT LONDON CIRCUS COMBINED WITH
GRAND FREE BALDOM RA
HE GREAT W

BY BILL BALLANTINE

# SPRING'S SHAMELESS BALLYHOO

*Geronimo was called "worst Indian that ever lived" by Indian agent and buffalo hunter Pawnee Bill Lillie.*

*P. T. Barnum presented Winged Meteors in the early 1880's, forerunners of today's "flying return" acts.*

Modern circus tub-thumping has been turned over to advertising agencies. But the good old days, when circus billposting was a grand and gaudy game, have left unforgettable memories

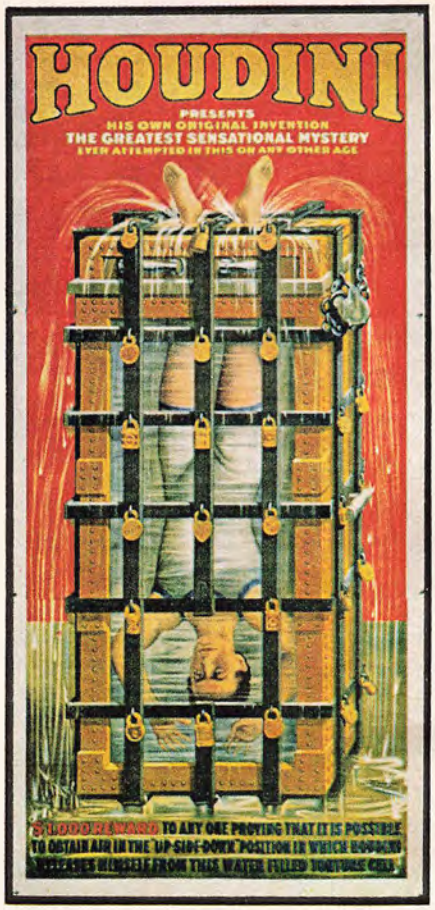
■ Gone forever are the days when circus posters would appear overnight in and around American towns, transforming the most dreary buildings into castles of gaudy wonders. The circus billposting trade had its own acrobats every bit as agile as those of the big top.

Almost before you could blink twice, there'd be posters showing comely ladies in pastel tights poised tiptoe on the broad backs of prancing dappled horses, trapeze artists soaring through the air as blithely as birds. A hundred—*Count 'em, One Hundred*—clowns cavorted; armor-plated rhinos battled to the death. And maybe there would be a man shot out of a cannon, or perhaps a curvaceous Arabian *houri* entwined in the coils of NEARLY A MILE OF WRITHING, CRUSHING, HISSING, STUPENDOUS & DEADLY REPTILES!

Even the men who put up the posters didn't appear to be quite real. They'd come stealing into town by dawn, materializing out of thin air, and by nightfall they'd have vanished just as mysteriously—gone, absolutely—leaving a wake of unparalleled multicolored excitement. Actually these miracle workers of tack and pastepot came to town on the circus's fast advance car, fitted with double-decker bunks for the crew; manager's stateroom and office; a large boiler for making steam with which to cook the paste; and, of course, lots of storage space for posters. The posters ranged in size from 14x22-inch window cards to sprawling twenty-four sheets (the standard outdoor billboard size). A circus billposting crew remained in a town for as many days as its show's planned engagement there. If the circus was to stay only one day, the paperhangers worked without letup from dawn to dusk.

Competition was especially keen when two circuses were booked into the same area within days of each other (as often happened in the golden days of circus outdoor advertising—between 1880 and 1910). If two shows were to "day-and-date"—that is, play the same town, on the very same day—there always was *big* trouble. Whichever faction got the upper hand ruthlessly pasted its own posters over those of the opposition, or contrived to confuse the public in some way or another. A favorite method was to cover the earlier show's date with date sheets of the later one so that when the circus holding the prior exhibition day came to town—days before the public expected it to—the grandstand turnout would be what was called a "corporal's guard." Another approach to the problem of closely-booked circuses

*Circus paid $10,000 for Gargantua, spent $20,000 for his air-conditioned cage.*




*Noncircus performer Houdini challenged the public, for $1,000, to explain his act.*

*Tossing 600-pound water-filled barrels was the claim for Barnum "Exhibitors of Strength."*

## The purple hyperbole of circus ads plastered America from coast to coast

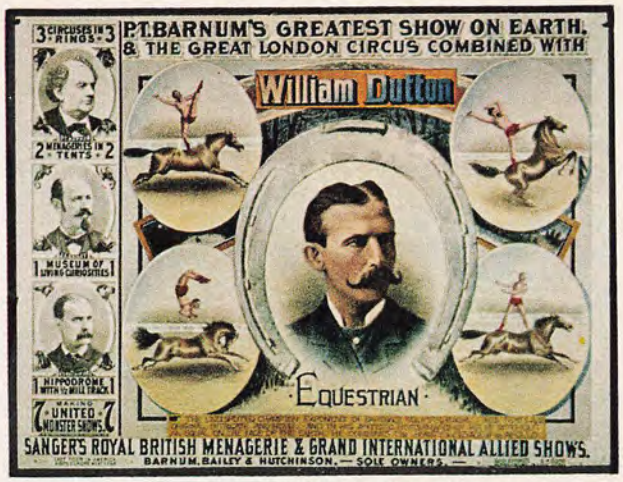
was for the later show to post what was known as "wait paper"—banners that simply said in gigantic letters, "WAIT!" pasted alongside the previous posters in hope that people would thus be persuaded to pass up the first show in favor of the supposedly greater one to come. If two opposing crews crossed trails, there was instant war.

Very likely, the most fantastic billposter skirmish in circus history occurred at Trinidad, Colorado, in the early 1900's between the paste-up men of a rough little Rocky Mountains' outfit called The Honest Bill Newton Circus and those of a show nicknamed "The Two Bills" (for William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody and Gordon W. "Pawnee Bill" Lillie). In that memorable brouhaha the Honest Bill Newton men, upon learning that a Two Bills crew was covering freshly-hung Newton paper, sent 10 of their burliest characters to scout the area and wreak vengeance on the interlopers. Four were found diligently working from ladders hung down the side of a three-story tannery. The Newtons stealthily climbed a back fire escape to the roof, quietly cracked together the skulls of two helpers standing by up there, then dumped several gallons of paste down onto the heads of the men working below on the wall. Mad as hornets, the billposters clambered back up their ladders and a furious brawl ensued, with all hands slithering about crazily in puddles of paste. Sadly outnumbered, the Two Bills crew was badly beaten.

In modern circus tub-thumping the emphasis is on TV and radio, with a big assist from promotional flyers inserted with the monthly statements of mass merchandisers like Sears and Montgomery Ward, or tucked into supermarket shopping bags. (For its annual springtime Manhattan run, the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus uses almost a million of those printed proclamations in New York City's five boroughs.)

Times certainly do change. In 1892 Ringling Bros. had four advance advertising cars, each bearing its own aggressive name: *Cannon Ball, Thunder Bird, Battle Bolt* and *War Eagle*. For its stand that season in Topeka, Kansas, the Big Show displayed a record

*Another of Barnum's attractions was Zazel, the Beautiful Human Cannon Ball. The act was later perfected by the Zachinnis.*




*From this equestrian exhibition evolved the circus as we know it today. The "menagerie shows" were added bit by bit.*

*As contorted as the performers were the Sells Brothers' circuses themselves. From 1873 to 1948, 11 used Sells' name.*

*Not a circus poster, but a big draw nonetheless, was this girly ad promoted by Billy Rose.*

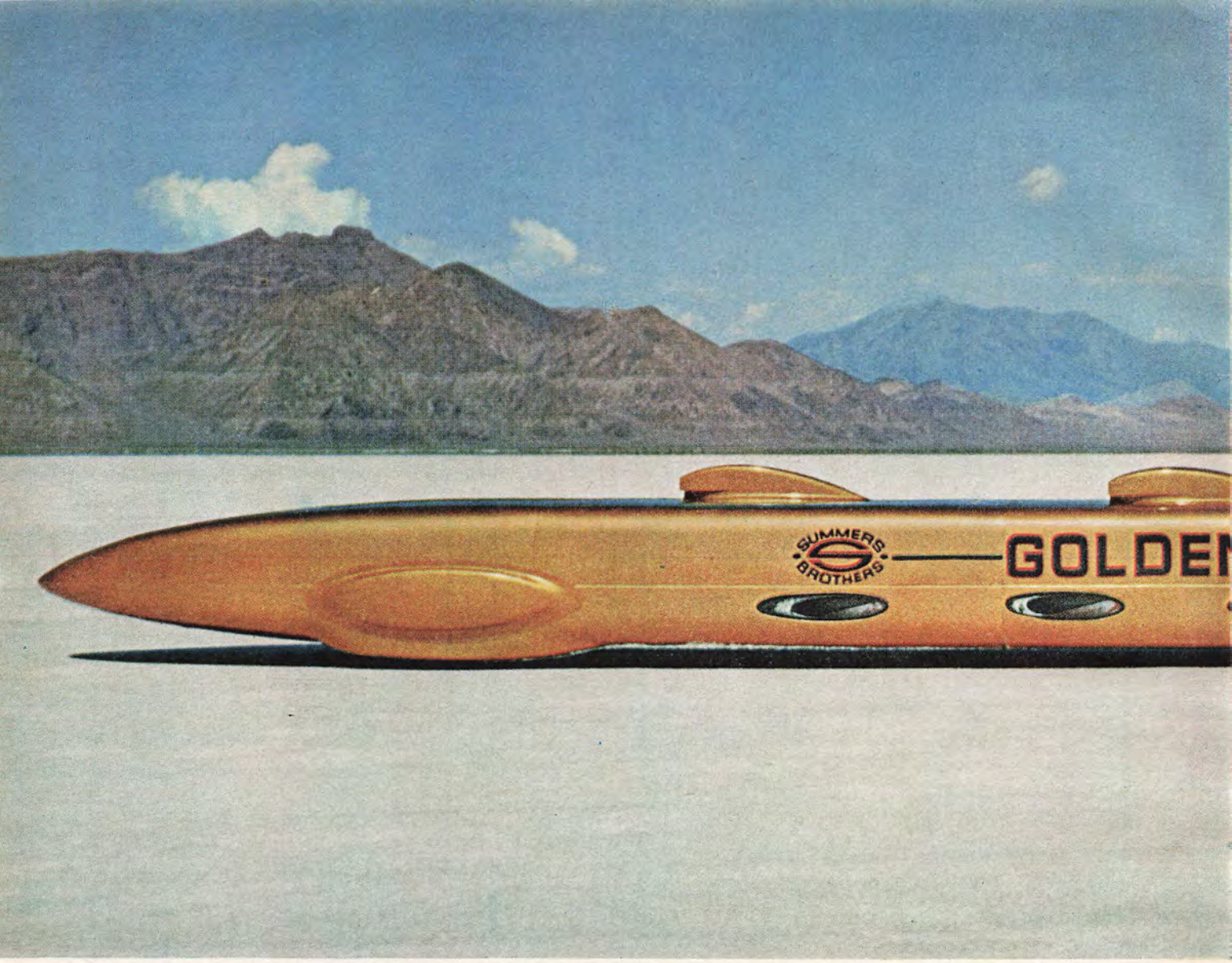
24,000 posters, and it has been estimated that in 1915 it gobbled up as many as 10,000 posters a day. According to F. A. "Babe" Boudinot, a 40-year veteran of the Ringling advance, in 1949 the biggest of all-tented shows used five million posters and window cards, 3,000 barrels of paste-making flour and 14,000 pounds of tacks. By the 1940's that same circus had cut down to only one advance car, supplying crews operating out of station wagons to cover a 50-mile radius around each show town. In 1955 that lone car was discontinued and Ringling's outdoor promotion was turned over to local advertising agencies.

The use of posters to advertise circuses has fallen into such decline that the annual poster total today for the national tour of some 40 cities by the Ringling Bros. Circus is less than 200,000 items. To proclaim the 43-day stand of its 1966 edition in New York City—the most important, most lucrative engagement of its season—The Greatest Show on Earth used only 3,000 window cards, 2,000 one-sheets, 1,800 three-sheets, and 400 twenty-four-sheet billboards.

Not only has the quantity, but also the quality of circus posters diminished. Old-time lithographs were marvels of meticulous craftsmanship—works of art, actually rife with details, because then folks had time to study them and to read every bit of the purple prose spread over each poster.

Few circus posters have been as popular with the public as the Ringling Bros. 1938 litho announcing the premiere season of Gargantua the Great. Actually rather small as gorillas go, John Ringling North's favorite attraction was painted to appear at least 12 feet tall and holding aloft in one bloody, hairy fist a terrified half-naked bushman in leopard skin. The circus received hundreds of requests for copies to use as decoration of everything from a home rumpus room to a church bazaar to a kiddies' nursery school.

Some of the fine old posters are still in use today, but all the other inspired designs of the star-spangled heyday of the circus can be found only in museums and private collections.




*The Goldenrod stands only knee-high to Bob Summers, left, and brother Bill. The car is 32 feet long, 21 inches*

**BY WAYNE THOMS**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LESTER C. NEHAMKIN

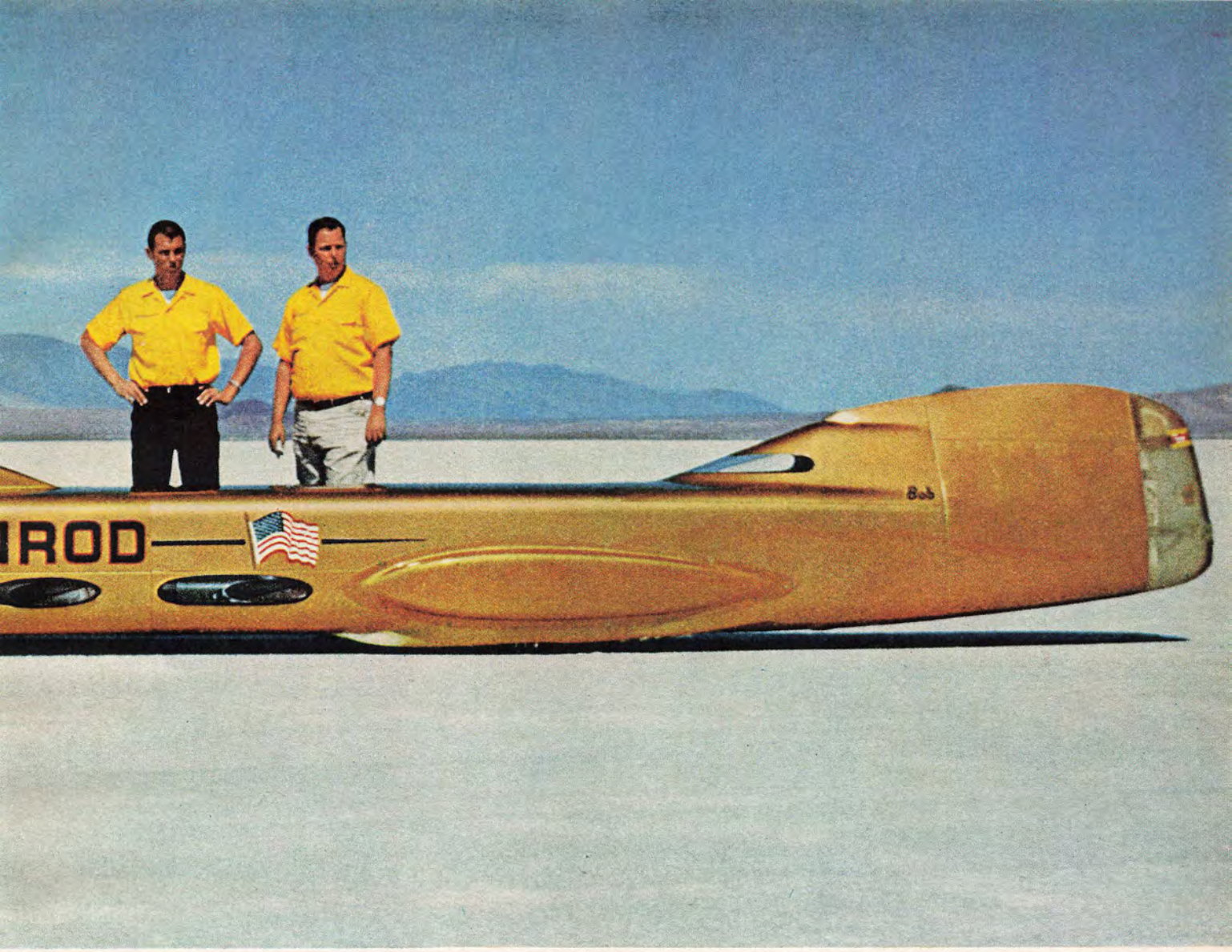
# 409 MPH—ON A GOLDEN SHOESTRING

*No matter what speed jet-powered cars may reach on the Bonneville salt bed, there's one mark they cannot break, not even at 600 mph.: the world's record for* wheel-driven *cars.*

*No one argues that jets on land don't go fast, but many motorsport fans feel these blowtorches on wheels are more akin to clipped-wing airplanes than to automobiles. For this reason they race in a special jet/rocket-car class. Only a speed attained by automobile-type engines driving through the wheels can be claimed as the true world land-speed record. This is the story of how that most cherished speed record was won by a pair of young California hot rodders: 409.277 mph. on a shoestring budget.*

■ On a September afternoon 28-year-old Robert Sherman Summers stood on the Bonneville salt bed of western Utah, eyeing the glittery-white surface around him. He was preparing to gamble, but not as a man might gamble in Nevada, 18 miles to the west. Bob Summers was in the final stages of joining the highest rollers of all—the men who risk their lives in the deadly game with the record books of speed.

Bob's goal that day was to drive his new racing car, "Goldenrod," faster than any man had ever gone before in a "conventional" automobile. If he reached that goal, his payoff would be a sudden shower of international acclaim as the new recordholder for a land speed attained with pistons and gears and tires




*high at the hood, weighs over four tons and is powered by four Chrysler V8 engines developing 2,400 horsepower.*

*The two courageous Californians thought they could take away the world land-speed record that had cost England's Donald Campbell $3 million. But first they had to learn the painful difference between buying speed and doing-it-yourself*

biting into the ground. If he failed, the game would end swiftly, decisively—perhaps mortally.

He turned to watch as his crew winched the pencil-thin streamliner out of its transport van. The car shifted slightly on the light aluminum ramps. "Easy, easy," he warned. The error was corrected, and in a moment the car bumped gently onto the salt for the first time. Resting on the bleak, mountain-bordered flat, it looked more like a rocket toppled from its launch pad than an automobile with four wheels.

Goldenrod had not only four wheels, but four engines. It wasn't the first multiengined car to try for a speed record, but it was certainly the longest and thinnest. Nobody had ever lined up that many engines before and stuffed them into a chassis. The car was 42 inches high, but only at the tail, where Summers would sit in a closely embracing cockpit, with most of Goldenrod's 32-foot length and four-foot width stretching out before him. A tiny windshield would give him as much visibility as he needed to sight down the hood and over the tapering nose to the salt desert beyond. Compared to the record-setting giants of the past, with enormous wheels towering shoulder high, Goldenrod had the graceful symmetry of an arrow.

Summers kicked a trough in the coarse salt and bent down to examine it. Brine oozed up almost to the surface. He called to his brother, 29-year-old Bill Summers. "Look at that slush," he said. "Man, it's

*When Goldenrod arrived at Bonneville, the world land-speed record seemed sure to be broken. Then the troubles began.*

**The car was a marvel of design — but could it cover a mile in eight seconds?**

*Slim car presents only nine square feet of frontal area.*

going to be slick. Hardly any traction at all." Bill nodded agreement.

Bob had told the United States Auto Club officials, on hand to certify his speed, that he would need six miles on either side of the measured distance—a combined mile and kilometer—for acceleration and slow down on his two-way runs—13 miles for each. However, this summer had been unseasonably wet. Now a huge, shallow C-shaped lake shimmered on the perimeter of the sprawling salt beds. Barely six miles of racing course remained free of water—only enough for low-speed testing.

The moist salt that crunched like snow underfoot and stretched out like a giant snow plain was not unfamiliar to Bob Summers. For each of the last 11 years, he and his brother had traveled here from their home in Ontario, California, a few miles from Los Angeles, to try out racing cars they had built.

Both young men had grown up breathing hot rods. Both were high-school mechanical arts graduates. Bob is a serious, slim, boyishly handsome six-footer with a trim blond crew cut. Bill is more relaxed; his spreading waistline betrays a more casual approach to life. (It also keeps him out of tight cockpits.) Bob became a machinist and welder; Bill took to pushing big truck rigs across country. Together they pooled their resources to build fast cars. An Army hitch for Bill and Naval Reserve training for Bob were the only interruptions to their quest for speed.

From a 123-mph. hot-rod coupe in 1954 they progressed through increasingly sophisticated machines. At 19, Bob drove one of their cars 213 mph. By 1961 they had designed an odd streamliner—wedge-shaped, rear wheels in tandem, single engine—which carried Bob to 302 mph. and minor fame in the hot-rod world. A year later he pushed the car to 322, and in 1963 he got commercial sponsors to pay for timing the same machine under the rules of FIA—*Federation Internationale de l'Automobile*, world racing's governing body. That effort brought him two international Class C records—283.7 mph. for the kilometer distance, 279.4 through the measured mile.

It was this glimpse of big speed and a smell of the big money attracted to international records that determined the brothers to build a car for the big unlimited class. But their capital was meager. To raise funds, the two agreed that Bob would turn salesman, pitching the unusual design concept they had worked out to potential sponsors. The campaign was to last a year and include a half-dozen transcontinental trips for Bob, while Bill worked full time to support both of them. Fortunately, neither was married.

The drive to promote cash was slow. At first, the best that Bob could uncover in backing was the promise of materials from a major aluminum company, fuel from Mobil Oil, and four big V8 engines from Chrysler . . . far short of the goal. Then what appeared a turning point arrived when a big-three auto-maker requested an option on the entire project.

"This is it," said Bob to his brother. He held up a round-trip airline ticket from Los Angeles to Detroit, along with a note to wait for a phone call. A week went by before the call came: "Can you meet with our engineers tomorrow morning?" Bob was on the next plane east.

At the auto company's headquarters he was nervous as he waited for the official brass to file in. Still, he swung into his plea for support with enthusiasm. The rows of faces before him listened impassively while Bob made his carefully rehearsed half-hour presentation, winding up with a bid for $60,000, plus certain components needed to build the car.

A public-relations man took over. "Wait in my office," he said to Bob. "We'll give you a quick decision." Nearly three quarters of an hour later the p.r. man came in with the word: "It's like this—we're getting heat from the government on safety. Breaking the land speed record just doesn't fit into our performance program right now."

The turndown was a cruel setback. The next move was clear to the brothers—scrap the project. Then friends came up with encouragement and advice, and even some cash.

In May, 1964 one of them suggested that Bob go to Indianapolis for the Memorial Day race. "All your prospects will be there," the friend pointed out. Bob financed the trip with a recently arrived income tax refund. His first prospect, a major tire-maker, was so impressed with Bob that he made him an immediate offer of employment as a salesman. Bob said no.

Then came an appointment with a rubber company head, Raymond Firestone. At Firestone's Akron office, the atmosphere was cordial. Firestone probed gently into the background of the two brothers and their proposed car. He asked for time to talk with his engineers. The tires specified seemed small for such high speeds, he said.

Bob could see his opportunity sliding away. Soon, he explained, it would be too late to finish the car for the '65 season; he had to have an immediate answer to his question: would Firestone build the tires and put up one-third of the cash?

Raymond Firestone deliberated for a moment, smiled at Bob, and told him he had his deal.

Bob contained his elation. His work was just beginning—he and Bill still needed $40,000.

He had hardly reached home when Chrysler withdrew its engine offer. Without engines the project seemed finished. Deep in gloom, the brothers received word that speed-equipment manufacturer George Hurst wanted to see them. Hurst came out from his Warminster, Pennsylvania, factory to meet them in Los Angeles. He looked their proposal over, but made no commitment before leaving. On August 12 he flew back to L.A. Handing the two a check for $2,500, he told them to get [*Continued on page* 102]

**BY RALPH STEIN**

# "Get Up on Your Hind Legs and Shoot Like a Man!"

*So spoke doughty Harry Pope, the famous offhand shot, rifle-maker and the greatest accuracy fusspot in the country*

■ The slight, darkly bearded man in his 40's was trying to hold down his mounting excitement. He had, during the last half hour or so, fired nine shots from the heavy, octagon-barreled rifle clamped in a machine rest to the bench at which he sat—nine shots into one hole very slightly larger than the .33 caliber bullets he was firing at the target 200 yards away. Now he was hurrying a little, for the wind was rising, to fire his tenth and last shot.

Looking through the long telescopic sight, he pulled back the rear trigger to set the front hair trigger which would actually do the firing. Holding his breath, he delicately fingered that front trigger. The rifle boomed in the hollow way characteristic of black powder. A small cloud of white smoke hung for a moment at the rifle muzzle as he anxiously examined the target through his spotting scope.

Now the man cursed, expertly and at some length, for half the diameter of the tenth bullet was outside the tight and tiny hole made by the first nine.

Harry M. Pope needn't have cursed. He had just very nearly missed doing what every target shooter had long dreamed about—to put each bullet fired from a rifled barrel into the same hole as the first one. And Pope had succeeded in making the tightest group ever printed on a target by 10 rifle bullets.

But Harry *was* justified in using unseemly language a little later. While kneeling and examining another target he'd shot that day, he'd laid that incredible all-in-one-hole target on the ground and put his knee on it to prevent its being blown away. A moment later he rose to fire another string, momentarily forgetting the target under his knee. A puff of wind caught it, lifted it high in the air and dropped it into a fast-flowing stream nearby. It was forever gone. Pope was still sorrowful when he told me about it almost 40 years later in 1936.

Harry Pope was as honest a man as ever lived and I believed him completely. Anyhow, he proved time and again that such shooting was repeatable with his rifle barrels. For example, not long after he lost his great target, using the famed Dr. Franklin W. Mann's machine rest "The Shooting Gibralter," Pope, at 200 yards, sent 35 shots into one hole you could cover with the ½-inch-diameter rim of a .32-40 cartridge.

By the time I met Harry Pope he was a white-bearded, bent, albeit humorously fiery and enthusiastic, old man of 75. He had devoted his life to trying to build the most accurate and long-lived rifles ever known to man and he had succeeded.

Harry Pope had heard that a group of us—we'd met while hanging about in a foreign car repairer's shop in New York—had formed a rifle club. Led by Walter Stocklin, a famed championship shot, we called the club The Knickerbocker Schuetzen Verein —later as war loomed, The Pope Offhand Rifle Club.

*Harry Pope checks a barrel for straightness. A perfectionist, he was always hopelessly behind with orders for new rifles.*

Just another rifle club wouldn't have interested Harry. But we oddballs (you had to be an oddball to diddle with sports cars in the mid-30's) had revived long-dormant schuetzen shooting which had, before World War I, been a mania indulged in largely by Germanic gentlemen. Schuetzen shooters fired at their targets in a special way: they stood and fired offhand. (No prone stuff for them!) Their single-shot rifles were inordinately heavy. A .22 used indoors might weigh over 12 pounds; an outdoor 200-yard .32-40 weighed 16 pounds or so. To help hold this considerable weight of rifle, a handle on a stalk—a palm rest—was rested on the ball of the left hand. In turn, the left elbow was supported by the shooter's hip. The rifle butt carried a curly-looking metal "Swiss" butt plate which half encircled the upper-right arm. Firing was done very slowly and deliberately at dishearteningly (at least for me) small targets.

Harry Pope had been revered like a god by the old schuetzen shooters. He'd not only built superb rifles for the best of them—he'd also entered their matches and been one of the great shots himself. Their matches were pretty important events, too—with as much as $25,000 in prizes at stake.

So when Harry Pope heard that people were again excited about his kind of shooting, he came over from his shop in Jersey City to our indoor range on Murray Street in lower New York to look us over.

And for five fine years he rarely missed being with

*A Pope rifle with palm rest, Swiss butt plate and accouterments: the ultimate in its day for offhand target shooting at 200 yards.*

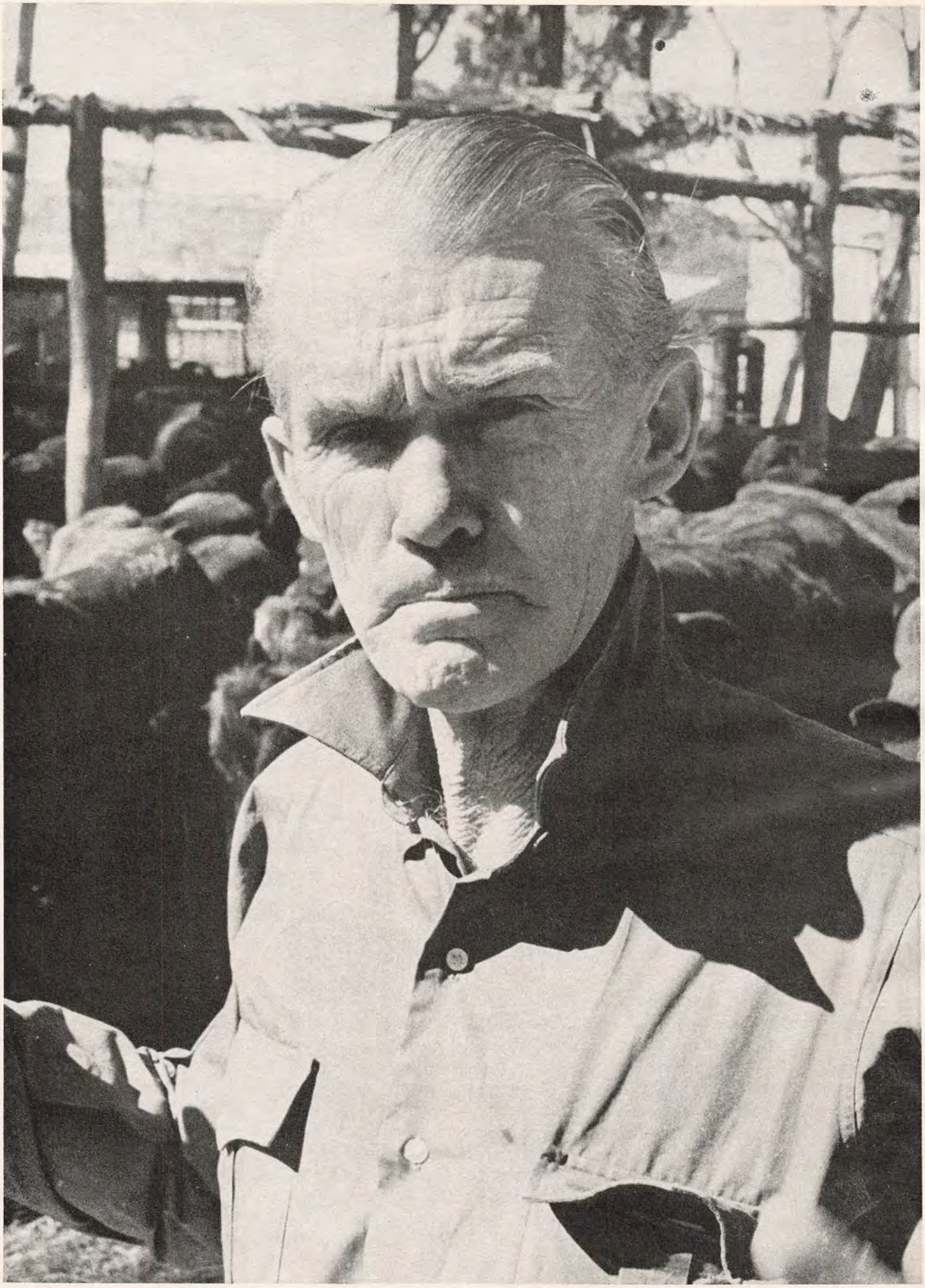
**Pope the curmudgeon: "Don't bother answering mail. Once it's a year old, it don't matter none."**

us on our once-a-week shooting night. He'd meet us first in a nearby restaurant, a German sauerbraten emporium. (The range was in its subbasement and shooters had sometimes to restrain themselves from aiming at the rats attracted by the chef's excellent potato pancakes.) Harry made heads turn as he entered the restaurant. Admittedly, he did have a certain style about him. He had a full white beard, slightly yellowed by an ever-present cigarette. He wore, even in warm spring weather, a long black overcoat with an economy-sized bottle of Bromo-Seltzer sticking out of each pocket. And he carried a sort of swagger stick, homemade from a branch, with a twig growing out of it for a handle. He didn't actually carry this stick much—mostly it hung from a pocket of his ash-covered vest, swinging in a casual way.

One memorable night he added to his ensemble two newly made rifle barrels—one over each shoulder—for two very happy members of the club.

But Harry didn't shoot with us. He had years before cut a tendon in his left wrist and he couldn't hold a rifle up. So he coached us. He showed us exactly how to hold a rifle, how to breathe (take a full breath, let it out, take another breath, let half of that out, hold the rest and then get on target).

If any of us lay down to shoot just to see how much better we'd do, Harry'd be on us in a flash, poking our backsides with that sharp little stick of his and roaring: "Get up on your hind legs and shoot like a man!" [*Continued on page* 96]



# BOSS MAN OF AFRICA'S NEVER-NEVER LAND

*Ian Smith may be the prime minister of rebellious Rhodesia, but a millionaire white supremacist named Douglas Lilford is the country's acknowledged leader. He says black men are unfit to rule and he'll personally kill any who make a move to try*

**BY JOHN PEER NUGENT**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LADY ELIZABETH RAMSAY

SALISBURY, RHODESIA

■ A ceaseless breeze sighs through the spreading Msasa trees that line the hard clay road cutting across Rhodesia's high veldt country. An orange-colored signpost, aged in sun and wind but sturdy as a stump, announces "Lilfordia Estates—No Shooting." It is rural but only a half-hour drive from Salisbury, the bustling capital. Here, for farther than the eye can see, for 34,000 acres, a white man reigns in a black man's country.

The lord of the manor is Douglas Lilford, a rough strap of leather standing 6′6″ tall and 63-years old. It was Saturday. He paced his high-ceilinged study where the walls were hung with trophy tusks of elephants bagged in happier days. In a calloused hand were two airplane tickets for the afternoon flight from Salisbury to Durban in neighboring South Africa. On Sunday, a favorite horse from his Main Chief Stable of a dozen thoroughbreds was to run. He wanted to see Knave's Meyer perform in the six-furlong stake race. Horses and jockeys were being flown into the seaside resort of Durban from all over wealthy and white-controlled southern Africa, an area where thoroughbred racing is keen sport.

An incoming phone call made up his mind. There was a report of possible sabotage on the telegraph line to Que Que. He unconsciously scratched at his muscular right forearm, the skin like wrinkled parchment, as he nodded in cold silence. Could this be the beginning, he wondered, the beginning of the thing most feared in Rhodesia: the rising of the blacks? Lilford cancelled his plane reservation.

There had been many tense moments like this since Rhodesia's unilateral declaration of independence from Great Britain in November, 1965. Most of the 225,000 white Rhodesians in the California-sized country were determined to thwart Britain's aim of giving one man, one vote to the four million black Rhodesians. Countries, both pro-East and pro-West, immediately cut diplomatic relations and stopped trade with the breakaway regime.

Black nationalists, fresh from guerilla warfare training in Communist countries, began arriving through the bush to start the freedom fight. The die for violence was finally cast last December when Rhodesia turned down Britain's terms to end the rebellion. Rhodesia is now an international problem second only to Viet Nam.

"We are already at war here, Chreest meen" (for Christ man), the tall, now angry Lilford says in a strident voice, standing under the family coat of arms at his study's entrance. (The emblem vows *Parti tueri*, "protect what is yours.") "The people are prepared to do anything. That includes dying for Rhodesia. If there is any black uprising, I'll kill as many kaffirs as possible before they kill me. The whites here will stop black rule from coming. We must. We will not go backwards, we will not retreat. We brought the light on."

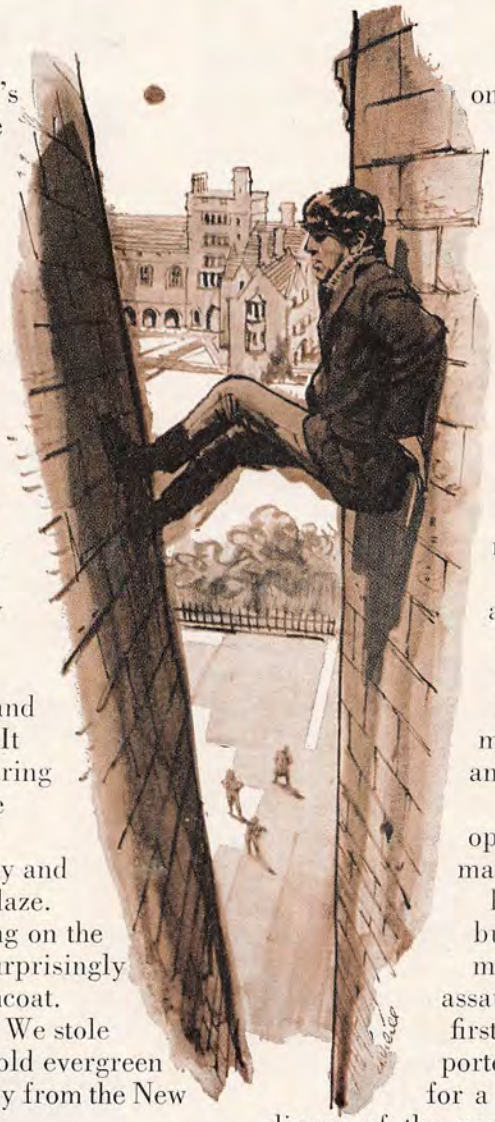
Douglas Collard Lilford is one of a breed of settler who will not go down without a fight—a white colonialist who believes the white to be supreme and the black, called kaffir or munt, to be a savage. [*Continued on page* 92]

*Lilford won't shake a black man's hand but helps in the schooling of native children on his estate.*

**The ivied walls and gothic towers of England's great universities may not be Everest or Kangchenjunga, but for generations of daring undergraduates they have been**

# The Only

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND



■ I parked the car west of St. John's College, Cambridge, beside a huge ornamental iron gate. It was fully 12 feet high, topped by an additional two feet of spiky ironwork which loomed against the moonlit sky.

"All right," said Charles. "Let's go in." I turned the handle and pushed, but the gate was firmly locked. "Over, I mean," added Charles. "Nick, you show him how to do it."

Nicholas finished winding 100 feet of nylon rope around his waist. Then he raised his leg up onto an iron curlicue, heaved up his lanky body, legged it again to a high crossbar, balanced precariously, put one foot over, then the other, and lowered himself to the other side. It was all done in 10 seconds. Muttering darkly about St. John's, magazine assignments, and reminding these young men I was 42, had a potbelly and a weak left knee, I followed in a daze. Half a minute later, I was standing on the gravel path inside: it had been surprisingly easy, although I had torn my raincoat.

It was five minutes to midnight. We stole quietly on the smooth grass to an old evergreen tree which was about 40 yards away from the New Court of St. John's.

"We'll be going up that drainpipe there on the left of the bay window," Charles pointed out. "Don't know what it's like, because we haven't done it before. Then we'll be on the roof and out of sight until we reach the Wedding Cake. Look, that's it."

High above the college I could make out a stone spire, and even in the dark I could see its octagonal form against the moon, with eight slender pillars leading to a large gilded weather vane. It was up that terrifying ornament, 140 feet above ground, that Charles and Nicholas proposed to climb.

These two Cambridge students, one 19 and the other 20, were enjoying an English undergraduate sport that probably dates from medieval times, and certainly from 1760. Mountain climbing for sport—on real mountains—didn't start until much later, in 1854. At Cambridge, the north face of Pembroke College is classed with the north face of the Eiger; and a party who, miraculously, once conquered the stark sheer face of St. John's Chapel, came down nerveless and trembling went straight off to the easier task of assaulting the Himalayas. Other university athletes, heroes of rowing or cricket or rugby, can bask in the glory of their achievements. Not so the climbers of buildings, whose activities are against all the rules and can lead to instant dismissal. Although the couple of dozen colleges that make up Cambridge sprawl over a good square mile of town, there are still teachers and porters continually on the watch for illegalities, so climbers must operate after dark, cost them what it may in sleepless nights, failed exams, broken legs, torn trousers or rope-burned hands. Just as Himalayan mountaineers have to time their assaults to fit in with the monsoon, the first snows, and the vagaries of Sherpa porters, so Cambridge men must wait for a fine dry night and the absence at dinner of the particular teacher who lives behind that particularly essential window ledge 30 feet above ground.

As we made to move forward to the foot of the drainpipe, a college clock began to strike. "Midnight," whispered Charles. "Better wait a few minutes in case the porter's about, locking up or anything." By five past, the danger was over, and we tiptoed forward to the shelter of the wall. Charles tied an end of the rope round his waist and started quickly up the 3¼″ drainpipe. In one minute he was no more than a blur against the sky. In two, he appeared to have reached the top of the 50-foot pipe. I expected him to give an immediate signal for Nicholas to follow: but there was a long delay and then he whispered down: "Drainpipe's shorter than I thought—can't reach."

BY J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM
ILLUSTRATED BY TED VEBELL

# Mountains in Town

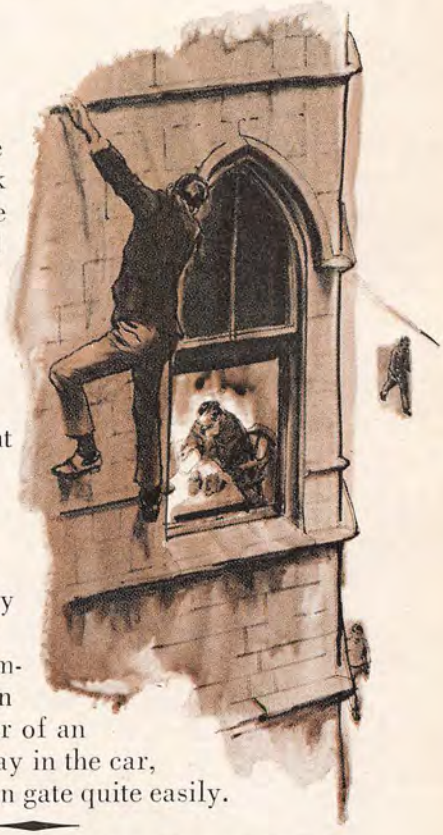
"What are you going to do?" was Nicholas' question.

"It's all right. I can lasso a battlement. Give me a little more rope."

Shortly afterwards we heard a swishing sound, and saw the loop snaking upwards. It held at the first attempt, and we saw Charles disappear over the battlements. Suddenly, three feet from my head, a light switched on in a window. Nicholas pulled me in to the wall. We stayed in the shadow while a resident teacher brushed his teeth, coughed, put out the light again and went to bed.

While Nicholas followed Charles up the pipe I walked back to the big tree and watched: it was not long before a gap in the battlements was momentarily blocked out by Nicholas's body. I watched the two of them untying and coiling the rope. I was not to see them again for an hour and a half.

For the main part of the climb, the assault on the 50-foot Wedding Cake, I stood well back to the south where I could get a good view. It was a long wait. At 12:30 a couple of young men stalked rather unsteadily past me, drainpiped up to a window and disappeared. At five after 1 an upper-floor window opened and an attractive girl climbed out, blew a kiss behind her, shinned down a drainpipe, and strolled down toward the gate with an elated expression on her face, passing within a yard of the shrub behind which I stood. At 20 past 1, a loud crash came from the direction of the Wedding Cake. Lights went on all over the building, and windows were flung open. Charles had tried to pull himself up by grasping a small stone ornament near the summit, but the ancient sandstone, crumbling with time and weather, came away in his hand and plummeted 40 feet to the reverberant lead roof below. Luckily, Charles's other hand and both feet were firmly on sound stone, and the only casualty was the small fragment of Cambridge paperweight on my desk today. Nicholas told me later that he hadn't liked the look of the stonework from the start, and had declined to follow Charles up the tower.



At 1:30 I saw a bright flash from Nicholas's camera and could momentarily make out a figure standing on the terrifying pinnacle. By 2 o'clock both climbers were back across the complicated roofs and down the drainpipe; a quarter of an hour later we drove away in the car, having recrossed the iron gate quite easily.

Any undergraduate at Oxford or Cambridge who wishes to lead a reasonable sporting or social nightlife must have a good working knowledge of entries into several colleges.

Many entry routes have been detected and sealed off by observant college officials, usually to no effect. At Cambridge's Corpus Christi College there are still 26 known ways of climbing in. Tourists in Oxford's Longwall Street are horrified to see the brutal collars of down-facing steel spikes that circle every lamp post next to the wall of Magdalen College. A more careful inspection reveals that one spike on the second lamp is burnished bright with use—it's a very useful handhold.

At Oxford, climbing for sport is not done on anything like the scale of Cambridge. Experienced Cantabridgian climbers complain that the rock at the Other Place is not good, and is liable to crumble under hand. One Oxford climber trying to scale the 73-foot Martyr's Memorial fell 30 feet together with a vast hunk of ornamental pinnacle, and was called on to bear the $600 cost of its restoration. Although famous climbers such as Lawrence of Arabia have made their name with a few spectacular Oxford climbs, and although Oxford produced [*Continued on page* 81]

**BY DANIEL P. MANNIX**
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

# My Wonderful, Warty Mousetraps

***Are mice causing you trouble, mister? Are pesky birds annoying you? Relax. Try toads. They are easily trained as hunters—and their strike is quicker than a gunfighter's draw***

■ You haven't lived until you've heard the music of a pack of toads in full cry after their elusive quarry. Many's the morning when the simple yeomanry of Chester County, Pennsylvania, are roused from their slumbers by the melodious sound of a hunting horn, followed by the full crash of the chorus as the Treweryn Toads (as my pack is named) give tongue. Then the unsuspecting farmers sink back into innocent slumber, little dreaming that the Treweryn Toads are at that moment probably battening on their chicks, ducklings or young turkeys.

If you've gotten this far, you are doubtless wondering what in hell's name I'm talking about. To fill you in, a few years ago while in Paris, I stopped by a quaint little bookstore on the Left Bank which specializes in obscure sporting books. Glancing through the shelves I encountered a book by Abel Boyer and Maurice Planiol dealing with training animals for the chase. After discussing such routine sports as hunting with shrikes, cormorants, cheetahs and caracals, the gentlemen buckled down to business. I read:

"The historian Abou el Fadhel (16th century) says that in India the sportsmen train toads to catch small birds. El Fadhel never grew tired of watching this unusual sight."

Well, I should think he wouldn't. I'd been under the illusion that I'd trained some pretty unusual animals to do some queer things in my time but this one had me kissed off against the cushion. I knew that big bullfrogs will occasionally catch small ducklings, but hunting birds with a pack of toads was something else. Either those Indian toads were part goshawk or El Fadhel ought to be called El Fakir.

However, I decided to look into the subject. Reference libraries proved of no help, although according to the experts toads did about everything else except catch birds. Toads, unlike frogs, are not aquatic. After the tadpole stage, they spend their lives prowling around the woods looking for prey, only going into the water to breed. Some weird specimens are hopping around the world. For instance, there is a South American horned toad (no relation to our western "horned toad" which is really a lizard) that is green with chocolate markings and has elongated, pointed teeth. It attacks with open mouth and can give a nasty bite. The seven-inch-long Colorado River toad lives on scorpions and is so poisonous that it has killed dogs. The Surinam toad has pockets on its back to carry its eggs and a flap of skin under its jaw which it wiggles like a worm to attract quarry. But my own favorite is the Brazilian flying tree toad which sails through the air like a flying squirrel and can go 90 feet before landing.

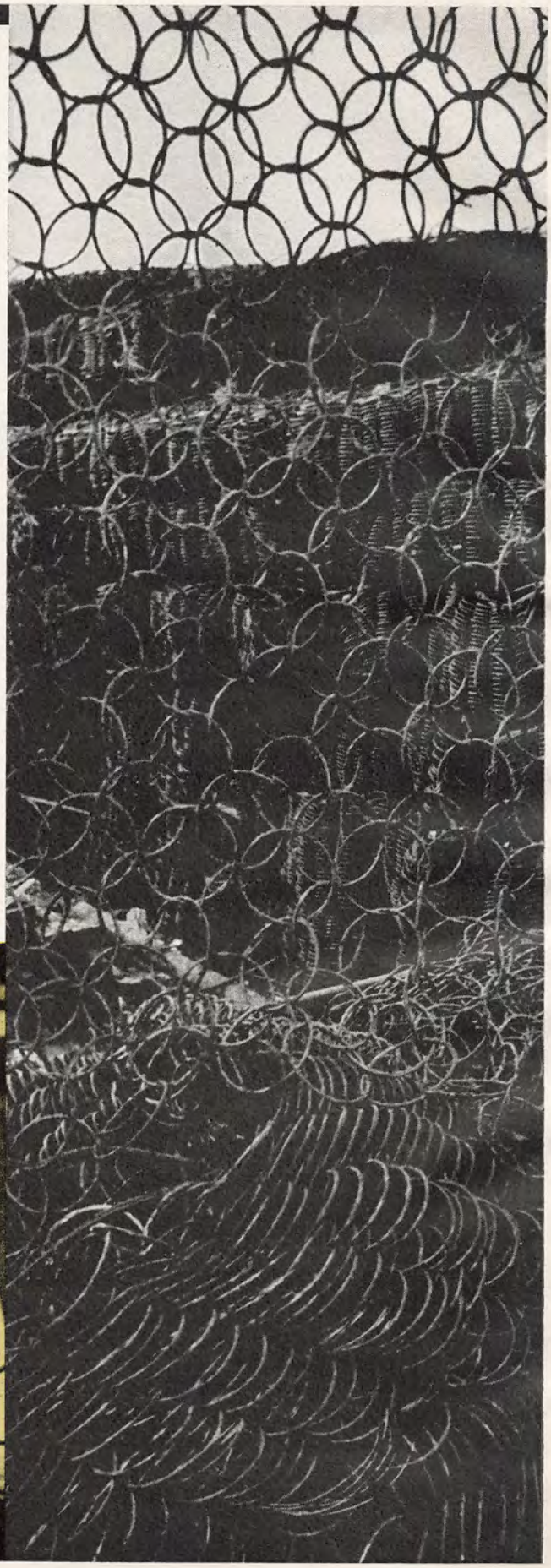
At first I contemplated investing in a few of these creatures. Unfortunately [*Continued on page* 66]

***Portrait of a successful hunter: one of the author's trained toads gulps down a mouse caught in the Mannix barn.***

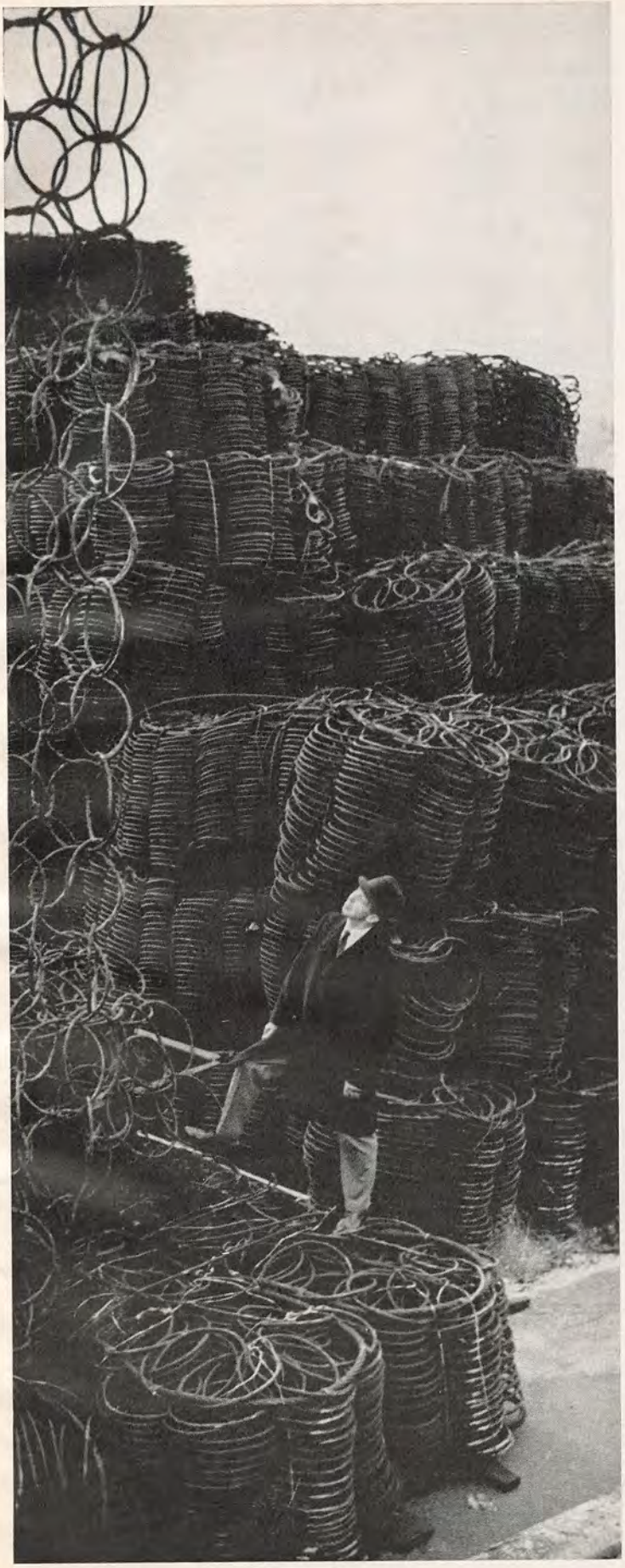
# Mister Sidney's Iron Curtain of Despair

*New England's largest surplus dealer has a $250,000 problem. Two years ago he bought 20,000 tons of submarine nets from the Navy. Surely, he thought, such a terrific product would have many other uses. Such as... well, er... such as... well, sure... such as...*

*Sidney W. Grossman (below) is gloomy. Through his office window he sees a pile of steel nets (right) and the sight depresses him.*



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DANIEL BERNSTEIN



BY DALE SHAW

■ This is the story of a wartime Navy goof that turned into a white elephant and of the man who bought the white elephant, which he is still riding. The man is Sidney W. Grossman who may very well have poured a quarter of a million hard-earned dollars down the drain of his eternal optimism.

In exchange for this cash, Grossman has had the doubtful pleasure of owning, viewing and otherwise manipulating 3,500 submarine nets. The nets, each 72 by 40 feet in size and formed of more than 2,000 interlocking steel rings, would cover two football fields in a blanket eight feet thick. The nets weigh 40 million pounds, which is 20,000 tons, and are protected by a million and a half pounds of cosmoline, an obnoxious, intractable derivative of oil-field sludge that clings like black glue.

These nets are brand new, never used. Grossman owns them. Why? That's the story. It's the story of how a sane man bought a greased pig in a Navy poke.

Sid Grossman is an optimist but he is also the driving power behind the largest surplus and building supply firm in New England. He is, in other words, a giant junkman. Buying and selling things that no one else could figure out a use for has made him rich. Naturally, submarine nets appealed to him. They were made for each other.

The submarine net caper had been Alice in Wonderland from the start. When the U-boats started pulverizing Allied shipping in World War II, the Navy whipped out some British torpedo net designs from World War I and started a huge building program. They made lots of nets. The nets were made of interlocking 16-inch rings of twisted wire. Each net contained 38 rows, 57 rings to the row. There were 12 and a half miles of wire per net. These monstrous sieves were buoy-hung in series at strategic points. New York harbor got them at the Narrows, and so did Frisco and every other major port or Naval installation where enemy subs might try to enter.

An old sub-net hand recalls: "Each ring had to be hand twisted to make the interlock. We hired Vermont marble quarry workers, men with strong hands. Once they got the hang of it, they could have made nets till doomsday."

Apparently they almost did. The Navy overshot its mark by 3,500, enough to build a barrier almost 50 miles long and 40 feet high. The excess nets never felt water. For years they squatted at Newport, Rhode Island, unneeded and unwanted.

Records do not indicate why or at what cost the nets were kept so long. The Navy may be sentimental. In any event, early in 1965, long after new detection devices plus atomic weapons made them obsolete, the Navy decided the nets were as superfluous as a snipe hunter's sack.

Under the law, what one service finds poisonous must be offered as meat [*Continued on page* 77]

*The traveler's checks were genuine, and what bank teller could dream that a crook would be so bold as to defy the FBI's mug shots of him?*

**BY ROBERT A. LISTON**
ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

# THE FORGER WITH THE HONEST FACE

*When the FBI men learned that Courtney Townsend Taylor was again on the loose, they knew they were in for a long chase and a tidal wave of counterfeit checks*

■ He entered the jewelry store like a salesman in the chips, middle-aged, confident and dapper in a gray flannel suit light enough for summer in Washington, D. C. A significant paunch preceded him, but the problem it represented in tailoring had been skillfully overcome.

"Can I help you, sir?" George Hendrickson, proprietor of the Potomac Jewelry Co., was reacting appropriately to his first customer of the morning—obviously a prosperous one.

The visitor nodded his massive head and sighed his annoyance. "I had a big day's work ahead of me and my traveling alarm clock picked this time not to go off. You got one that works?"

Hendrickson murmured sympathetically and glanced at his stock in the showcase behind the counter. Ignoring the cheaper items, he selected a clock in a calfskin case. "I'll guarantee this will never let you down," he stated positively.

He watched the customer twist the clock in his hand. It was apparent the man was not a connoisseur of timepieces, but the response was hearty. "If you say it's good, I'll take it."

The jeweler's smile matched the sale—not great, but a pleasant start for the day's business. As he filled out the sales slip he asked curiously, to corroborate his own estimate, "Are you a salesman?"

The customer's cherubic face folded in a grin. "Sure am. Name's Lawton. How did you know?"

"Oh," said the jeweler expansively, "a man gets to be a pretty good judge of people in [*Continued on page* 104]

# STRANGE BUT TRUE

**By George R. Martin**

**The hardest-drinking** nation today can't be determined without a lot of argument, but there was no dispute about it in ancient times. Everybody agreed it was Thrace. That country, at the western end of the Black Sea, produced potent wines. Best known was dark, sweet Maroneian, shipped regularly to the Greek warriors besieging Troy and sampled appreciatively by Ulysses. The cities of Thrace stamped their coin money with designs of grapes and vine leaves as a form of advertisement; one city, Mende, issued a coin showing a relaxed drinker, bowl in hand, reclining on his ass while that patient animal carried him about. In spite of exporting much wine, the Thracians were probably their own best customers. Unlike Greeks and, later, Romans, the Thracians didn't mix their wine with water but drank it straight. Moreover, as appalled visitors observed, they gulped the whole bowlful down at one breath instead of sipping it like gentlemen. Most uncouth of all was a game they played during drinking bouts. Thracians tied a rope noose to a convenient tree limb or house beam and under it placed a round stone. Lots were drawn and the player stood on the stone with his neck in the noose; in his hand he held a hook-shaped knife. Then the stone was rolled away. It was a great joke, hailed with laughter by his friends, if he proved to be too drunk to cut himself down before strangling. *By Will Ross, Winnsboro, La.*

**Pearls from coconuts** make up a curious chapter in gem lore today. A coconut is a giant seed; from a soft "eye" at one end, a growing sprout will emerge. Sometimes the eye is hard or missing (a "blind" nut) and growth will be inward; it may end in a hard nodule—like a jumbo-size oyster pearl. So rare and valuable were coconut pearls that any blind nut found by a native of Indonesian lands belonged, by decree, to the local rajah. Thus a learned Dutchman was told in the late 1600's during Dutch colonization, and he mentioned the coconut pearl prominently in a book about Indies plants. Suspicions developed in the middle 1800's when chemical tests of two coconut pearls bought in Singapore showed them to be identical in composition, as well as appearance, with pearls from the big *Tridacna* clam of tropical seas. Evidently it was an old racket: wily Oriental dealers unloaded the *Tridacna* product—a lusterless pearl of little value—at a rarity price on anybody who would believe the coconut story. It is still believed. Not many years ago, a leading American plant explorer had an armed policeman stand guard beside his precious coconut pearl exhibited at a charity bazaar; he had acquired it during a Pacific trip in 1940. The "pearl that grows on trees" continues to turn up in books and on radio. Unfortunately, like another rare gem—the jewel within a toad's head, of medieval legend—it doesn't exist.

**The male long-hair fad** that makes guitar-twanging young rhythm-and-blues singers today resemble animated mops isn't wholly new. Japan had a similar problem, though without the musical accompaniment, 300 years ago. Actors in Tokyo theaters took to cultivating long front locks of Beatle-like proportions. They looked youthful and romantic—so much so that the actors became scandalously popular off-stage with Tokyo society ladies. The government thereupon banned forelocks; the actors had to shave the front half of the head, like other men. They retaliated by covering their unbecoming bald area with a piece of purple cloth—which somehow excited the ladies even more. Underneath, however, their half-bare pates conformed to the Japanese national hair mode for men that endured until the Prussian-style brush or crew cut arose in recent times. *By Emanual Kollin, Portland, Oreg.*

**Although the monocle,** or single eyeglass, is usually considered an affectation of upper-class Englishmen and former Prussian officers, an astonishing fact has so far escaped U.S. social historians. At one period, more Americans were strutting about with monocles stuck in an eye than there were monocle-wearers in all the rest of the world combined—past, present, and even future. This phenomenon had little relation to monocle evolution. The "quizzing glass" first appeared *circa* 1800 in London on a poor-sighted actor whose youthful roles didn't permit wearing spectacles, then used only by older people. A few aristocrats copied the glass, finding it easy to carry in a waistcoat pocket and simple to use, with a chain or ribbon for security. The custom spread; would-be aristocrats took it up, and military men found it a boon. Spectacles were forbidden in the army, but an officer needing eye help could wear a monocle—with ledged rim to give facial muscles a firmer grip—while riding a horse, and look smart, too. The monocle arrived in America in 1880, scarcely noticed. Then came 1913. Society women, following somebody's whim, began sporting monocles expensively jewel-studded. The fad flared, and the U.S. went monocle-happy. Every man, woman and child apparently wanted to look through one; sales became sensational; fun monocles of flat glass sold for 25 cents. When the Year of the Monocle passed, no trace remained of probably the most hilariously un-American craze that ever swept the nation. *By John Alger, Pacific Grove, Calif.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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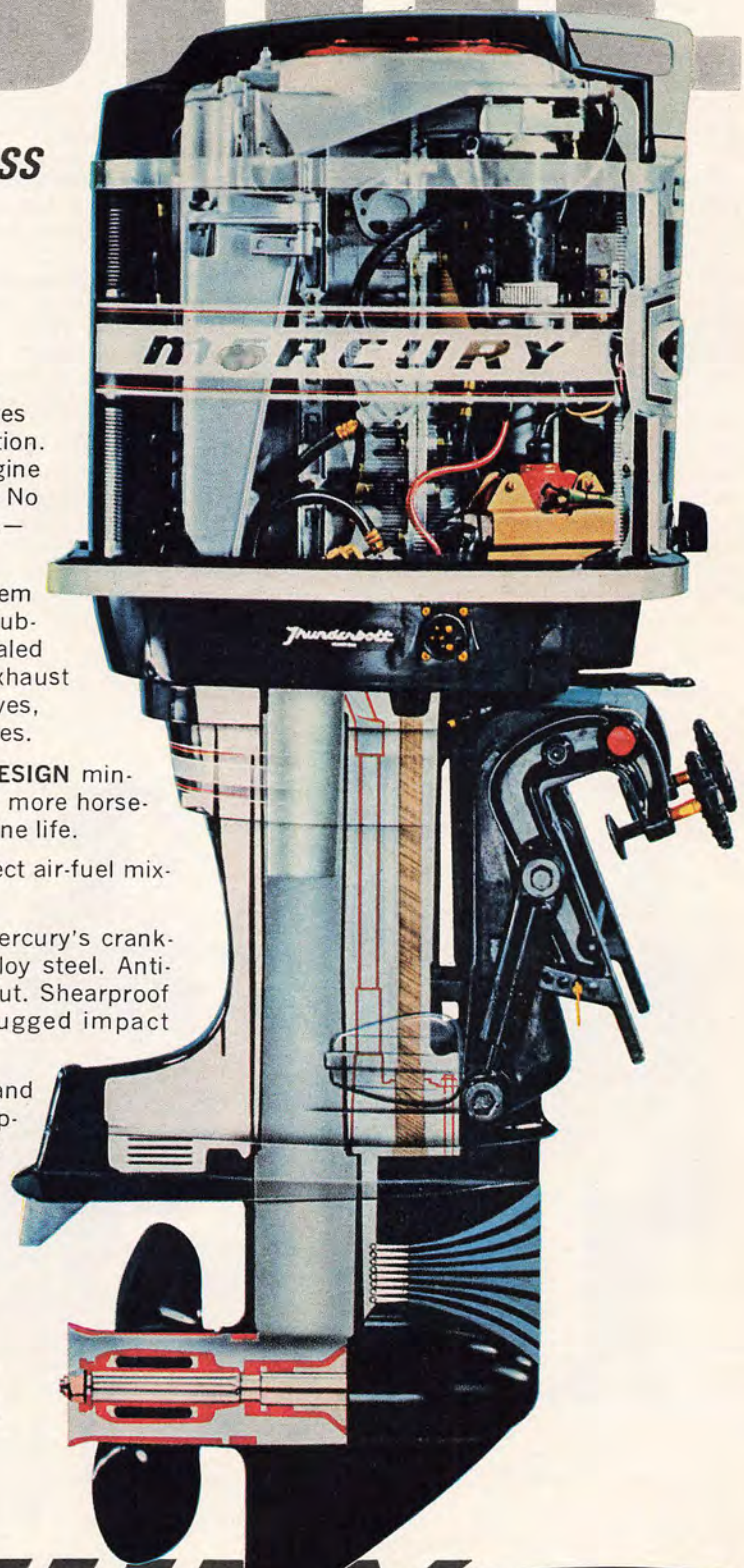
# INSIDE

## *What makes the new Merc 1100SS the world's most powerful, most advanced outboard?*

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## MY WONDERFUL, WARTY MOUSETRAPS

[*Continued from page* 56]

we have several developments around us. If our honest burghers were sipping their Martinis on the back porch of an evening and they saw a flock of flying toads winging their way back to the Mannix roost, the results might be catastrophic. So I reluctantly gave up the idea.

About this time my wife figured I needed a vacation to rest what, for want of a better word, I'll call my mind. So we took a trip to Florida. While in Miami, we dropped in to see our friend Bill Haast who runs the Serpentarium there. On his desk, where most people have a photo of the wife and kiddies, Bill had a shot of the biggest, ugliest, meanest looking toad I'd ever seen. Toads have never been famous for their girlish beauty but this one had Frankenstein, Quasimodo and the Phantom of the Opera looking like Shirley Temple.

"That's a *Bufo marinus*," Bill told me. "The world's largest toad. We have several on exhibition in the snake pens because a lot of people would rather see them than the snakes."

"Don't the snakes eat them?"

"Do you think a snake is crazy?" asked Bill. I took another look at the picture and I could see what he meant.

"Our only trouble with them is that they keep eating the young chickens we put in for the snakes," remarked Mrs. Haast.

I was off again. If these giant toads could eat a chicken, by golly they could go bird hunting. I asked for a demonstration.

The Haasts gave it to me. They dropped several chicks in one of the pens and we waited. We didn't have long to wait. There was a miniature explosion from under some ferns and out bounded a huge toad easily nine inches from the tip of its nose to its rump. The toad made one jump into the middle of the chickens and sat for a minute while making its choice, turning slowly as the birds circled. When the toad made its grab, the blow was so quick I couldn't follow it. One moment, there was the toad eying its quarry; the next second there was the chick in its mouth. The toad sat back on its haunches and used its hands to stuff the bird into its throat, virtually capsizing its eyes in the process. In a flash the chick was gone and the toad was all ready for the next course.

"You can get the chick back again if you want to," remarked Bill. "All you have to do is press the toad and the chick will pop out uninjured."

The Haasts gave me a couple of giant toads and I took them back on the plane. Because there is some curious ruling against taking live animals on passenger planes, I smuggled these aboard in the pockets of my raincoat. I had to use a raincoat because the toads needed to be kept moist and the pockets of an ordinary coat won't hold water. At one point in my colorful career, I had to smuggle tarantulas from Patagonia onto a plane. But these toads were tougher. They were a lot bigger than the tarantulas, kicked more, and riding from Miami to Philadelphia with two pockets full of water isn't as easy as it sounds. But we made the journey all right and I put them in the living-room aquarium. Then I started to read up on giant toads.

I thought that all I had were a couple of big toads—instead, I soon found I'd kidnaped two of Florida's most important natural resources. The giant toad was first discovered in 1758 in southern Texas when someone noticed them collecting around campfires to eat the insects attracted by the light. They not only ate insects; they were so big they could also handle roaches, centipedes and even mice. When the British heard about them, they imported hundreds of the toads to the West Indies to keep down the roaches and other pests. In 1844 they were shipped to Jamaica to eat young rats and did such a good job of it they virtually freed the island from the cane rats that did thousands of dollars' worth of damage each year. We shipped them to Hawaii in 1932 where they proved to be so beneficial that they are now raised there commercially and have been introduced to Formosa, the Philippines, New Guinea and Australia.

Unlike many predators that have been introduced to destroy some pest, the toads seem to be almost entirely beneficial. The objections to them are few. The males are noisy in spring; they're so big that cars hitting them on a road at night have gone into a skid; and dog owners complain because the toads exude a fairly potent poison from glands in their warts, which can make a dog plenty sick if it tries to bite one. The poison is not dangerous to humans because few of us try to bite toads.

Although frogs' legs are a great delicacy, the toads' poison makes them unfit to eat—which is perfectly all right with the toads. About the only animal that can eat a toad is a skunk. It rolls the toad around in wet grass first to get the poison off. One curious effect of the poison is to seal off the sweat glands. A famous German violinist always handled a giant toad before going on stage, so that his hands wouldn't perspire.

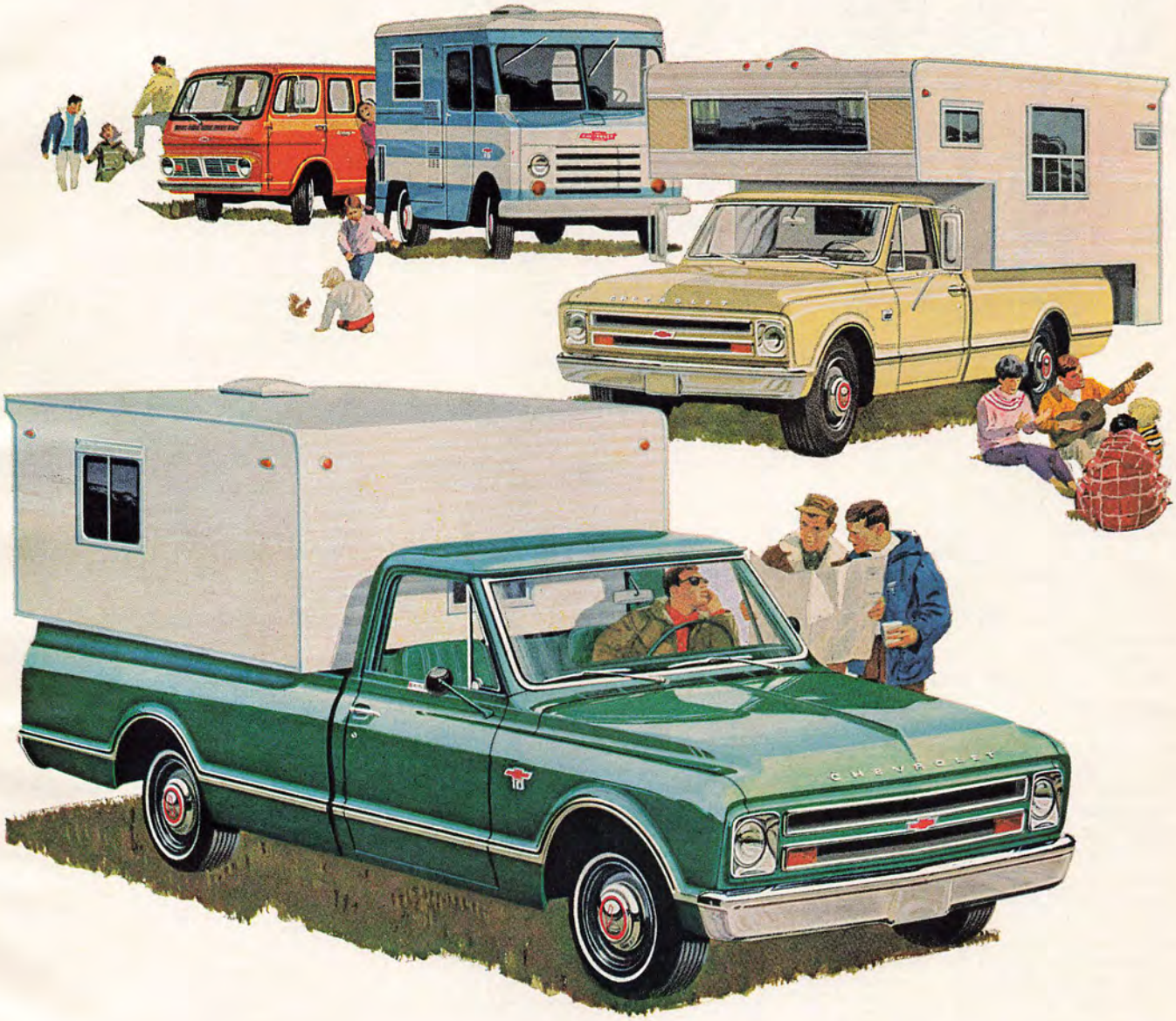
Toads seem to be more intelligent than frogs. If carried off from their pond, they can return to it from a mile away, seemingly by some sort of homing instinct. They can be tamed, and even taught to come to a whistle. When catching large prey, toads are smart enough to grab it by the head first, which frogs don't. On the other hand, they can't jump nearly as far or as fast as can a frog and their range of vision is limited to about three feet. Frogs can see objects 10 feet away.

I expected toads to be difficult to tame but I had no problem. Instead of trying

TRUE

**". . . and for that *really* special someone we have this 6-month supply of chocolate-covered birth-control pills!"**

# Somebody's going to have fun with these new '67 Chevy campers



## Why not you?

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CHEVROLET

*a brand new breed*

"I just wish they'd fight poverty with something beside *taxes.*"

to escape when picked up, they'd give a little chirping note of irritation, turning their heads to look at me. Feeding them was no problem. I started them out on night crawlers which they grabbed at once. Within a few days they'd learned to take bits of meat dangled on the ends of thread, although they usually ate the thread too. After a week or so I could dispense with the thread and they'd eat the meat from a tray.

Ordinarily, however, something had to move before the toads showed any interest in it. According to their simple code, anything that moved was alive and they'd make a try for it. If, while picking up the meat, a pebble dropped from it and rolled, a toad would make a grab for it. Once it had the pebble in its mouth, the toad would realize it had made a mistake and spit it out. One time I heard a lot of commotion in the tank and went over to see what the trouble was. The window was open and the breeze was blowing some ferns in a wall holder. Their shadows were moving on the floor of the aquarium, and the toads were trying to eat the shadows.

The toads had definite personalities. The biggest we called Cal (short for Caliban). The smaller being somewhat hunchbacked, we named it Aesop, who, incidentally, was very fond of writing about frogs and toads. Aesop, being livelier, would jump away when I reached in to pick him up but Cal preferred to play dead. Cal would roll his eyes inward, turn over on his back and go limp. In this position he was the deadest looking article I ever hope to see. The first time he pulled this trick on me I thought he'd died of heart failure. It turned out, however, that Cal liked to have his belly rubbed. Even when playing dead he would put his head back, arch what little neck he had, and chirp contentedly to himself. Aesop never seemed to enjoy being handled but he got used to it after a time.

Once when I was handling Aesop a little too roughly, he released the milky poison from the glands in his shoulders. It didn't hurt me in any way although I washed it off as soon as I could. Even ordinary toads possess this poison to a limited extent, and if it gets into an open cut, it can be irritating and possibly cause a mild infection. Hence the legend that toads give you warts. If someone has a highly sensitive skin, possibly they can.

My next job was training them for the hunt. We have plenty of mice in the barn feed bins. I began by collecting a few of them in a catch-alive trap and dropped them in the aquarium. The tank was half water and half land and the toads were in the water with only their eyes showing, looking like sawed-off hippopotamuses. When the mice landed on the gravel, they sat still for a few seconds and the toads paid no attention to them. Then the mice began to move.

Instantly the toads' heads popped up. They watched the mice intently and then Aesop started for the bank. Without turning his head, Cal gave Aesop a kick in the face with one of his webbed hind legs that stopped the smaller toad cold. Then Cal gave a bound and lit on the gravel among the mice.

When catching insects, toads use their tongues. As with frogs, the toad's tongue is hinged to the front of its mouth, with the tip reaching back down its throat. When the toad is within four inches or so of a bug, it flips out its tongue, snares the insect, and jerks it into its mouth. The motion is so fast only high-speed photography can see it.

I would have been positive Cal couldn't have caught as large an animal as a mouse with his tongue. But one moment Cal was beside a mouse and the next instant the mouse's tail was hanging out of Cal's mouth. Swallowing the mouse completely was a tougher job. Cal's eyes turned inside out while he was doing it. That gave Aesop his chance. He hit the beach and another mouse disappeared.

After a while I was afraid the toads were getting too highly specialized at mouse catching in the confinement of the tank where the mice couldn't get away. I noticed the first few times that they had moved very fast, watched their quarry carefully, and were showing real skill in the hunt. Now Cal simply sat and waited until a mouse practically ran into his mouth and Aesop was getting wilder and wilder in his jumps. He knew he'd get the mouse eventually.

So I decided the time had come for the field trials. Because Cal and Aesop couldn't jump nearly as far or fast as frogs, I felt reasonably safe about taking them outside. Also they'd be easy to catch for their skin was dry and warty instead of being smooth and slimy. I decided to start them off on mice but the problem was how to get the mice into the open, since the toads didn't have the figures for going down holes.

I had an idea. There are plenty of mouse holes in our tack room. I stopped them all up except one. Then I told Danny, my son, to pour some water down the hole. I climbed on top of the feed bin and waited. The toads sat quietly contemplating the infinite. I wondered what they'd do when the mice appeared.

The first mouse stuck its head out and looked carefully around, whiskers twitching nervously. Instantly the toads stiffened, almost imperceptibly. But they made no other move. To my surprise, I saw they had changed color. On the white gravel of the aquarium they had been almost white or a very light shade of gray. Now they had turned almost black to match the color of the dark hardwood floor. They looked like lumps of dark earth. Squat, perfectly motionless, it was hard to believe they were actually alive.

The mouse stole out. It stopped exactly midway between the toads. Aesop made a jump, lifted his head, let his lower jaw drop and grabbed. The mouse shied sideways, turning to stare at this suddenly animated lump of clay. As it did so, Cal made one quick motion. The mouse was gone. I couldn't even see the tail.

The next mouse ran out. Aesop promptly took after it. He was faster than the mouse—for a few jumps at least—but he couldn't turn as quickly. The mouse dodged and ran for the hole again, with Aesop in pursuit. The mouse made the mistake of letting Aesop get it in a corner. It tried to dodge again but Aesop was too quick. He caught the mouse by the head and shoved it down with his amazingly versatile forepaws, which are almost as nimble as a monkey's hands.

Cal grabbed the next mouse the instant it came out of the hole and Aesop went over to help him. Cal shoved him away with one hand and Aesop retired. There was only one more mouse and Cal got that one too.

In a wild state, toads undoubtedly catch a certain number of mice and small rats but they do it by a different system. The toad hops around until it finds some place where game is plentiful and then

just sits down. Sooner or later a mouse will run by and toads have nothing but time. They can go weeks without food if necessary, and there are always insects to be found.

Catching birds was something else again. Since toads are largely nocturnal and birds don't get around much at night, I didn't see how it could be managed. We have plenty of English sparrows on our place. They are pests, and I was perfectly willing to sacrifice a few of them. Then I noticed that the sparrows roosted in an old privet hedge, and they were particularly lively in the evening when the toads would be up and around. This gave me an idea.

I built a couple of small caves for the toads under the hedge. The caves were nothing but hollows under a flat stone where the toads could sit. Toads like to hide under things until after dark, mainly because they dehydrate easily and have to be where it's cool and damp. They can't drink with their mouths and have to absorb water through their skins. In dry weather, toads will keep out of sight for weeks and then go jumping around after the first rain. Hence the legend of "rains of toads." People used to think they came down from the sky with the water.

I poured some water in the caves and put Cal and Aesop inside. I was sure they'd stay there until after dark. Then I scattered some scratch feed around and settled back to watch.

The first couple of evenings didn't bring any results because the sparrows didn't see the scratch. Then they discovered the free handouts. Right away they started fighting over it as English sparrows always do.

A few seconds later I saw Aesop cautiously stick his head out and look the situation over. Then he crawled slowly out and to my surprise began to stalk the sparrows. Instead of hopping, he crawled toward them, extending one hand and pushing himself along with his webbed hind foot. He crept closer and closer to the fighting sparrows. He stopped, gathered his legs under him and gave one bound. The sparrows scattered in all directions except one. That was in Aesop's mouth. He rubbed his belly with his hands, turned his eyes inside out to help his swallowing, and gulped. Then he settled down again.

It took a long time before a second batch of sparrows came along and settled on the scratch. This time Cal tried it. He also made a long, slow stalk and then jumped, but Cal missed. The sparrows flew off—all except one that stayed on the ground motionless. Whether it was too scared to move or whether Cal had hit it and temporarily stunned the bird, I couldn't tell. This was Cal's chance and he hastily crawled over to the bird with legs so extended he seemed to be walking on tiptoes like a giant spider. Instead of grabbing the sparrow, Cal stood there and stared at it with his huge golden eyes. As long as the sparrow didn't move, he wouldn't touch it. Maybe the sparrow realized that.

The two animals stood there for what seemed to me at least five minutes. The sparrow couldn't stand the strain. It took off. As it left the ground, Cal leaped after it. He got the sparrow by the tail and tried to stuff it in his mouth with his forepaws. But the sparrow was bigger than a mouse and struggling. As toads have no teeth, Cal had to get the bird in his mouth whole. There were a few seconds of struggle and then the sparrow flew off swiftly, leaving its tail in Cal's mouth.

I've since found out how bird catchers who use toads operate. They have a couple of dozen toads and tie them by one hind leg under little palm-leaf sheds. Then they pour a cup of water under the toad, scatter some birdseed around, and stake out the next one. When a toad gets a bird, the trapper makes it disgorge, puts the bird in a cage and waits for the next.

Now that I have learned the techniques, I am sold on hunting with toads. I got Cal and Aesop a couple of lady toads and maybe next spring we'll have some tadpoles. I'll admit my pack is rather small now. But a toad lays about 20,000 eggs, so perhaps in a few years toad hunting may replace fox hunting as the great Main Line sport. It's the only kind of hunting I know of where you can sit back and smoke a pipe while watching the chase in progress.

—Daniel P. Mannix

## A GAUDY TRANSPLANT FOR U.S. ANGLERS

[*Continued from page* 39]

more than two pounds. They'd grab just about anything I tossed and fought wildly, considering their modest size.

The experience was fascinating, but hardly a true test of the peacock bass as a game fish. I developed a burning desire to tussle with some big ones to build a valid impression as to the kind of fishing the peacock might provide if allowed growing room in Lake Okeechobee, say, or the sprawling Everglades.

Thanks to Bill Morris of Miami and Carlos Galavís of Caracas, Venezuela, I got some exciting firsthand experience last spring. We fished three days for peacock bass in the one portion of the world where they already are honored as game fish of major importance—the Orinoco watershed of Venezuela. They also roam the entire Amazon basin, but only in sports-minded Venezuela have they been taken to heart by anglers.

Our testing ground was the Capanaparo River, near its confluence with the Orinoco. On past trips to peacock country, Bill and Carlos had taken fish on many different lures, but preferred a popular American metal wobbler which is shaped like a tie clasp. This lure produced my first strike.

When the fish crashed upward at the end of a 50-foot run, only its loud colors destroyed the impression it could be a largemouth bass. The peacock's mouth gaped wide, gills spread and rattling. Surging runs followed, punctuated by two more jumps. The runs also were basslike—too powerful to permit snubbing, yet not long sustained. I kept comparing our nationally distributed largemouth bass with peacocks.

Only in the late stages did the battle assume an unfamiliar tone. While largemouths tend to explode all their energy in a flashy display and then come rather docilely to net, this fellow began boring away laterally, pitting its broad side against the strain of the rod in a bullish manner reminiscent of the tough saltwater jack crevalle. Finally I was able to step back and slide the fish ashore. My hand scale registered eight pounds.

I held my gaudy prize high to admire the muscular form and bright colors, and to test Carlos' reaction as to size.

"About average," he told me, "but we'll get plenty of bigger ones."

One of my primary objectives was to find out just how large peacocks *normally* grow in native waters. I had read they might exceed 30 pounds, with a verified weight of 28. Both Bill and Carlos had caught fish approaching 25. Yet such figures were no real proof that in its average sizes the peacock bass was much heftier than the American largemouth.

After all, the rod-and-reel record for big mouths is a whopping 22¼ pounds, and Florida generally produces a sprinkling of 15 to 19-pound bass each year. On the other hand, four pounds would be an excellent *average* weight for a string of Florida bass, even though numerous 10-pounders are yanked regularly from its lakes and streams.

We were working a quiet slough that cuts from the Capanaparo, our efforts confined to one 200-yard stretch where a sandy bank extended far enough from the jungled shore to permit easy casting. Despite the limited area, we hit fish constantly for more than two hours.

My second catch was a twin of the first. When its yellow sides came close enough to flash visibly in the dark water 20 feet from shore, I saw echoing flashes all around. Several other peacock bass had ganged up—apparently in hopes of getting to taste whatever strange fare was sending their pal into such gyrations. I yelled to Bill, who swapped his spinning outfit for a fly rod and raced toward me, stripping line.

He flicked out a yellow marabou streamer. For the briefest moment it glared brightly, then disappeared as a cavernous mouth welled up to suck it in. Though this was obviously the biggest fish yet at 12 pounds, it proved as acrobatic as the smaller ones.

Soon Carlos wrestled in another that hit an even 13 pounds, the biggest of the 20 we landed that afternoon. Only two weighed as little as six pounds, while nine topped 10. Had these fish been largemouth bass of a similar size, we'd have had a day to relate to our grandchildren.

I suppose everyone's fish taste differs, but those peacock fillets were far more delicious than any largemouth meat I ever tasted. . . .

The peacock isn't really a close relative of North American bass, but as I took time to inspect our impressive string, I was struck by the similarity in physique, even to the small, raspy teeth. Peacocks belong to that huge family of tropical fishes known as cichlids. In Central and South America, the cichlids are the counterparts of the sunfish-bass clan of northern latitudes.

The usual color of the peacock bass starts with a bright undertone of yellow, shading into deep green on the back. There are three black vertical bars on each side, more black markings around the head and, of course, the "peacock eye" at the tail. Sometimes the fish is dressed in overall shades of green, with little yellow, and the black bars may be faint. Breeding periods probably have much to do with color variance.

That first wild experience on the Capanaparo could not have given me a more welcome endorsement of the peacock bass as a future U.S. game fish. At the same time, however, the gluttonous mass attacks by peacocks against our lures was rather ominous, in that this tended to support an objection I had heard against the whole experiment.

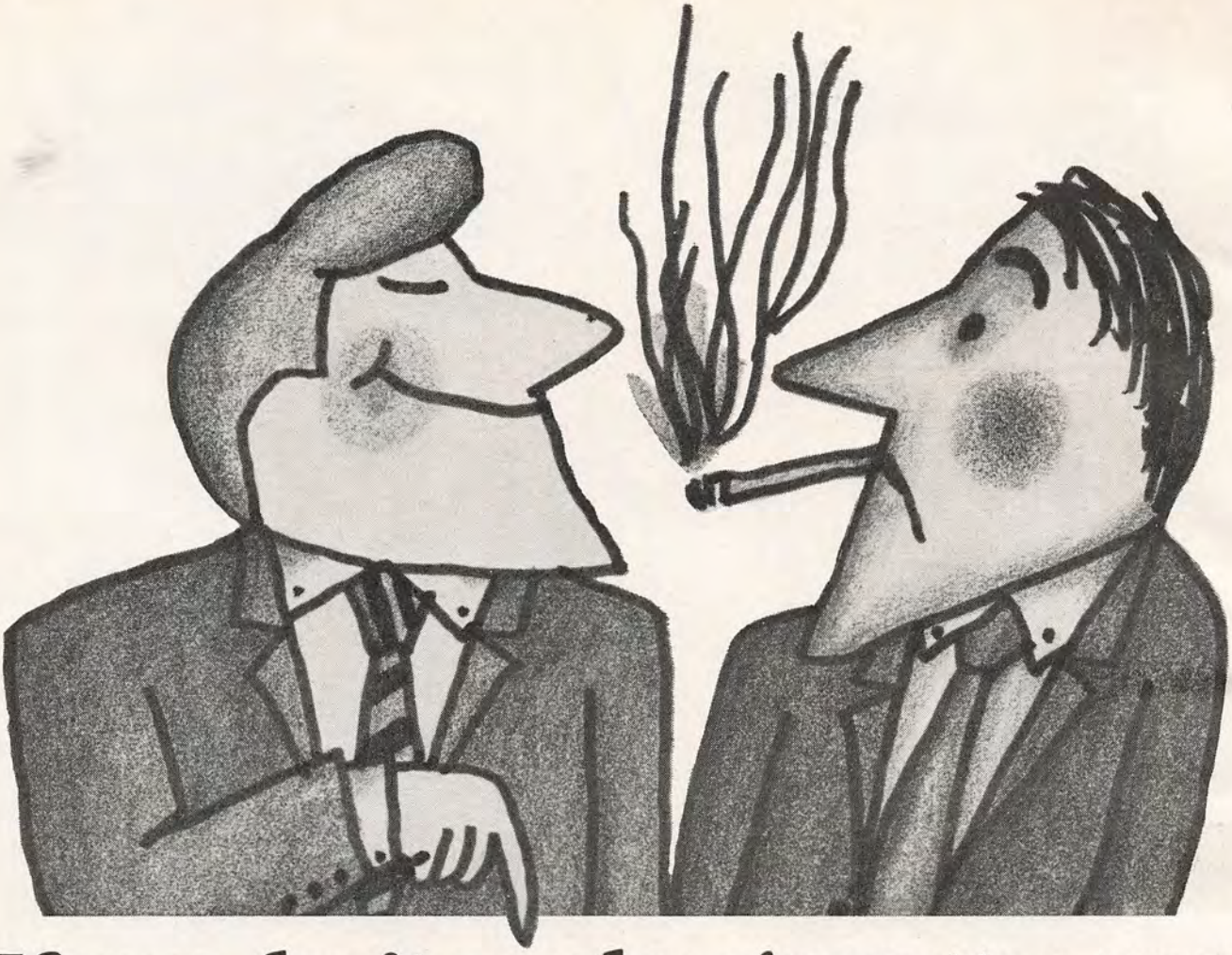
Considering the unhappy history of irresponsible introductions of exotic fish and wildlife into the United States, it isn't surprising that many naturalists take a dim view of the goings-on in Florida. But most detractors seem to ignore the fact that Ogilvie's study has been carefully controlled, and that the biologist himself is the one most keenly dedicated against undesirable consequences.

At least one famous ichthyologist has raised a more specific protest, however. Luis Rivas of the University of Miami thinks that even by experimenting with the fish in confined waters, the Game and

TRUE

"Be a shame to send him to college. Might ruin his chances to be drafted."

"How nice! Decided to make it permanent, huh?"



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**"They're all off marching or demonstrating or battling slum lords or God knows what."**

Fresh Water Fish Commission treads dangerously.

"I'll grant," he says, "that those fish are well managed. But that's no assurance they won't be prematurely introduced by accident to major water systems of Florida. A hurricane, tornado or flood might open the door for them. I've seen tornadoes suck up fish and deposit them, unharmed, many miles away. Freakish? Maybe so. But it's happened before and can happen again."

Rivas' concern is based on his own observations of largemouth bass transplanted to Cuba and other Latin waters.

"The largemouth is a voracious, predatory fish like the peacock," he points out. "In several cases where it has been introduced outside its native range, it has reproduced at a fantastic rate, destroyed the local fishes, upset the ecology of the water, and eventually has been forced into cannibalism, wiping itself out as the last leg in a vicious chain of events. Tragic side effects have included epidemics of insect-borne disease—following annihilation of small types of fishes which control insect larvae."

Rivas does not deny the possibility that peacock bass might live harmoniously with other Florida fish. But he views the project as too great a risk.

During my three days in Venezuela, while I witnessed the ferocity of peacock bass as they gulped plugs, flies and spoons —often in bristling competitive groups— I recalled Rivas' warning. But I remembered as well that Vernon Ogilvie, far from being dismayed by the peacock's great appetite, considered it a virtue.

"One of the reasons we're so interested in the fish," he told me, "is *because* it eats so much. We figure the predators—peacock bass, largemouth bass, gar and bowfin—will keep each other under control, and that together they'll help solve the biggest single headache in Florida fish management: keeping check on overpopulations of forage fish, such as the bluegill and especially the gizzard shad."

Though the two original ponds at Miami Lakes contained no other fish except minnows for food, Ogilvie has since stocked 18 other ponds in southern Florida with peacock bass raised at Miami Lakes. Some of the new ponds support native fish populations, and in the past year the scale doesn't seem to have tipped in favor of the peacocks or the natives.

Of course, a longer period of observation is necessary—a period which really is the last barrier to the public stocking which is expected in 1968.

Another type of protest, against introductions in general, has been voiced by Dr. Warren Wisby, director of the National Aquarium in Washington. He fears introductions will lead to a "hodgepodge of fishes that would deprive future generations of the heritage of a truly native fauna."

Regardless of any such lofty ideals, public opinion seems not only to favor the peacock project, but to demand, unwisely, a rush job of completion.

I fished not long ago with a veteran guide on Florida's sprawling Lake Okeechobee who paid short tribute to "native fauna." Even while we were in the process of catching a fine string of largemouth bass, our conversation drifted to peacock. He wanted to know when they would be planted in Okeechobee. I mentioned the necessity of finding out, first, whether they might menace the well-being of the largemouth.

"Largemouth be damned!" he exploded. "Plant the peacocks and be done with it. If they're bigger and better fish, let 'em eat the bass! Who cares?"

Vernon Ogilive, for one, cares. And sometimes he worries that the study is proceeding too smoothly. There has been scarcely a hitch since Everglades Commissioner W. T. McBroom and Regional Manager Lou Gainey directed the first successful stocking of peacock bass in Florida in January, 1964. An attempt the previous year had failed, probably because the fingerling fish could not withstand the rigors of their long trip from South America.

No more than six pairs survived the 1964 planting—but did those 12 fish survive! In six months, the three-inchers gobbled their weight up to a full pound. In little more than a year they spawned an astonishing three times, and two of the new generations spawned during the same period. Talk about digging the facts of life fast!

South Florida's winter temperatures affected neither the well-being nor the sexual activities of the brash young peacocks. Ogilvie has harvested hundreds of them from the original ponds—all with hook and line—for stocking in various Florida ponds, and for shipment to Alabama and Georgia where other experiments are being conducted. Louisiana is also interested.

A voluminious scientific report compiled by Ogilvie late in 1965 can be summarized, from an angler's viewpoint, in one short statement: All studies indicate the peacock bass is readily adaptable to Florida living. Chances are peacocks can thrive throughout the Deep South.

In one incredible respect, as I discovered on a Venezuelan river, the peacock bass has no rival among all the game fishes of the world.

Carlos Galavís told me peacock bass do not hit avidly after about 5 in the afternoon, nor do they begin feeding until the morning sun is well up in the sky.

This was heresy. Stubbornly I set out to catch peacocks on my own. I tried at dawn, I tried at dusk. Nothing. Carlos wasn't pulling my leg after all.

Imagine a fish that hits greedily, fights hard, is a delight on the dinner table and —besides all this—allows a fisherman to sleep late in the morning.

How desirable can a game fish get?

**—Vic Dunaway**

## RUN, CLOWNS, RUN!

[*Continued from page* 37]

thrill-crazy public of the twenties as the Bunion Derby.

Pyle was just the man for such a scheme. Wild promotion was in his blood. The son of a fire-and-brimstone minister, he was tall with slicked-back hair, a small moustache and a Barrymore profile, and he had a magnetic manner that could charm anyone into or out of a deal. In 1925 he achieved national prominence when he snatched Harold Red Grange from the University of Illinois, before the famed football player had completed his senior year, and convinced him to turn pro and tour the country in exhibition football games. He slapped the Galloping Ghost's name on everything from chocolate bars to flypaper and, according to rumor, raked in over a half-million dollars.

A year and a half after he had gasped over the incredible Arab run, Pyle's idea of a cross-country footrace reached maturity. On February 13, 1928, he welcomed 300 contestants to Ascot Speedway in Los Angeles. They were a motley array—men of all shapes, sizes, races and nationalities eager to sign up at an entry fee of $25 a head. Most were short on racing credentials, but long on a desire to capture the $48,500 in prizes which Pyle offered.

Entering the lists were a bowler from St. Paul, a cowboy from Oklahoma, a postman from Alabama and a doctor who gave up a practice in Detroit. One contestant, a bill collector, said he expected to win because he had kept in practice by walking rapidly on the job for two years.

The most picturesque character by far was R. Lucien Frost, a bit actor who had played religious prophets on the silent screen. Tall and lean with gaunt cheeks, long graying hair and full-flowing beard, he looked like a suffering saint. But unlike one, he reveled in telling profane stories while he toughened his feet in a pan of formaldehyde solution.

Some entrants actually had legitimate racing histories. These registrants included such international champs as 44-year-old Arthur Newton, a wiry English farmer from Rhodesia, who held every European amateur road-running record from 29 to 100 miles; and Charles Hart of Southampton, England, who had won more than 400 races and once had outlasted a horse in a six-day endurance contest. Hart, five feet tall and 63 years old, was the shortest—and oldest—contestant in the Bunion Derby.

Italy contributed a long-distance walking champion, Guisto Umek, from Trieste. He entered the race wearing a black Fascist shirt. There was the Estonian, Juri Lossman, a topnotch runner who had finished second in the 1920 Olympic marathon. Canada sent its toe-and-heel champ, giant Jamaican-born Philip Granville; and the Finns, longtime rulers of the long-distance racing world, came up with such stars of the day as Willie Kolehmainen and 96-pound Olli Wanttinen, dubbed the Flying Mite.

"We now have the greatest runners in the world competing in the greatest test of endurance ever devised by man," Pyle announced to the press. "This is the Golden Age of the Foot."

Roaring Twenties America puckered up to the new thrill like a flapper to the Charleston. Readers demanded hot news of the race and got it, but not always in terms Pyle liked. The press prophesied: (1) the race would never start; (2) if it did, there wouldn't be more than a dozen entrants; (3) no matter how many started, few if any would finish; and (4) if Pyle put up his own money, he would go broke.

Pyle collected the newspaper clippings, checked to see that his name was spelled right and pushed ahead with his plans. Pyle's gimmick was simple—assess each Chamber of Commerce in the stopover towns along the route a fee for advertising. If they didn't pay up he would send the troupe through a competitive town. In a matter of weeks after the race's first announcement, commitments and down payments had poured in. One expense Pyle could not avoid was the cost of food for his runners. He hired a food concessionaire to feed the group for $2 per man per day. A mobile kitchen was to follow along the route of the race.

The night before the race, a cloudburst inundated the field. In the morning the runners awoke to find their iron cots sunk in the mire clear to the mattresses. Contestants sloshed around in mud, trying to pack their belongings. Workmen added to the confusion as they pulled down the tents and rolled up bedding to be trucked to Puente, California, the first night's stopover point.

But enthusiasm was so high, nothing could stop the race. On Sunday afternoon, March 4, under glowering skies, 199 entrants assembled in the speedway in national groups, each led by a contestant bearing the flag of his country. At a signal from the Director General, as Pyle called himself, they marched raggedly around the muddy oval, past the grinding newsreel cameras and past the scattered crowd that had drifted in. A few minutes later, they lined up in files of 10 across the track. Pyle, jaunty in checkered cap and sweater, appeared on the roof of his huge new $25,000 Fageol Cruising Coach, which was to serve as traveling headquarters. Officially described as the "most palatial coach ever built," this land yacht contained showers, toilets, hot-and-cold running water, wall-to-wall carpets, and an awning-covered roof porch. It slept an entourage of 16 which included newsmen, physicians, an official shoe repairer and patrol judges who clocked the runners' daily elapsed time. (The contestants could run, skip, trot, walk or even crawl, whatever they felt up to, as long as they only traveled by foot. The total time they took to make the distance between each stopover town would be measured to the second.)

Surrounded by his lieutenants, including Red Grange, Pyle surveyed the crowd like a Roman general, and megaphoned

TRUE

". . . and then, using an interlocking grip, with feet spread well apart and left arm straight, I let her have it with a five iron."

final instructions to the runners. "Remember, men," he boomed, "all you have to do for the next two months is keep going."

Then he motioned to Red Grange to take over. At precisely 3:30 p.m. America's football hero lit a match to a starting bomb. A loud boom echoed against the stands, cakes of mud flew from heels, and the most grueling sports pilgrimage in history was on.

The runners jogged once around the field, then surged, jostled and sprinted through the gate, followed by little retinues of relatives and trainers, and headed for Highway 66. Ruddy-faced boys in short pants ran side by side with baldheaded grandfathers in overalls. Charles Hart, the five-foot-tall Englishman, kept pace with a young American Negro giant. A full-blooded Hopi Indian trailed Olli Wanttinen, the 96-pound Finn, while he in turn was dogged by a leather-lunged Italian who bellowed arias as he loped along. The Bearded Prophet, followed by his own tiny prairie schooner, unfurled a banner on which was scrawled: "God will help me win." Bringing up the rear was an unshaven Knight of the Road complete with knapsack and ukelele and followed by two pups yelping at his heels.

Along the route to Puente an estimated 100,000 spectators had gathered with cameras, shrieking youngsters and waving flags. Cars were parked three and four deep. As the strange caravan moved along the highway, Pyle's hucksters darted in and out of the crowd, selling programs at 25-cents apiece. With money rolling in from town assessments, and with some several thousand dollars in entry fees collected from the runners, it began to look like Pyle would make a fortune.

As soon as a runner entered Puente, his number was announced loudly and Pyle waved him to a tent on the town's fairgrounds. Thus nobody would know his name unless he bought a program and looked up the number. Cash and Carry Pyle wasn't missing a bet. Meanwhile as darkness fell, another Pyle moneymaking inspiration—a sideshow—went into action. Red Grange, acting as M.C., gave the customers a pep talk and introduced some of the runners. The show itself was a tawdry affair, featuring Egyptian belly dancers, the "mummified remains of a notorious outlaw," a trained police dog and a human skeleton. To round out the show, one of the runners walked on stage and made sounds like a steam locomotive.

Rain fell the next morning as the athletes gathered on Puente's main street for the start of the second lap to Bloomington, 34 miles away. Before they reached Bloomington, half a dozen other contestants gave up for such reasons as foot cramps and aching tendons. Within four days 40 more runners collapsed and quit, victims of blisters, shin splints and swollen ankles.

Nevertheless, the bunion brigade continued doggedly across California in daily laps of 40 to 50 miles. The runners strained to get up at 6 in the morning to the cheery toot of a horn from Pyle's land yacht. The contestants were alternately soaked by rain, seared by the heat of the Mojave Desert and chilled to the marrow in the windswept 4,250-foot Cajon Pass.

It took nine days to reach the Arizona border. By then the caravan was a traveling hospital. Contestants hobbled through the tortuous miles, their legs and ankles heavily bandaged, and their faces and bodies greased to lessen the burn of desert sun and wind. Doctors and trainers were kept busy into the early morning hours, patching blistered feet and binding swollen joints.

But the casualty list continued to climb alarmingly. Both Kolehmainen and August Fager, an Olympic champ, ran themselves out in five days. Within a week Charles Hart, the champion from England, pulled up lame. Even Rhodesian Arthur Newton barely made it through Arizona before he had to drop out with a painful case of shin splints.

The Knight of the Road with the two dogs, who had stayed in the race for 150 miles, also gave up. But not for the usual footsore reasons. His two pups, unable to keep up with their master, disappeared. While looking for them, the hobo was arrested for vagrancy.

By the time the race reached Santa Rosa, New Mexico, the first 1,000-mile mark, the field had dwindled to 93 and was declining fast. Pyle was afraid there would soon be little or no pack so he shortened the required daily distance to 30 miles and started sending out cars to pick up stragglers who hadn't reached

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sometimes it's BLUE sometimes it's BROWN

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camp by midnight. Next morning they were driven back to the pickup point and allowed to start from there. All this slowed the action considerably and caused grumbling in the ranks.

A disgusted trainer confronted Pyle and asked: "What year will we reach the Mississippi?"

Always one to avoid a direct reply, C. C. said, "You're fired."

On April 14, one month and 10 days after the start of the race, 84 runners limped into Chandler, Oklahoma, close to the halfway mark. Here three contestants refused to run unless Pyle added daily prizes to the top awards. Pyle told them to go to blazes, and the field decreased to 81. Several more marathoners, including bearded Lucien Frost, were disqualified for accepting lifts from motorists. Three weary runners, weaving blindly along the road, ran into motor vehicles and left the race on stretchers. One man with bloodshot eyes screeched as he ran: "The Lord is with me. The Lord is with me." Two miles later, the Lord forsook him. He was picked up moaning in a ditch.

Pyle began to encounter mounting money troubles. The shortened laps forced stopovers at tank towns which were too poor to support the sideshow. The food concessionaire suddenly upped his prices from $2 to $3 per person, take it or leave it. Pyle, who had been thinking of cutting eating costs to $1 a day, promptly left it, and thereafter everyone was fed, catch-as-catch-can, at roadside beaneries. When the Pyle menagerie hit Illinois, an association of towns flatly refused to pay a promised $60,000, charging violation of contract. To make matters worse, three uninvited but fleet-footed deputy sheriffs joined the race and caught up with Pyle at Elwood, Illinois, with a writ of attachment on his land yacht. A Champaign, Illinois bank, claimed an unpaid debt of $21,500. That same day a former movie actress named Valeska Suratt filed suit against Pyle claiming he had taken off with $2,000 in securities which she had entrusted to him. His head bloodied but unbowed, the promoter managed to slip past the process servers and keep the race going.

On May 5—two months after the race began—71 runners reached Chicago where five more dropped out, including Flying Mite Olli Wanttinen, who was hit by a car on Michigan Boulevard and sustained a fractured rib. By this time the lead had swung to Pete Gavuzzi, a bearded English star. A close second was Andy Payne, a 19-year-old curly-headed Indian from Claremore, Oklahoma. Fairly safe in third place was Long John Salo, a 35-year-old shipfitter from Passaic, New Jersey.

When Payne surged from second into the lead, the Oklahoma Indian began to draw the attention of the press. A quiet, impassive lad he was obsessed with one commendable and classic aim—to win the prize money and bail out his father's mortgaged farm. He managed to stay in the winner's circle by wearing Army shoes and changing his socks three times a day, he explained. But with a sudden burst of speed, Iron Man Gavuzzi passed Payne and, with the field reduced to 66, he held first through Indiana.

As the runners crossed into Ohio, Gavuzzi—who was ahead by six hours—unexpectedly faltered, and on May 11, after 2689 grueling miles and within sight of the home stretch, he collapsed from pain and weakness due to an infected tooth. Payne again took over the lead, with John Salo in second place. The Indian was 18 hours ahead, a lead he held through the long punishing grades of the Appalachians.

In Salo's hometown of Passaic, New Jersey, delirious crowds surged into the streets to welcome their hero. A half holiday was declared; the main street was bedecked with banners, and Salo's wife and children rode in the mayor's car. The only jarring note was an ominous rumor that a few of Salo's husky shipyard friends might seek to "discourage" Payne from continuing in the race. However, only one suspicious character was found lurking around the runners' encampment

that night. He proved to be the tramp with the ukelele and the two dogs who had decided to rejoin the race in New Jersey. How he had made his way across the country was not clear.

On May 26 Pyle and his aching caravan, followed by honking cars and yipping dogs, arrived at Weehawken, New Jersey, on the banks of the Hudson, the last lap of the fantastic pilgrimage. On the New York side of the river a small crowd of spectators soon saw some 55 rapier-lean, sun-blackened men, many of them heavily bandaged, stagger off the ferry looking like tired and wounded soldiers returning from battle. As they swung in a thin line up Tenth Avenue, some of the racers were barely able to move. One lad limped in on the shoulders of two other contestants. The others ground on like zombies. At 8:30 p.m. they reached Madison Square Garden, the official end point of the race. After 86 days on the road, Payne and Salo, the undisputed first and second-place winners, could now look forward to the top money.

But not immediately. To pry the last possible dollar from the public, Cash and Carry Pyle had scheduled another 20 miles to be run that night on the Garden's wooden track. It turned out to be, in the words of *The New York Times* reporter, a "long drawn out ache." Some 800 people in the stands looked bored, but not as bored as the racers themselves. "Come on, you fellows," Pyle shouted angrily, moving down the track. "Streak it, streak it. Show 'em what I've brought to New York." A feeble spurt resulted, then the runners returned to their limping stride. A few ate bananas and sandwiches and sipped soda pop as they ran around and around. Only a half dozen stayed to the end, including Payne and Salo.

Pyle was scheduled to pay the prize money the following day. But would he? Some people speculated that the promoter would run out. He was hounded by law suits and he had already lost an estimated $60,000. To allay these rumors, Pyle notified the press that on May 30 he would hand over $48,500 to Tex Rickard, the well-known fight promoter. Rickard would pay off the winners at the Garden on May 31, before another scheduled 26-hour marathon race.

The day of financial reckoning finally came—on June 1 not May 31. Pyle's California bank had made an error. The money was sent to the wrong bank in New York so the draft presentation was delayed by a day. At exactly 9 p.m. Pyle, wearing a colored shirt, walked in with Tex Rickard, and smiled benevolently for the cameras as some 500 spectators rattled about in the 15,000-seat stadium—the smallest sporting-event crowd in the history of the Garden noted the *Times*.

Andy Payne, 20 pounds lighter than when he started, stepped up and collected $25,000. He had made the 3422.3 miles in 573 hours, four minutes, and 34 seconds, or an average of six miles an hour. John Salo, who was 17 hours behind him, collected $10,000, and Philip Granville, the towering Jamaican from Canada, received the third prize of $5,000. Mike Joyce, an unemployed Cleveland bartender, won $2,500. The six runners-up netted $1,000 apiece. The other 45 athletes received only a verbal citation for their guts and staying power.

After the payoff, Pyle held a press conference and revealed to reporters the benefits to suffering humanity that had derived from the race—the major benefit being a new "corn, bunion, callus and blister cure," to be known as C. C. Pyle's Patent Foot Box.

"This race was the world's greatest experiment in chiropody," Pyle declared. "It has yielded more information on the more than 1,000 ailments of the human walking mechanism than any other project in the past. I can tell you now what to do for anything that goes wrong from the knee down."

Several days later one of the many out-of-the-money finishers, Arthur Richman, was picked up by police in Times Square for peddling cheap watches without a license. He told the judge he had spent his last dollar getting his bunions treated.

**—Lee Edson**

## MISTER SIDNEY'S IRON CURTAIN OF DESPAIR

[*Continued from page* 59]

to another. So Navy bucked the nets to Air Force, which nobly declined and punted to Army, which shook its collective head. Nuts to nets. So by rote, Navy lateraled the ball to the Defense Logistics Services Center at Battle Creek, Michigan.

DLSC is as much in the junk business as anything else. To sell the materiel throw-out of the combined armed forces, it publishes a Defense Surplus Property Bidders List which is mailed to major surplus dealers in the U.S. To publish this list, J. H. Rattelsdorfer, chief of merchandising, employs wordsmiths to eulogize leftovers. These writers put their brains into white-hot focus on sub nets. Among the hundreds who received in their mail the product of this creative frenzy was Sid Grossman.

A junkman with a DSP bidders' list in hand is like a kid reading his first dirty book. He wants some of everything. But the mature junkman learns to forbear, even when money is smoking in his pocket. The heat of money was something Sid Grossman had long felt—his firm had been built to its present giant size annual gross by grindstone-kissing immigrant father Louis and dedicated elder brothers who branched from junk into building products and land speculation until they became the largest finished lumber dealers in New England. And Sidney is impulsive. Despite his location in conservative Braintree within the pale of Boston, he has always been a plunger.

The government hard sell didn't help. After a thorough description of the nets, complete with drawings, appeared the inviting statement: "Suggested use: soil erosion, coastal and/or tide water; swamp reclamation, roadbed and concrete reinforcement; shark barrier. Unused, excellent. Original cost: $3,370 each. Weight 13,000 pounds."

Grossman did some rough math. The nets cost the Navy 10 million and would cost double that or more to replace. If he could find good use for them, he'd have made a coup. If he had to scrap them, he'd take a reaming if he bid too high. Rather cagily, he thought, Grossman entered a figure of less than a dollar a ton for the lot of them.

Rattelsdorfer must have breathed a sigh of relief and taken his copy chief out for a drink when the Grossman bid came in. It was the only bid! Somebody had actually agreed to lug that stinking mess out of Newport at his own expense. The expense, as it turned out, was substantial.

First public news of the Grossman gamble came while Grossman's yard boss, Paul Schauk, was hauling nets the 60 miles north from Newport to Braintree. He was to use 16 trucks in rotation for six months, logging 250,000 miles. The large convoys attracted attention by causing immense traffic jams. Rubberneckers packed the route. What was it? Some secret weapon? In Braintree, when the last net had been dumped, Sidney made a glowing speech. The nets, he

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said, had kept America free and would serve their nation further—reinforcing its concrete, checking its drifting soil, and keeping bathers safe from sharks at beaches.

At this time, low-grade scrap steel was bringing $20 a ton at the furnace, meaning that Grossman had a potential $400,000 hedging his net bet. What Grossman had not bothered to find out (although the Navy apparently had), was that galvanized sub nets are not acceptable scrap steel. When that terrible discovery was made, Grossman became a guy with a problem—a big one.

Today, at Grossman's yard in Braintree the tangled mass of black sub nets rises five stories high beside the road and reaches far back into the woods. The frightening, dark mountain is all sub nets. In more than two years, only a dozen nets have been sold.

Grossman's main yard is guarded by a rusty General Sherman tank. Sid Grossman, then an Army major, ran frontline salvage for the government after D day, setting up a new system for fixing stuff in the field. He was blown out of his jeep by a land mine and paralyzed temporarily from the waist down. For his salvage work, he got the Legion of Merit. The Grossman family had been in salvage since 1894 when Louis got off a boat from Russia and started a horse-and-wagon junk business. Four sons subsequently turned a used-building materials line into a streamlined salvage and building supplies firm, with a fleet of 500 trucks and retail outlets in five states. After WW I, Grossman's ate up excess Army and Navy bases board by board, bid on wrecked ships, and salvaged 300,000,000 feet of timber knocked over in the 1938 hurricane. In time, the youngest son, Sidney, moved into control.

Sid Grossman meets visitors in a handsomely furnished reception room full of bowling trophies won by his employees. He is a short, bouncy man in his 60's, with bushy eyebrows and a boyish grin. In a whirlwind tour of several Grossman properties in his air-conditioned car (he rides on a slab of wood to protect his wound-weakened back) he encircles three gigantic black pyramids of sub nets. "Only in America is opportunity like this," he laughs.

Back at the reception room, Grossman shines his shoes on an electric shine machine. Then, passing down a long hall toward his office, he makes endearing remarks to secretaries, snaps off orders to co-workers with machine-gun speed.

These co-workers are usually relatives—the offices are a nepotismic labyrinth. To keep Grossmans straight, Sid Grossman becomes Mister Sidney. Eighty-two-year-old Reuben, who started out on the horse and wagon, is Mister Reuben. Brother Joseph, who handles management details, is Mister Joe, or J.B. The eldest brother, Mister Jake, died a few years back. Then there is an assortment of sons and nephews: Mister Nissie, Mister Mike, Mister Bernard, Mister Everett, Mister Morton, Mister James, Mister Thomas and Mister David, Sid's son, who has just joined the company.

At the drop of a hint, any and all of these Grossmans will hand a visitor an orange "Smile" card, either in English or Yiddish. Orange is the Grossman color. Smile is the Grossman motto. All Grossman trucks are painted smiling orange, and lettered "Here Comes Grossman" on the cab, "There Goes Grossman" on the tailgate. Most Grossmans answer the phone with "Here Comes Grossman." But as news of the sub-net fiasco spread, the younger Grossmans began talking about dumping the nets in the bay. The elder Grossmans gave each other smile cards.

Sid Grossman ducks into his office. There is a big desk and a great round table for high-level discussions. A picture of bearded father Louis glares from the wall. "The Zayda," says Sidney affectionately. "You notice his neck is bent. He was born that way. He had a motto. 'The harder you work, the luckier you get.' We have been lucky. Out that window you see the marvelous handiwork of our people, submarine nets. A fabulous contrivance. Nobody wants any." Behind Sidney is a huge picture of the Zayda's junk wagon and first horse. Next to that is a framed poem, "They Said it Couldn't be Done." Also government citations, and a large board mounted with products made out of submarine net wire, including a lawn sticker that holds a highball glass.

Some perspective on the sub-net problem is provided by Cliff Evers, former surplus yard boss and now head of the prefab housing division, who drops into Sid's office. "You still have the nets right outside the window, I see," says Evers. Grossman nods solemnly. "It's not going to be like the B-29 wing tanks, is it, Sid?"

"I should hope not."

"Remember the Navy landing ladders?"

Grossman winces. The wing tanks—a million pounds of neoprene rubber—had to be plowed under as land fill. Several hundred thousand feet of fine chain ladder almost went the same route, but along came a disastrous Louisiana hotel fire to save Grossman's investment. Newspaper ads for the "fire escape ladders" sold out the lot.

It was clear from the start that no fire would help the sub-net mess. In fact, when the nets arrived in Braintree from Newport, the local fire chief arrived with them. Wouldn't all that cosmoline constitute a fire hazard? Put to a blowtorch test, the cosmo simmered and melted but didn't ignite. At 700 degrees it vaporized, the same point at which the nets' zinc galvanizing melted. This did not bode well.

Grossman shipped an early sample to Lukens Steel. Their report, tantamount

TRUE

"I'm an inventor and I wonder if you'd mind doing me a small favor . . ."

to rejection by every steel man between Gary and Birmingham, showed that not only did the cosmo and the zinc foul up the furnace, but the wire would burn up if it wasn't baled tight. Worse, the fine spring-grade wire rebounded out of the baling machine like a bunch of scalded snakes. "We were turned down cold," Grossman grumbles.

Having lost his scrap-steel backup, he began to hustle, upping his work day from 10 to 12 hours, letting his personal phone bill shoot to $500 a month.

With scores of employees, including three engineers, at his beck and call, Mister Sidney had trouble visualizing defeat. Within weeks he had contacted every purchasing authority in New England which might buy steel for concrete reinforcement. He was turned down flat, even by the manager of the reinforced-concrete sewer pipe division in the state prison system. Refusing to take no, Grossman hired Robert Hay, a crack free-lance engineering consultant, to find out what was wrong. Hay set a section of net in concrete, smashed it free with an 8-pound sledge, took one peek, and was forced to report that the loose ring construction was permitting concrete to become entrapped at junctions. He made the overriding comment that the ratio of net weight to concrete would overburden any building. "A brief study," he concluded, "has been made to establish an approximate cost to reduce the nets to wire, and to arrive at a product, such as nails."

Sid Grossman listened long enough to learn that he would have to buy a $10,000 vapor-driven cosmoline remover, a $35,000 ring shear and a few other gimcracks. Then he said nails could go to hell, they would take off on the shark-barrier idea instead. Within 24 hours a barrage of letters had flown toward every major beach administrator on this planet. One by one the negative replies came in.

"A very nippy shark, I learned," says Grossman's engineering consultant Jim Donovan today, "can slip through a 16-inch hole. The Australian specs call for six inches. The Johannesburg authorities want small mesh, too, and are even working on an electrical repellent system. Those are your two worst shark-disaster areas, and the whole shark-defense field watches them closely. We were shut right out."

Grossman shifted next to soil erosion control, but it didn't take him long to find out that if a 16-inch hole will admit a shark, it won't stop sand and dirt. Suddenly Sid became very excited about construction roadbed reinforcement. But not only wouldn't the netting provide enough flotation, it tended to get caught in caterpillar tractor treads.

"At that point," says an insider, "Sid started building his own bandwagons and then jumping on them. First he applied to be a guest on the TV show 'I've Got a Secret.' He was turned down. What kind of nut would own 20,000 tons of submarine nets? Sid sort of retaliated by starting his own contest, a sub-net-use contest, which *Popular Science* picked up as a feature."

"For some strange reason," Grossman laments, "people took this as a joke. We got wild suggestions. The winner was Bob Lemay, a public-relations man for Outboard Marine Corporation. He said to use the nets for dry-docking boats. We gave him first prize—his own submarine net. It's still here. He said it was too heavy and expensive to ship to Milwaukee. You see what I'm up against?"

Lemay's other ideas were equally intriguing: "Landing field for helicopters (Air Force said "no."); drop by helicopter to catch speeders; trampoline for elephants; fish net for whales; install on bad curves to catch fools." (A state highway department test proved the netting so springy as a divider or barrier that a car at high speed could stretch through into the opposite lane and be flung back like a pebble from a slingshot.)

"Some nifty ideas came from Texas," says Grossman grimly. "A gent in Dallas wanted to build an obstacle course for jackrabbits; another Texan wanted a net as a strainer for Texas grapefruit. I did not find this amusing. We did get some good notions. For example, mats for blasting. But then we found that the fly rock shoots right through the holes—like bullets. We gave all the contest runners-up a nice prize—some cans of surplus shark fin soup. By then I was reconsidering the wisdom of taking the nets apart, and asked Arthur D. Little, Inc., out in Cambridge, to do a complete study."

The Little organization has deep roots in Harvard and MIT; when they said, "unweave the nets," Grossman jumped. A pilot-project crew went right to work. They had cosmoline trouble, trouble finding wire ends, trouble manipulating the six and a half ton sieves, and trouble cutting the wire. "The time studies were shocking," says Donovan, "but after awhile we began recovering a fine-grade rod 30 feet 9 inches long, about which we canvassed makers of processing equipment."

The correspondence of this period makes harrowing reading. Straightening machines, it was discovered, bind on zinc coating; the Navy wire had a variable diameter; the nail-making machine people demanded butt-welding of the wire segments for continuous feed; butt-weld machine-makers wanted five figures for factory setups; nail-makers required precision grinding of weld "flash" at butt-joints. Nobody had equipment for unwinding sub-net rings. The rings had to be sheared, producing seven rods rather than one, and multiplying by seven the amount of butt-welding and weld-flash grinding necessary. It just wouldn't work.

By last spring, the sub-net file was two feet thick. Mister Sidney had travelled all over the world proselytizing like a Seventh Day Adventist. "Everywhere I went," he remembers, "I handed out brochures. I became the Ancient Mariner and nets were my albatross."

He sent brochures and ring samples to people he met in taxis and on street corners. He gave samples to people he met at parties. He hired a hustling type


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**"That's my father, coming from work. He races rats."**

named John Zurcher to promote in the construction industry. Zurcher was servicing heavy machinery with spare parts and kept in touch with big jobs all over the world. Before long, something popped in Switzerland.

A heavy correspondence developed with a man named Togliatti about a system to end forever—with sub nets—the fatal Alpine avalanches. But like the snows of spring, the contact quickly melted.

Grossman became depressed. He suggested that the Havahart Humane Trap Co. make their traps of his wire. They said no. He asked the Navy to use the nets make emergency off-loading docks at Saigon. They turned him down. Then one day Zurcher walked in with a $7,000,000 deal with a New Jersey company which imports 300 million garden stakes a year from Hong Kong. But this scheme fell through too—Hong Kong's bamboo stakes are much cheaper to ship.

It was shortly after the last disappointment that Mister Sidney wrote "The Letter." It went to the Defense Logistics Services Center in Battle Creek.

*"Gentlemen:*

*"We need some help.*

*"We have purchased a tremendous amount of submarine nets from your Newport, Rhode Island, plant, and we were wondering who invented these nets? We would like to meet the individual because he may have some idea as to how to take them apart. Does the government have any more of these nets around the world, and where are they? Could you give the names of any other purchasers so I could find out just what they did do with them. Any help, counsel or guidance that you can give will be gratefully appreciated. I am herewith enclosing the write-up from one of the local papers (and a photograph of me) with the nets behind me.*

*Most cordially,*
*Sidney W. Grossman"*

Grossman was not kept long waiting for a reply.

*"Dear Mr. Grossman:*

*"We have been informed by the Office of U.S. Naval History that torpedo nets trace their ancestry back to at least the Civil War. Development of information leading to the inventor would require detailed research. Even if the information was developed with the resultant expenditure of considerable time on the part of several employees, its use would be of limited value in terms of establishing a production method for dismantling your torpedo nets. . . .*

*"We believe the nets have some commercial value other than scrap. They can be used for many diversified applications such as mats to control soil erosion; roadbed and concrete reinforcement; safety nets for construction workers; corrals and fences for livestock, and as a buffer in dynamiting and demolition work to reduce hazards.*

*"Review of our files indicates that your name is on the department bidders' list for the types of property in which you expressed interest. Whenever nets are placed on sale, you will be sent an invitation to bid.*

*"We thank you for this opportunity to be of service. We request that you continue to call on us when we may be of assistance.*

*Sincerely yours,*
*J. H. Rattelsdorfer"*

There is a saying in the surplus business, "Once a junkman, always a junkman." That is not so. The sub-net deal seems to have taken something out of Mister Sidney. A surplus yard hand reports, "After the letter came from Battle Creek, something went out of him. Once he would take wild challenges. He bought thousands of off-size TV tubes and sold them as flower vases. He drilled holes in millions of feet of surplus bazooka tubing and sold it as drainage tile. He would help sculptors with junk for their work. He helped the perpetual motion inventors from MIT looking for parts. We had steam locomotives come through the surplus yard, huge electric motors, a million kinds of items, and Mister Sidney was always interested. Now he's off and running somewhere else. The new generation don't want the yard."

Paul Schauk, the yard boss, is a hard-headed realist. "I lugged the nets here, but I was against it," he insists. "But they said to me, 'It's our money,' and when they talk like that, you tuck tail. We started with 3,500 nets. We've got 3,479 left. Must be something wrong. Now and then, Mister Sidney comes out and looks up very quietly at that black mountain."

No need to wonder what he is thinking.

Recently, however, two rays of light have filtered into the gloomy life of the submarine-net titan of Braintree. The first was cast by a combustion engineer named Ahrenzeller in Whitman, Massachusetts, who claimed he could pelletize the nets in a new blast-furnace-type garbage incinerator so hot it vaporized bottles and tin cans. According to the grapevine, the garbage man and the junkman got together for a highly secretive test, in which a section of net vanished entirely.

"I've got it running too hot," Ahrenzeller confided.

"How can I lose?" Grossman said, wistfully.

But according to Zurcher, the garden-stake expert, Ahrenzeller may soon get tuned up, make the right melt, quench it in water, and produce a pelletized steel so needed in the continuous-forge mills. If he does, it will bring $50 a ton. Fifty times 20,000 tons just happens to be $10,000,000, which ain't junk.

The other ray of light was shed on Grossman by Gerald Ford, the House of Representatives Republican leader, who has said the Air Force ought to bomb the dredges that work constantly to keep open the slender, silty channel in Haiphong harbor.

Grossman read about this and in a fit of hope ripped off letters to Ford and other key parties pointing out that the Haiphong harbor channel was a neat place to *plotz* 20,000 tons of submarine nets plus a million and a half pounds of attached cosmoline, and any and all Grossman files relating to the matter.

Which is where the thing rests.

The nets are still there. In three grisly heaps. Greasy, deplorable and magnificent, marking in a way an end to an epoch in which our shores were threatened, however remotely, by invaders. The eventual demise of these nets will stand with other tragic moments in Naval history—the death of John Paul Jones, the sinking of the *Maine*.

But while it's not too late, you could have a souvenir net to yourself. Anybody could have one—for $300, FOB Braintree. You will get fast service, as there is nobody ahead of you. **—Dale Shaw**

## THE ONLY MOUNTAINS IN TOWN

(*Continued from page* 55)

night climbing's only fatal accident, the bulk of the sport belongs to Cambridge.

It is at pure, utilitarian climbing into colleges that Oxford excels. Not long ago *Cherwell*, the undergraduate newspaper, published a complete guide for Oxford freshmen.

Recommended routes range from the easy ("Queen's: the window of the Junior Common Room is always left open") through the distasteful ("Hertford: lift the manhole at the corner of New College Lane and Catte Street and disappear down it. Climb through the sewage drain into a downstairs lavatory") to the dangerous ("University College: Down Magpie Lane and up to the left behind Oriel. Find a gate set into the wall with a medieval revolving spike on top. Put your feet onto the ironwork, heave and edge along wall on left. Jump. Not to be attempted when drunk"). Busybody deans are not above padlocking the gardeners' ladders to stout iron poles, or cementing broken glass along the tops of walls. The dean of Worcester College even smeared thick, dirty grease on a wall at a favorite climbing point—not to enforce discipline, however, but to protect a tender seedling tree from damage.

To counter these unsporting measures, one experienced climber-in is making a steady income giving lessons to Oxford freshmen. All the same, 20 undergraduates a year end up in the hospital from climbing accidents. There is constant risk of apprehension by teachers or police. A young lady called Caroline West was climbing out of Brasenose (a men's college) for reasons best known to herself, and came to a heavily spiked wall that she had to negotiate. She had just started to climb down when she noticed a stalwart of the Oxfordshire Constabulary below her, relieving himself against the wall of the lane. He looked up, she looked down. Each realized that the other was involved in illegal but harmless activity, and they calmly went on with what they were doing. Caroline was luckier than a nameless Somerville girl. Her 4 a.m. climb-in was not difficult—she had done it many times before—but she didn't want to risk tearing her expensive evening gown on the two rows of spikes between which she must pass; so she took it off and threw it over the wall, then found she couldn't manage the climb after all.

You can recognize a climber as he strills around Cambridge. While he passes through a historic arch, his hand rises to fondle and test a 300-year-old ledge that might lead to interesting new adventures up the mullioned windows above. You see him gazing up at a Tudor gateway, not delighting in the elegance of its design, but muttering "30 courses of bricks —that's my reach—so by standing on *this* ledge I can just get my hands on *that* one."

To explore some of the elementary ascents, all the novice needs is a steady nerve, good muscles, and a strong head for liquor if he is rash enough to climb

(*Advertisement*)

# The check that has Alaska bouncing

*By Jim London*

One hundred years ago, Russia sold Alaska to the United States for $7,200,000. About two cents an acre. Since then, Alaska has produced billions in bounty, matched only by the extravagance of its scenery and the number of epic poems and bad movies it has inspired.

Well, that's the state Alaskans are in. So they're laying on the Alaska Purchase Centennial, just about the best excuse anyone has had to head North since the Gold Rush.

More than $10 million has been invested in 41 Alaska communities to provide this Centennial showcase, about half of it in Fairbanks, home of the Alaska 67 Exposition. Illustrating the gaudy spirit of this bravura land, the Exposition site boasts a million dollar theater of striking contemporary design, but its official headquarters are sentimentally located in a rose-shaded home that was once a house—for the town's leading Gold Rush madam.

Fairbanks is handily reached via highway, jet, or (from Anchorage) railroad, but the town has created another bit of nostalgia by floating the big sternwheel Yukon riverboat, *Nenana*, into the center of the Exposition site to house transportation exhibits and a luxurious restaurant. A narrow gauge train chuffs through the grounds for a viewing of such attractions as the natural habitat zoo, the riverbank Eskimo-Indian village, offerings of art, drama and dance, and a gallery housing one of the world's great collections of ancient Eskimo, Aleut and Alaska Indian art.

A "mining valley" demonstrates how $200 million was wrested from the Fairbanks goldfields. A stream is "salted" with $50,000 in paydirt for visitors to pan and hoarsely shout, "GOLD!". Nearby is a genuine Gold Rush town, complete with decorative dancehall girls, none of them named Lou.

There's Centennial action in just about every other corner of Alaska, from Eskimo and Chilkat Indian dances to brassy musicals, and nightly shootings of Dan McGrew. And history buffs can relive the past at Sitka, Wrangell, Kodiak and other communities that a century ago ran up the Stars and Stripes over what had been Russian America.

Or maybe you'd just rather drive three hours out of Anchorage to your own camp site on the Kenai moose range. It's not Alaska's largest park, but there are 2,700 square miles of hunting and fishing, so don't worry about parking.

From Anchorage and Fairbanks, jet streams lead to the Arctic. Sturdy voyagers can even fly out to fascinating islands virtually within shouting distance of Russian territory.

If you can't think of anything to shout might we suggest: "Hey you guys, how about that William H. Seward!"

For your package of full color brochures, maps and information on facilities, transportation and Centennial events write: **Alaska Travel Division, Room 7Y, Pouch E, Juneau, Alaska.**

after drinking. Little special equipment is needed: thick dark trousers, dark-colored sneakers, and a dark jacket or sweater are quite enough for the beginner—enough, anyway, to learn the two basic night-climbing techniques.

One, chimneying, is common to regular rock climbing: between two sheer stone faces, anything from 20 to 50 inches apart, with his feet on one wall and back and hands on the other, a fellow can work his way skywards if he's muscular enough, and can even wedge himself tightly to rest any time he wishes.

Drainpiping, however, is a technique natural only to building climbing. Drainpipes can be round or square, anything from three to six inches across, fixed far from the wall or snugly to it. Wearing an old pair of rubber-soled shoes, I found I could quite easily climb up a round four-inch pipe provided that there was at least half an inch gap behind it for my fingers. It was a matter of taking a firm grip with the hands, bending both legs so as to squeeze the pipe between knees and feet, then straightening up and getting a higher handgrip. Every six feet or so the pipe is held to the wall by huge cast iron staples, and these afford enough of a toehold for a short rest.

Having mastered the mysteries of the chimney and the drainpipe, the novice then reads the three books that comprise the literature of the illegal sport. He finds university alpinism full of phrases that would sound strange on Nanga Parbat or the Matterhorn: "Start by any one of the four large lions on the north or south sides of the building." "Poor handgrip on the ornamental urns above Ledge E." "Care should be taken to avoid touching the battlements, as they collapse at a breath."

When he comes to his first serious climb, the Cambridge beginner will probably make a start somewhere within a hundred yards of the Senate House Passage, the sheer ravine in the *massif central* of the Cambridge Alps. Here, an awesome choice of notable ascents surrounds him. There is the Senate House, built in 1730 but unconquered until October 1965 when Brian Rollin and Mike McConville made history with their ascent of the east face. (But they were caught, and dismissed from the university for good. Just for the hell of it, Rollin made the climb again two nights later, unroped and solo.) There is the Wren library of Trinity College, entailing a 130-foot traverse and a final ritualistic embrace of the four life-size statues on the roof. Lord Byron managed this one, clubfoot and all. To the north lies Caius College, not in itself an interesting climb, but important because its roof is the starting point for the famous Senate House Leap, a seven-foot gap between rooftops. It needs little nerve to spring seven feet at ground level; it is quite different when you can see hard flagstones 40 feet below. The Senate House roof is a foot lower than Caius—a point not always apparent until the time comes for the return journey. Bold drunkards have made the outward jump, only to find themselves shaking and quite sobered later when they have to go home.

All around the Senate House stand fascinating and famous climbs, such as the Sunken Drainpipe and the Old Library Chimney, the latter now unclimbable since some wretch in authority has mounted on its walls burglar and fire alarms, fuse boxes and goodness knows what obstacles. One of these ascents is a required approach to a dramatic pinnacle half hanging over the inside edge of a courtyard, called the Tottering Tower from the looseness of its upper stonework.

TRUE

"Let's give it a try. What can we lose?"

Seventy yards to the south is Cambridge's Everest, King's Chapel. Its sheer 90-foot walls are topped by four marvelously carved 50-foot pinnacles whose peaks have from time to time been nocturnally adorned with umbrellas, chamberpots, flags, bottles, a bicycle and a "Peace in Viet Nam" banner. A mathematically-minded climber, nearing the top and 140 feet above ground, consoled himself by calculating that if he *did* fall, he would still have nearly three seconds to live.

A party recently climbing one of the pinnacles found the stonework in a shocking state of disrepair. On their safe return to college, they wrote an irate but anonymous letter to the dean:

> "We would like to inform you on the basis of our experiences last night of the very dangerous condition of the stonework of your chapel. We suggest that unless restoration work is carried out immediately the safety of future climbers is in great jeopardy."

In the two hundred years after its completion in 1515, Cambridge climbers were casting thoughtful eyes at the challenging walls of the chapel. Where each corner tower jutted out from the nave, there was a 26-inch space the perfect size for chimney work; unfortunately the two faces were not perfectly parallel to each other. Men who tried to back-and-foot their way upwards found that this 22½ degrees off true gradually forced their bodies away from the chapel wall; and there was no way of getting back. If only there were *some* grip to pull themselves square again. . . . It did not matter to them that they were looking at the finest example of perpendicular architecture in England, whose delicate fan tracery the whole 289 feet of the nave has caused a million tourists to gasp in amazement at the fantastic chisel work on the ceiling. What mattered was that the thing was there, and no one could climb it.

Suddenly, in 1752, their dream was changed to a practical reality by the invention of a great American, Benjamin Franklin. Tall buildings all over the world were soon equipped with his marvelous antilightning device, and four long strips of sturdy copper were stapled into position on King's Chapel—and, by chance, right in the four vital chimneys that could afford an ascent. Was the first successful climb made soon after? Legend said yes; then, 150 years later, someone halfway up the chapel playfully explored a soot-covered ledge with his finger, and found a small coin grimed and black with age. Its date was 1760.

The afternoon after my evening out with Charles and Nicholas, I suggested that we take a walk, in daylight, around some of the other famous Cambridge climbs. We stared at one that is not famous—yet: the Roman Catholic Church. As far as they know it is as unclimbed as Kangchenjunga II. Rising clear and smooth for 60 or more feet above the nave, the spire is as stark and uninviting a climb as Salisbury Cathedral, whose 404 feet were conquered by Arctic explorer Gino Watkins before World War II. But there's one big difference. "The Catholics have so much

faith," Charles complained, "that they won't put up a lightning conductor. So I've been thinking of putting a rope *right around* the spire, with Nicholas on the other side, and sort of tightening and climbing as we go up. It's an entirely new technique. Luckily there's a factory chimney at the engineering labs where we can practice it almost at ground level."

We moved on, reverently, to King's Chapel. There, Nicholas told me of the many legends connected with climbing the medieval building. He showed me the 90-foot chimney where one undergraduate, shinning down on a rope, found he'd lost his strength, and had to choose between falling 50 feet or burning his hands. He wisely chose the latter. His hands were in bandages for six weeks. Nicholas also told me of the group who'd spent many freezing wintry nights trying to shoot arrows, with string attached, through a lofty six-inch opening, in order to haul up a rope for their climb; and of another lot who went so far as to make a soap impression of the chapel staircase key and take it to a criminal locksmith in London. He pointed out the great pinnacle on which a Union Jack had once been hung, and told me how the dean, aghast at the $100 or more expense of getting it down with professional steeplejacks, asked a sporting undergraduate to remove it with his shotgun. "Sir," said the youth, standing with the dean on the high roof, "I cannot fire on the British flag."

"Now," said Charles, "what do you think of *that?*" We were standing at one corner of the chapel, and he pointed dramatically upward towards the roof. "That's one of the chimneys. It's supposed to be a 20-minute climb."

I gazed up at the smooth crevice stretching 90 feet to the roof. A climber would have his back against a wide enough wall, but his feet would be tripping over each other on a stone rib only four inches wide. "This is where the lightning conductor used to be," added Charles. He showed me the marks on the stone where the copper had been stapled to the wall. "They moved it out of here to stop us climbing. And then there are one or two more obstacles." 30 feet above ground, four gleaming steel spikes were bolted to the stonework. "Actually, the spikes are said to be quite a help. You can rest on them. But the next thing's far worse." He pointed at a spot perhaps 10 feet above the spikes, and I could make out a rectangular stone slab, carefully molded to match the ideas of the architect who had built the place 450 years before. Flush with one buttress, it formed a complete barrier to the chimney. There could be no way of bypassing it. And in the two years since the chimney was blocked, King's Chapel has not been climbed.

It is a tragic act of desecration which denies to sportsmen like Charles and Nicholas any attempt at the greatest of all university climbs.

That night, over many bottles of beer in Charles' room, I learned more and more of the facts, history and legend surrounding the climbers-by-night. At a late and liquid hour the tales, embroidered as often as they had been told, sounded incredible but turned out to be quite authentic. There was the gang of engineering students who derricked an entire Austin Seven automobile up to the top of the Senate House. (A passing drunk, inquiring about the purpose of the rope stretching into the black sky, was told that it was only someone in a captive balloon, at which explanation he tottered happily away.) There was the visionary Canadian undergraduate whose unfulfilled obsession it was to take a number of goats up to the roof of a King's College building, part of the required route being through the room of a sleeping professor. There was the late-night party host who, learning that his room was about to be raided by the authorities, tried to remove the evidence by climbing down a drainpipe with a tray of bottles and glasses, but fell and broke his ankle. . . .

"Talking of which, old boy," Nicholas remarked to me calmly, "it's after midnight, and the gates are locked."

I finished my beer and bade them goodnight. Groping my way through the back grounds of the College, I pulled myself up a 12-foot drainpipe as nimbly as any monkey, grabbed the smooth stone coping of a venerable wall, swung over, hung for a second by my fingertips, and dropped to the street. Five minutes later, I brushed the brickdust off my trousers, and walked, like any respectable citizen, into the lobby of my hotel.

—J. A. Maxtone Graham

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# MAN TO MAN
# ANSWERS
**from the staff of TRUE**

Wide World

Stockbroker's office where trading helps create new Dow-Jones average each day.

Recently Nicholas Urda of Herrick Center, Pennsylvania, heard a newscaster report that the Dow-Jones Average showed industrials declined 8.29 for the day to 772.66. He'd heard and read such figures frequently, but this day he was prompted to write to ask what the average means and how it is computed.

Mr. Urda has a lot of company. No less a personage than LBJ has complained that the much-publicized stock averages confuse the public. The true average price of stocks on the "big board" is something under $50 a share. So what is this 772 figure?

The Dow-Jones industrial average, the oldest and most influential of stock averages, is compiled by Dow Jones and Co., publishers of *The Wall Street Journal*. Charles H. Dow, co-founder of the firm, started his average in 1896 as a way to answer the chattered question, "How's the market today?"

At first, Dow used 12 leading New York Stock Exchange stocks, adding the prices and dividing by 12 to achieve a true average price. Trouble soon developed. When a stock split two shares for one, its price was cut in half. Thus, the average would drop, but the actual value of the stocks hadn't changed at all. To get around this, Dow began dividing, not by 12, but by a constantly changing "divisor" which reflected the stock splits. As more issues were listed and splits became popular, the Dow-Jones average was altered. Today the prices of 30 leading, "blue chip" stocks are added, then divided by the divisor 2.245. The result is not a dollar-and-cents price average, but a computation that happens to come out about 13 times higher than a true average.

It is argued that this figure has great value as a comparison with previous market levels. It is supposed to tell investors the general market trends.

The complaints against the Dow-Jones industrial average are that 30 stocks hardly reflect the more than 1,200 industrial stocks listed on the big board. It is particularly weak in airlines and electronics. Worse, the high figure inflates even small changes. A one-percent drop in prices may show up as a 10-point drop in the average. Since some people confuse points with dollars, they may panic and sell, intensifying the decline.

Other industrial averages or indexes have been developed to try to surmount these complaints. The best known, next to the Dow-Jones, is Standard & Poor's 425-stock index, which also makes provisions for stock splits and relates the current prices of its stocks to 1941-43 prices. It is also a figure which is well above the actual average stock price. And there are other averages published for the New York Stock Exchange, American Stock Exchange, regional exchanges and over-the-counter trades, as well as for other stock categories. In addition to its industrial average, Dow Jones has rail, utility and composite averages, as does Standard & Poor.

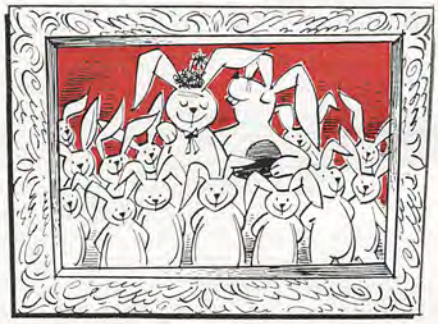
Although the end figures vary greatly, studies have shown all of the "averages" reflect the same general upward and downward trends of the market. That's all they are—and what they are intended to be—a general comparison, day-to-day, year-by-year.

**Q: Who were the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame? How did they get that name? *Richard Strasberg, Austin, Tex.***

A: Knute Rockne's fabulous backfield was made up of Don Miller, Harry Stuhldreher, Jim Crowley and Elmer Layden. Playing behind the Seven Mules, as the line was called, they starred in 29 games from 1922 through 1924. During that time, the Irish won 26 games, tied one and lost only two, both to Nebraska. Notre Dame was undefeated in 1924 and won the national championship. The Horsemen got their name when sportswriter Grantland Rice waxed poetic one day in reporting a Notre Dame victory. His story began: "Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. . . ."

**Q: What is the name of the marching music in the movie, *The Bridge on the River Kwai? Marion DeGrazia, New York, N. Y.***

A: It's "Colonel Bogey," a favorite of the Allied troops in World Wars I and II.



**Q: Recently, I noticed a rabbit's nest at the side of my house, the mother nursing two tiny rabbits. Two days later the babies were gone. How long do rabbits nurse? Also, what is the period of gestation? *Claire N. Sutherland, Cheltenham, Penn.***

A: The type rabbit you undoubtedly saw in your area was an Eastern cottontail which has an average litter of five and nurses its young for two weeks. After nursing, the young rabbits may stay in pairs or close to nest and mother for a few days longer, but then they quickly go their separate ways. The cottontail begins breeding at the age of six months. Its mating season lasts from January through July during which time the female cottontail frequently mates again as quickly as 24 hours after delivering her young. Romance is always short—the female drives the male away within two days of mating. Gestation, or pregnancy, lasts about 30 days.

**Q: How much money does France still owe the U.S. for post-World War II loans?** ***Max Yellen, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: $298.8-million. France recently made payments of over $70 million, covering installments that would have fallen due in 1967, 1968 and 1969. The action was considered a good-will gesture since it would have been to France's benefit to delay payment until due. The loans carry an interest rate of only about two percent, thus the French government could have reaped a fat profit by investing that money at a higher rate elsewhere.

Walter Chandoha

**Q: What dog is known as the Royal Dog of Scotland and where did it get its name?** ***Alex Cheevers, Scranton, Penn.***

A: The Scottish Deerhound. It's called the Royal Dog of Scotland because at one time no peer of rank lower than earl could own one. Resembling a rough-coated greyhound of larger size and bone, the deerhound is still quite valuable and one of the rarest breeds found in the United States. During the first New York Westminster show in 1877, a pair was offered for sale at 10,000 pounds.

**Q: Since the Houston Astrodome is covered, how does grass grow on the baseball diamond?** ***Gilbert Nagy, Gloucester, Mass.***

A: It doesn't. The playing field at the Houston Astrodome has an artificial turf. The half-inch surface blades, which resemble closely-cropped grass, are made of nylon. The soft padding underneath is a half-inch thick. Designed to help reduce injuries and to make field maintenance easier, the turf is also used when the Astrodome is converted for football.

**Q: I have often wondered what Indian Summer has to do with Indians?** ***George D. Robinson, Long Island, N. Y.***

A: A warm, mild period which usually follows October or November's first killing frost, Indian Summer often produces considerable haze. Early settlers thought the haze was caused by Indian fires, and thus the name Indian Summer. Technically, Indian Summer is caused by persistent high atmospheric pressure in mid-autumn along the Gulf and South Atlantic coasts which results in an almost continuous flow of warm, vaporous air to be drawn north.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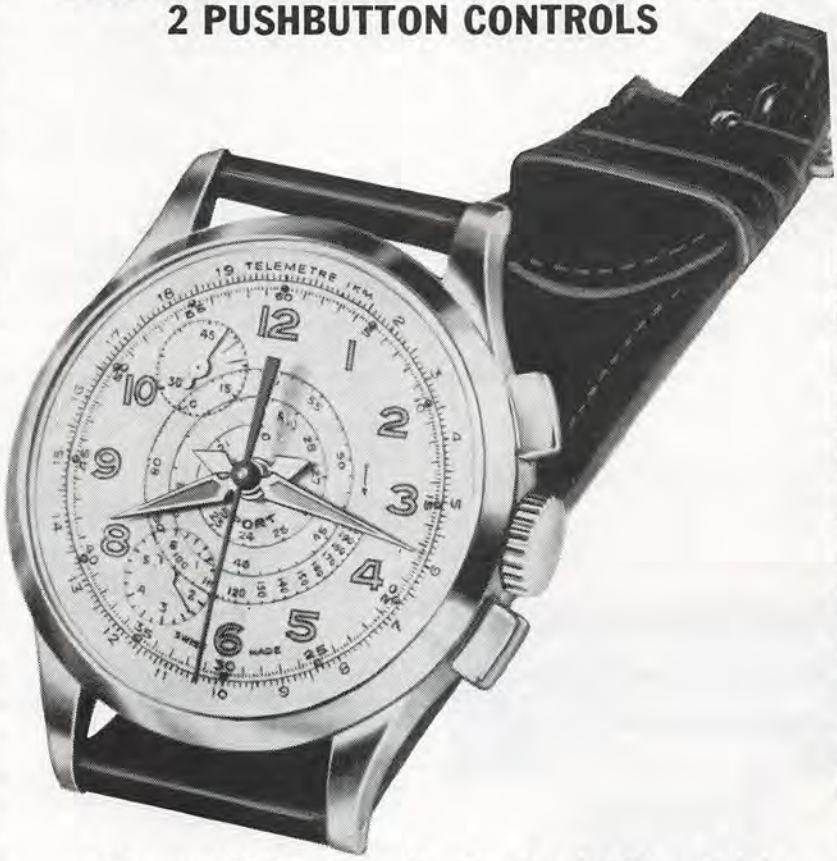

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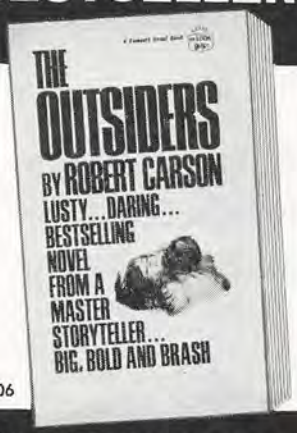


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**Q: What does the word "fortnight" mean? *P. C. Ahrens, Palo Alto, Calif.***

A: The word is commonly used by the English to mean a two-week period. It's a contraction of fourteen nights, or fourtenight, as it was used in medieval times.

**Q: I have often heard scuba divers talking about "going into the blue." What does that expression mean? *Jack Rutowski, Ann Arbor, Mich.***

A: A free-swimming diver is "in the blue" when he has lost sight of the surface, cannot yet see the bottom, and has contact with no point of reference such as a rock, cliff or anchor chain. An inexperienced diver in this situation tends to lose all sense of direction and panic. A well-trained diver, however, simply follows his trail of air bubbles to know which way is up.

**Q: What was the first ship to go around the world without stopping for fuel, water or supplies. I say it was the USS *Dixie*, commissioned in 1940. *Laurence T. Lauthern, Marietta, Ga.***

A: You're wrong. The only such nonstop trip ever made was accomplished by the nuclear-powered submarine, the USS *Triton*, early in 1960. Retracing Magellan's route around the world in the early 16th century, the *Triton* completed the trip in 84 days. It partially surfaced only twice, and neither time for fuel, water or supplies. Magellan's circumnavigation of the globe, by the way, took three years.

**Q: Which of his two fights with champion Joe Louis did Billy Conn almost win? *A. R. Talbor, Lubbock, Tex.***

A: The first, held June 18, 1941, at the Polo Grounds in New York. Conn was well ahead on all scorecards as the 13th round started, but the Brown Bomber knocked him out two minutes and 58 seconds later.

**Q: I recently read that John F. Kennedy's death has reinforced people's belief in the "fatal 20" superstition. What is that exactly? *Thomas A. Lester, Atlanta, Ga.***

A: Since the year 1840, every President of the U.S. elected to office at 20-year intervals has died in office. The Presidents were: William Henry Harrison (elected in 1840); Abraham Lincoln (1860); James A. Garfield (1880); William McKinley (1900); Warren G. Harding (1920); Franklin D. Roosevelt (1940); and in 1960, J.F.K.

**Q: I understand that the French people pay very little taxes? Is this true? *Timothy van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.***

A: No. French tax collectors gobble up to 44.2 percent of their country's national income, highest percentage of any developed country in the world. The percentage in Great Britain is 36.2 percent, and here in the U.S., 32.5.

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**Q: What does the term "red-shirting" mean in college football? *Walter Edwards, Denver, Colo.***

A: It is a practice by which a college may sideline a player for a year, yet have him practice regularly with the varsity team without losing a season of eligibility. He thus gets an extra year of physical development and practice which is not charged against the three seasons he is allowed to play. The military academies, the Big Ten, and many other colleges and universities forbid the practice, but a team which allows it has a decided advantage over others. The actual term comes from the fact that such a player wears a red shirt during practice, meaning "hands off."

**Q: What produces carbon monoxide in automobiles? *Edgar Maston, Tacoma, Wash.***

A: Odorless, tasteless, colorless and quite deadly in large amounts, carbon monoxide is a by-product of incomplete combustion in a car's engine. It is present in some degree in all automobiles when the motor is running.

**HAVE A QUESTION?**

TRUE will answer any reasonable question you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-3, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

**Q: What were the Russian casualties against Japan during World War II? *L. R. Corwin, Chatsworth, Calif.***

A: Russia did not join the Allies in the war against Japan until August 9, 1945, three days after the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, yet her casualties were high—8,000 dead and 22,000 wounded. Within a few days of joining the Allies, Russian troops penetrated deep into Manchuria where they met stiff resistance from the Japanese. The Manchuria conflict continued for a week after Japan surrendered aboard the *U.S.S. Missouri* on the following September 2nd. During those 30 days of Russian-Japanese fighting, the Japanese dead totalled 80,000, 10 men to every Russian killed.

**Q: Was George III, King of England during the American Revolution, insane? *William Sullivan, Macon, Ga.***

A: Historians long believed so, but recently two British psychiatrists examined the medical records kept by Sir Henry Halford, the King's personal physician, and decided otherwise. They claim that George's illness was acute intermittent porphyria, a rare disorder of body chemistry and by no means a mental one. Queen Elizabeth II, a lineal descendant of George III, gave the two doctors permission to study the previously unpublished documents from the Windsor Castle archives and to publish their conclusions. The new findings would clear the House of Hanover of any taint of hereditary madness.

**Q: A friend and I went moose hunting in Canada for the first time last season. We got a fine male and were looking forward to moose steaks. However, the carcass spoiled by the time we got it to a butcher. How could this have been prevented? *Robert Harvey, Superior, Wisc.***

A: Any freshly-killed game animal should always be dressed in the field as quickly as possible to prevent spoilage or strong disagreeable flavoring. To do this, place the animal so its head is downhill, cut into the slight cavity at the base of the neck and sever the main blood vessels by a crosswise cut deep into the neck. This is known as bleeding the animal. The body cavity must then be opened and the innards removed. Then wipe the inside of the body well with a clean, dry cloth or sponge it out with snow.

**Q: Is there any way that a baby's sex can be determined before birth? *Dick Abbott, Topeka, Kans.***

A: Yes. Through a relatively new method, scientists have achieved total accuracy in predicting the sex of babies three months before birth. Because the process involves some risk to both the mother and child, however, it is only done out of medical necessity when an Rh blood factor is present. A needle is inserted through the mother's abdomen and samples of the amniotic fluid, which surrounds the developing child, are removed. This fluid, composed largely of cells shed by the baby during its development, is the key to the child's sex.

**Q: The New Testament contains a parable about the talents. What was the value of these coins? *Guy E. Davis, Plymouth, N. H.***

A: The value of a talent, an ancient gold or silver money and weight unit, varied greatly according to time and place. The basic monetary unit in the time of the New Testament was the Roman silver denarius. One denarius, worth about 20 cents, was the average daily wage of a rural worker. A talent was worth 6,000 denarii, or about $1,200.

**Q: In baseball, what was Murderer's Row? *A. T. Armee, Palo Alto, Calif.***

A: It was a sportswriter's name for five great hitters in the Yankee ball club during the late 1920's—Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Bob Meusel, Tony Lazzeri and Bill Dickey.

**Q: How did the "Right Whale" get its name? *Ambrose Glade, Wildwood, N. J.***

A: There are three types of Right Whales: the Arctic, the Atlantic and the Southern Right Whale. Whalers so named them simply because, being easy to kill and full of oil, they were the "right" whales to catch. The Arctic and Atlantic Right Whales were the foundation of the American whaling industry. The Southern Right Whale, almost extinct now, was the foundation of the Australian and Antarctic industry in the 1800's.


**Maggi McNellis Newhouse slays Mickey Spillane at her shot-in-the-dark party.**

MAGGI ABOUT TO START HER SHOT-IN-THE-DARK PARTY

"You say this is 90 proof Fleischmann's Preferred Whiskey? Wow, Maggi, you slay me. How anyone can come up with such a value is a mystery to me."

MICKEY
Novelist

"Where would you be without a little mystery, Mick?"

MAGGI
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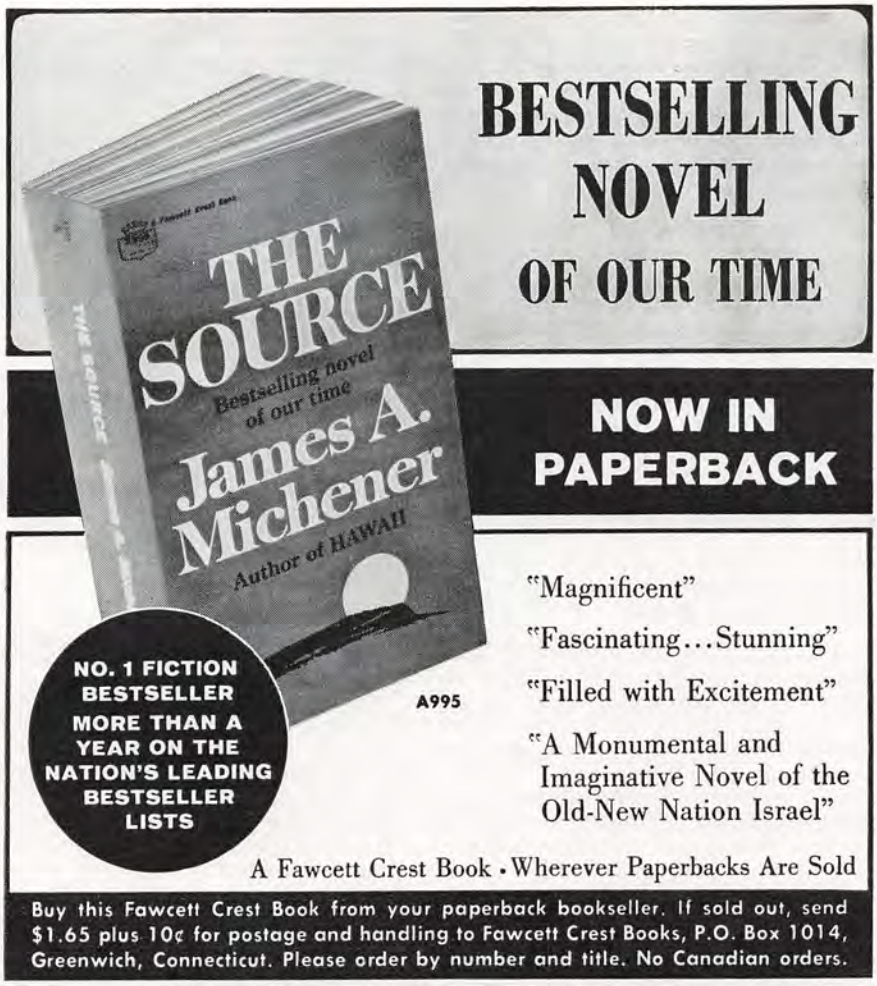


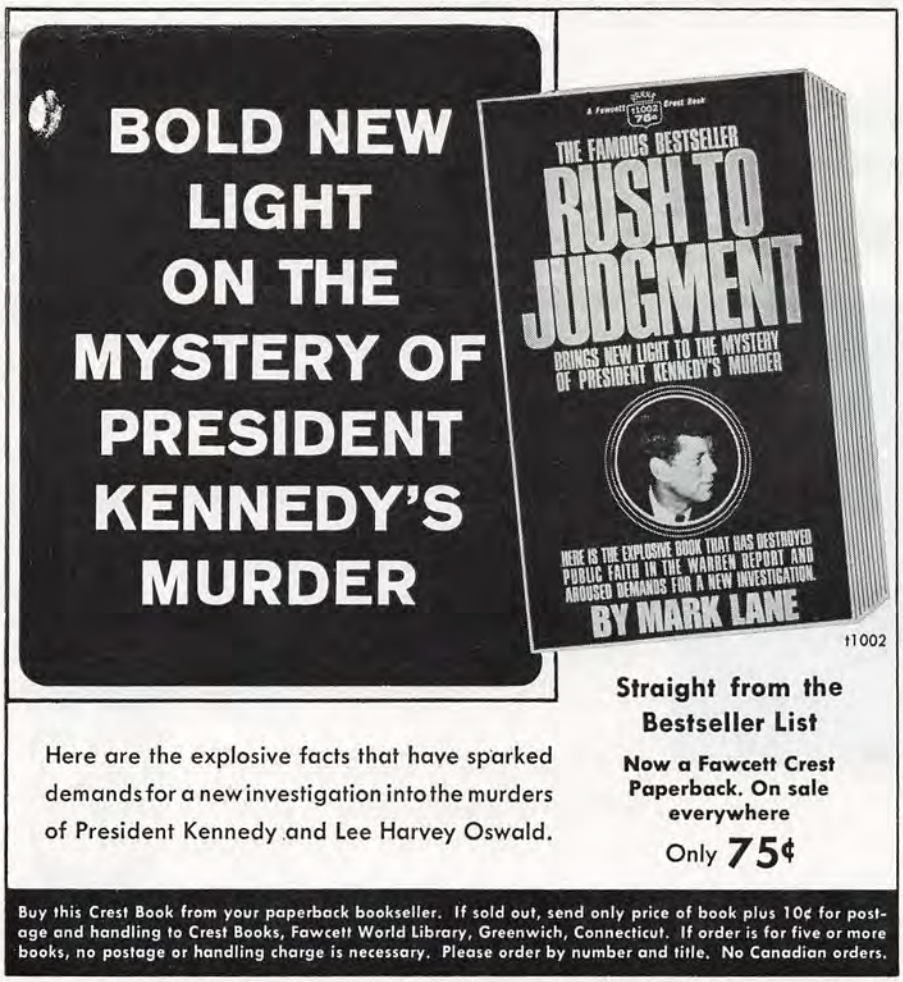



## LOOK OUT, WORLD! HERE COMES SUPER JEW!

[*Continued from page* 36]

stumpy man who manages San Jose, one of Stockton's opponents, is not willing to say how far Epstein's home runs traveled. "Unfortunately," says Bridges, "we couldn't get the Pasadena space people on it because they were busy with some Apollo mission or something."

In only 399 at-bats Epstein smashed 30 home runs, hit .338, and drove in 100 runs. He had entered the California League a mere mortal, but one day against San Jose, after he had dispatched a ball to the general neighborhood of a cumulous cloud, Rocky Bridges spat on the dugout steps and grumbled, "Give the ball a rest, Super Jew." The label stuck, and today the New York Yankees are practically having a conniption because nobody in the office thought to try to sign him. With a right-field wall that lies only 296 feet from home plate and a Jewish population in greater New York numbering 2½ million, the Yankees have tried intensively to pry Epstein loose from the Orioles. But at last word the Orioles were reported holding out for three players and Saks Fifth Avenue.

If there is a skeptic in the house who says Epstein may flop in the big leagues, cover his bet. For one thing, Epstein himself confidently declares he will make it. "Knowing myself, I must say indubitably, yes," he intones. (An intellectual-type kid, he frequently comes out with such words as "indubitably" and "axiomatic," and he will sit down with a perfect stranger and converse for five hours. To use one of his favorite words, he likes to audiblize.) The principal reason for betting on his future is that he is an iron-willed type who decides where he is going in life and then goes there. 'I've always had that burning desire," Epstein says in a booming voice. *"I hadda be Number One.* Since I was eight or nine, I hadda be Number One."

Number-One men make big money, of course, but that is not Epstein's main concern. Money interests him but his occasional shopping is, he says, "minuscule." Fame and glory interest him more. "Why does a college football player like to hit people?" Epstein demands. "I'll tell you why. So he can walk around campus and hear people say, 'There goes so-and-so.' " Fame, nevertheless, is not exactly Epstein's motive. More accurately, it is a submotive, a step toward a more crucial matter. Mike Epstein is in search of his identity. "Who is Mike Epstein?" he keeps asking himself. What makes him tick? By rising above the crowd, Epstein hopes to get a better look at himself.

"What makes a great ball player a great ballplayer?" he demands passionately. "What's that intangible that makes him go out on the field of combat and do what every ballplayer deep down inside would like to do?" he asks, his shoulders slumping. "Maybe I'll be disillusioned. But I'm trying to find it inside myself. 'The life which is unexamined,' " Epstein says, quoting Socrates, " 'is not worth living.' "

While Epstein is examining away, it is very likely that some of the people in his old neighborhood, the Carthay Circle area of Los Angeles, are wondering what such a nice Jewish boy is doing in a baseball uniform anyhow. With a good noodle on his shoulders he could be a doctor maybe, or a certified public accountant, or a tax attorney. Baseball? Well, it may be a sweaty business but don't knock it to Mike's pop.

"I'm a kind of old frustrated ballplayer myself," says Jack Epstein, a husky man, six-one. "I used to stand Mike by the garage door and throw the ball at him, and he'd get so mad he'd run to his mother." Jack would yank him right back to the garage door. When Jack grew up in the east Bronx, the son of an immigrant Russian tailor, he had little time for baseball. He delivered milk at 5 a.m., hawked newspapers, and peddled vegetables off a wagon. "You name the job, I had it," he says. "You think Mike's tough? His father was tougher and rougher."

Jack worked his way through night school at NYU and became a big man, a vice-president, with a handkerchief manufacturer. By the time Mike was four the family had moved to the suburbs—to Hartsdale in Westchester County—and Jack was worried about his kid. Mike was letting other kids pick on him. "I don't know how to fight," he whined. "What do I do?"

"Do *any*thing," Jack told him. "Let these kids know you're alive."

Mike went outside, found a boy four years his senior who had been pushing him around, and threw a rock at his head. Jack quit worrying. A few years later he tired of the eastern rat race, as he calls it, and moved his family to Los Angeles where he lived well. He bought a $50,000 house, drove the best cars, and filled 12 closets full of suits. He was pleased to note that in this environment his son did not grow soft. One day, when Mike was in his teens, three toughs accosted him on Wilshire Boulevard. Mike knocked all three cold. Jack, driving home from work, happened upon the scene just in time to see the punks sitting on the sidewalk trying to shake themselves awake. They'd demanded his money, Mike explained to his pop. "Come to think of it," he added, "I don't even have any money with me."

Mike had no taste for fighting except in the interest of self-defense and justice. He was an "A" student, a scholar.

Off to the University of California went the noble bruiser, not on a baseball scholarship but recruited to play fullback and linebacker. Is it true, he is asked today, that he was a first-stringer in the opening game of his sophomore year? "Damn right I was. There were three guys ahead of me in spring practice, but to me it was just the biggest challenge of my life. One by one, I took care of every one of those guys."

Putting great store by the conviction that heavy labor strengthens the spirit as well as the back, Epstein spent his summers operating a jackhammer and hauling carcasses at a meat-packing plant. He also worked on an oil-rig crew, juggling heavy sacks of sand, but the enthusiasm he brought to the job was a bit excessive. He hauled sacks so fast and in such great numbers that the rest of the crew considered him a threat worse than automation, and the boss had to let him go in the interest of harmony.

At Berkeley, Epstein went out for the baseball team, more or less to amuse himself. Baseball had been his first love in high school; he had been a southpaw pitcher with a brilliant future, but a shoulder injury suffered in football had crippled his blazing fast ball. Yet now, playing the outfield for California, he hit .375 as a sophomore, and as a result he became intellectually disturbed.

"I'd hit a junction in my career," Epstein explains elegantly. "I knew I had a problem but I didn't know what it was. I started to think. I'd done well in baseball and football, so I had to make a decision, a choice between them. Why? I didn't know why. 'Two roads diverged in a wood. . . .' " Epstein muses, tossing off a line from Robert Frost. Would that he could travel both he thought, yet that was impossible.

It was 4 a.m. and he was sitting in his room at the Zeta Beta Tau house. Fatigued by study, he was staring blankly at the pages of *Revolutionary Messianism in Medieval Europe*. "Then it dawned on me that the personal challenge is the thing that stimulates. Football isn't that kind of challenge. If you're a back, you're only as good as the line in front of you. I thought about that." The doubts that sprang within him were excruciating. What did a 50-yard run prove anyhow? "It really bothered me. Was I good or was the line good or did the line stink, or what? But in baseball there's nobody to say I defeated the pitcher because somebody threw a good block. So I said, 'That's it.' I would pool all my mental and physical faculties toward the attainment of one goal," Epstein continues grandly. Not entirely overlooking practical considerations, he adds, "Yes, and with the realization that by doing this I could make a lot of money."

A man of decision, he marched into the office of head football coach Marv Levy and announced his resignation. Levy did not hurl himself out the window. Most coaches are philosophical in such matters, knowing that football cannot be played well by a man whose enthusiasm has waned. "We'll miss you," Levy said simply.

"I've lost interest," Epstein pressed on. "There are other frontiers to conquer and other barriers to surmount."

"Okay," said Levy. "Okay."

Even though Epstein hit .384 in his junior year, baseball scouts did not race to the scene waving checkbooks. There were too many ifs to consider. Epstein wears contact lenses, so what happens if we find he has a blind spot? He comes from a well-to-do family, so what happens if he doesn't make it big right away? Will he give up and go home to the soft life? He's got good speed and agility for a big man, but what if the old football injury bothers his throwing arm?

Exactly how much money the Orioles gambled on Epstein remains a secret, but his bonus probably topped $35,000. That's how much he turned down from the Dodgers, who had been enthusiastic in a restrained way over the prospect of kosher batting support for Sanford Koufax. At any rate, in September, 1964, Epstein tucked an Oriole bonus into nice 5¼ percent certificates of deposit and took off for Clearwater, Florida, where he was assigned to play in the Florida Instructional League. At Jack Russell Stadium, George Bamberger from the home office sent him into the batting cage and began to pitch to him.

Bamberger served up the ball and then watched it disappear over the right-field fence, headed in the direction of Tampa. A former big-league pitcher, Bamberger threw Epstein another pitch and yet another, and each time the ball was still rising as it cleared the fence, a distant 340 feet from home plate. "I was throwing to the best of my ability," Bamberger recalls. "I was only 39 then, my first year out of ball, and I thought I had pretty

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**"I must compliment you on your rock collection, Ambassador."**

good stuff that day." Fifteen, perhaps 20 baseballs flew out of the park, all of them traveling an estimated 400 to 500 feet. "It was the greatest exhibition of hitting I've ever seen," says Bamberger.

In the spring the Orioles sent Epstein to the inland port city of Stockton, where he wasted no time pummeling California League pitching. At his rooming house, Epstein tacked up didactic little signs around his room. MAKE THE PITCH BE A STRIKE, read a sign on the inside of his door. At night, while lovers across the city went to sleep in one another's arms and the lonely listened in the dark to the ballads of a nightstand radio, Mike Epstein lay down beneath a headboard that commanded: MAN ON THIRD BASE, DON'T BE TAKING A LOT OF PITCHES IF IT'S A CLOSE GAME. YOU GOT TO KNOCK HIM IN!

Although his determination was exemplary and would carry him to the big leagues, Epstein's world was not perfect. After all, a kosher Clark Kent needs a beautiful Lois Lansky on his arm. Well, determination would take care of that matter, too.

There he was, standing in the on-deck circle one day, when he glanced into the stands and saw this knockout of a suntanned, hazel-eyed blonde. "Wow! Who's that?" cried Epstein. She had to be Elke Sommer, or at least her double. No—neither. She was, Epstein quickly ascertained, Miss Barbara Gluskin, daughter of Harry Gluskin, owner of the prosperous Gluskin's Camera Corner. She had looks, money and good breeding. Not only that, she was Jewish.

How to meet her? Epstein raced home to his rooming house and got his Instamatic out of a drawer. He snapped pictures of the wall, his feet, a chair, anything, until he had used up his supply of film. There is not a scintilla of dishonesty in Mike Epstein. If he were going to walk into that camera store and say he needed film, he would damn well *need* film. With such sterling character, little wonder he ingratiated himself with Harry Gluskin and left the store with an invitation to come to the house for dinner.

Alas, Miss Barbara Gluskin was not interested. She already had a boyfriend. Nonetheless, Epstein pursued her dauntlessly. "I came home for lunch one day," she says, "and here he's floating around in my pool. I couldn't get rid of him." Finally he persuaded her to have a late supper with him after a night game, and after supper he invited her to help him wash his Volkswagen. Under the Stockton moon, across a wet fender, Miss Barbara Gluskin found love. Last April, with 400 guests in attendance, they were married.

The two flew east to Rochester, where new triumphs awaited Mike Epstein. In the California League he had carried off almost all the trophies, but that was small-time stuff. Fame, the key to identity, was yet to be won. At a winter sports banquet in San Francisco, the toastmaster, a man named Paul Speegle, had paused while reading a list of guests on the dais and asked, "Who's Mike Epstein?"

Mortified, Mike strode to the microphone and demanded, "Who, may I ask, is Paul Speegle?"

Listen, Speegle, Jack Epstein did not raise his boy to be a *schlemiel*. Waitresses don't spill soup on Mike Epstein. Elevators don't trap him between floors. Nor do toastmasters get the last word on him.

Baltimore had gambled by skipping Mike from class-A ball to triple-A Rochester in the International League, but he tore the league apart. "He hit right-handers and left-handers, he don't give a damn," says Tony Bartirome, the Columbus trainer and a former big-league first baseman. Epstein hit .309 and drove in 102 runs. His swing—a great, level, sweeping motion—reminded baseball men of Ted Kluszewski, the Cincinnati strong man of the 1950's. Line-drive home runs whistled bulletlike off his bat to all fields. After he had batted against Don Rudolph, a 35-year-old former big-leaguer, Rudolph lyricized: "I've faced Mickey Mantle many times, but I have to say that Epstein has more power. I threw only one curve ball, a sidearm curve, and that young fellow with all those muscles smashed it into the stands like a shot out of a bazooka." Although Rochester's Red Wing Stadium had been designed with reasonable precautions, one of Epstein's home runs shattered the window of the football press box in right-center field. "That's a $5 cab ride from home plate," Epstein proudly observes.

By August 19 Epstein had clouted 19 home runs in a league whose spacious ball parks and gruelling schedule (147 games in 136 days) frazzle power hitters, but a Syracuse player named Jim Beauchamp was leading the league with 25. Mike said to himself, "I'm not impressing anybody." He girded his loins and won the home run championship with 29. "Beauchamp broke his hand with about three weeks to play," Epstein points out, striving to be fair. Was that why he won the title?

"Not really. If he would have hit 34, I would have hit 35."

If such statements seem to border on conceit, none of Epstein's teammates have adjudged him anything but superconfident. Says Larry Rojas, a Cuban infielder who played alongside him: "He sticks out that great hand of his and says, 'I'm Mike Epstein, a pleasure to know you.' Oh, he is a fine fellow, that Epstein." Indeed, at Rochester, Epstein brightly patrolled the grandstand railing, pumping hands with box-seat customers and beaming like a mayoralty candidate. Crowds loved him. In Marlboro, New Jersey, an Irish Mike Epstein Fan Club was formed, Murphy Grimes president. Requests for autographed photos poured in. In reply to each one, Epstein filled two pages of stationery explaining that he had no publicity photos but that he hoped to have them some day and would then be honored to send them one. "Come down to the dugout and say hi," he urged.

A pox on Paul Speegle! All over the International League the people knew who Mike Epstein was. In an age when players wear their pants long and baggy, Epstein was the guy whose pants barely reached below his knees, exposing his bludgeon-sized calves. He was the guy who, when he swung at a pitch and missed, flipped his bat at the ground and then caught it on one bounce, a la Duke Snider. Knowing the bounds of modesty and good taste, Epstein never verbally refers to himself as Super Jew, but on the tongues of his baseball shoes and on his sweatshirts and sometimes on his bat he inscribed the appellation with a marking pencil.

Call it a search for identity or call it show business ("Y'gotta have a flair," Epstein announces), but whatever his motives, there was no stopping him. On the last day of the season, just before game time, Epstein sat in the clubhouse seething. The Rochester players had allowed themselves to be taken right down to the wire still needing a victory to win the pennant. Nobody in the clubhouse dared speak to Epstein.

His first time at bat that day against Syracuse, Epstein walked. On his next time at bat, Rochester held a 1-0 lead. "I got to break this game open," Epstein told himself. Two runners were on base. The Syracuse pitcher decided to throw him nothing but outside fastballs, hoping Epstein could not pull them for a home run.

"I must have fouled off 10 pitches," Epstein recalls. "The count went to 3-and-2. I fouled off a couple more. Then he decided to get cute. He threw me a curve."

Blam, zonk, blooey! The ball disappeared over the right-centerfield fence. Later in the game, Epstein doubled in two more runs to sew up a 10-7 victory.

Off to Baltimore went Mike Epstein, beckoned to put on an Oriole uniform for the little more than two weeks that remained of the American League season. Manager Hank Bauer studied him in the batting cage and was at first dubious of his home-run potential.

"You know, I don't think you're a home-run hitter," Bauer told him.

"I beg your pardon, Hank?" replied Epstein, incredulous.

"I think you're a .300 hitter but not what I'd call a home-run hitter. You have a level swing. You don't uppercut it like Boog Powell."

"Okay," Epstein said curtly. He is a sensitive lad. He would show Bauer.

The manager decided to start him in a game against the California Angels at Anaheim. On his first trip to the plate, Epstein ripped a line single to right-cen-

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**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**

ter. Whatever doubts Bauer may have had about Epstein's ability to clear fences, he seemed to sense at once that the young man had a presence, a star quality that stamped him a dramatic figure whose debut as a starter seemed to deserve the trappings of a steamship christening. Bauer halted the game and presented Epstein with the ball. "Y'only got 1,999 more hits to go," he said.

On Epstein's next time at bat, he smashed a wicked shot between first and second base, but the second baseman robbed him of a hit. Mike's third time up, the bases were loaded. He drilled a line drive that struck eight inches below the top of the centerfield wall, a three-run triple. Bauer had no desire to quibble over a matter of eight inches; his mind swam with visions of the Orioles marching to future pennants behind the line drives that Epstein would surely hit nine inches taller. At a very wet team party celebrating the clinching of the '66 pennant, guests thought the tough ex-Marine with the battered face and rasping voice had gone a trifle touched in the head. There he was, singing a rousing chorus of *Hava Nagila* and dancing the *hora* like a fresh recruit in an Israeli *kibbutz*.

Nevertheless, Epstein presents a problem to the Orioles. Boog Powell, who hit 34 home runs last season, is solidly entrenched at first base. Where, then, can the Orioles play Epstein?

From all appearances they have fingered their left fielder, Curt Blefary, as the man who will have to stand off Epstein. Although Blefary hit 23 home runs in '66, his batting average was only .255. Consequently, the Orioles shipped Mike to the Florida Instructional League last October to learn left field. Another possibility is a lucrative trade. Every club in baseball has made overtures for Epstein.

Regardless of which club he eventually plays for, he will be prepared as no other rookie. In Florida he spent his off-hours studying a book entitled *Penmanship and Personality*. It told him that his own signature signifies fierce ambition and a fond interest in the arts. "As far as that was concerned," Epstein says, "it didn't tell me anything about myself I didn't know." But he will better know how to deal with those big-league pitchers, because he has analyzed their signatures as they appear in the *Baseball Register*. Being the only hitter who carries this kind of "book" on pitchers, Epstein isn't telling what he knows.

Meanwhile, the Oriole players with whom he dressed last September seem more or less persuaded they are going to see a lot more of the Super Jew. They took to calling him Supe. The nickname pleased him. "Lots of times I'll lie in bed with my head propped up on a couple of pillows, listening to the classics, and I'll think of all the things I hope will happen," Epstein says. "It makes you try a little bit harder. I thrive under pressure. When Boog Powell comes to the plate the fans yell, 'Booooooog!' Maybe someday they'll yell, 'Suuuuuuuupe!' "

Just thinking about it is enough to make Mike Epstein leap tall buildings in a single bound. —Myron Cope

# IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

**By Ron Smith**

## SIMMONS' STAY-AWAY STRATEGY FOR SPRING

What a baseball player hates most is spring training. What he really hates is that he doesn't get paid for it. He draws a paycheck only for the regular season.

Al Simmons—one of the game's greatest hitters—had his own way of meeting the problem. Simmons always spent spring training at home negotiating for a higher salary. He played for the Philadelphia Athletics when Connie Mack was the owner and manager. Baseball's Grand Old Man had a tight, starched collar and a pocketbook to match.

Simmons' finest coup came in 1930. He was fresh from leading the American League in batting and the Athletics to a world championship. He decided to ask for $25,000. Mack swallowed so hard he almost popped a collar button.

Spring training opened without Simmons. While his teammates boiled the beer out of their systems under a Florida sun, Al announced his own training program. He went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, his favorite resort, and enjoyed hot baths to the right of him and highballs to the left.

Mack worried. He figured Simmons was taking two pounds off in the day and putting three back on at night. He sent a telegram, "Can offer $20,000." Simmons sent a telegram, too. "Can accept $25,000."

For weeks they haggled by long distance and got nowhere. The team headed for Philadelphia and the opening game against the Yankees. Simmons headed there, too. He was the city's favorite player and the fans were for him. They peppered Mack with letters and pummeled his office with telephone calls. Mack offered Simmons $22,500. Simmons offered to sign for $25,000. The Grand Old Man called a press conference. "We play without Simmons," he said.

Opening day Mack started for the ball park early. He paid the taxi driver. "Here," said the driver, handing back the money. "If you can't afford Simmons, you can't afford me."

Mack threw in the towel. Two hours before game time Simmons was sitting in Connie's office. The contract said $25,000. "You missed our entire training program," said Connie. "Who needs it?" said Simmons.

In the first inning, Simmons took his stance against George Pipgras of the Yankees. Pipgras threw and Simmons swung. The ball sailed high over the right-field wall. Simmons jogged triumphantly around the bases.

Simmons hit .381 that year. Next spring he demanded $35,000. It didn't work. Mack said yes and in spring training he ran his slugger harder than anyone else. Simmons should have asked for $40,000.

## BOSS MAN OF AFRICA'S NEVER-NEVER LAND

[*Continued from page* 53]

The word compromise is not in his vocabulary; black rule is not in his comprehension.

"We've started something that is to be with us a helluva long time," Lilford says. "Even if we come to an arrangement, we're not going to satisfy those kaffirs to the north. You in America prepare for hurricanes. We whites in Rhodesia prepare for Africans."

Lilford describes himself as a strict conservative. "But I am not an extremist," he says. "We have no men in Rhodesia who want to hang kaffirs or poison their water. But we don't want kaffirs ruling because they can't. They don't have what it takes to govern in a democracy. What's always in my mind is that if they get into power all that the whites have built up will be pulled down and crawled over by looters. We want reasonableness, that's all." Lilford then goes into the litany of what he calls "black muck-ups" in today's Africa—Congo, Nigeria, Ghana, Guinea, Gabon, Rwanda, Burundi, Togo.

Lilford's thoughts and theories are something of value. He is probably the most important and influential man in Rhodesia outside of, and behind, Prime Minister Ian Smith. He is also a man not given to small talk or idle boasting. To him success comes by two means only: "Sheer hard work and continuity of purpose," he says over and over.

His Lilfordia is the nerve center of a multimillion-dollar farming, ranching and mining empire that began half a century ago in an African hut when the continent was up for European grabs. Today it is Rhodesia's biggest one-man operation. It is also the mainspring of the financial, moral and militant support that keeps the farmer-run government of Smith in power.

Nothing important happens, or is decided, in Rhodesia without Lilford being consulted—black nationalist plans excepted, of course. Black workers, his wife, two grown children, members of the party, cabinet and parliament, and the prime minister himself address Lilford as "Boss." He protests this. "I don't boss anyone," he insists, "especially not the prime minister. I'm a tiny cog in the wheel."

This is not what you hear when his name is mentioned, however. A West German steel-company executive with mining operations in Rhodesia says: "Lilford is not *a* strong man but *the* strong man." A white Rhodesian ex-boxer who equates black rule with Communist take-over, says: "Boss *believes*—and as long as he does the government bloody well will." An African nationalist, living in exile in Kenya, says: "That man Boss tells that reactionary government what to do. He is all the more powerful because he is a millionaire in a small country and he keeps people from knowing his strength. He will bring bloodshed to our country." And a Protestant minister in Salisbury insists that "his outlook is un-Christian and impractical in this age of change. We must face it. The black is in the majority. He is destined to rule here. Fighting it will only make it worse for both races."

Boss involved himself with Rhodesia's political destiny during the 1950's. Until then, he kept to empire building and left politics to the professionals. The outbreak of Mau Mau antiwhite terrorism in Kenya, however, and Britain's decision to disband its African colonial empire (starting with independence for Ghana in 1957) convinced him that the native white sons now had to seize power. Lilford saw the enemy as *uhuru*, or independence for the blacks.

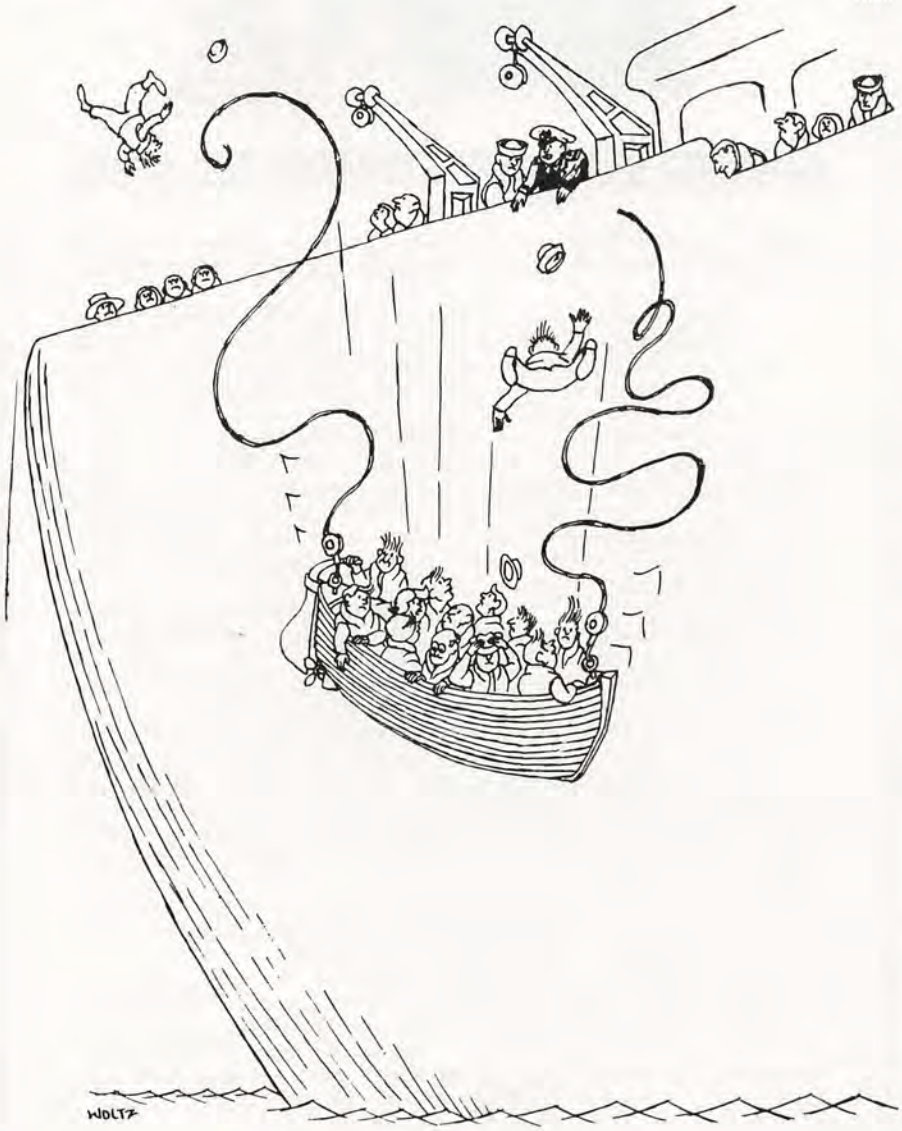
He and his fellow settler-farmers, the backbone of the economy, would meet on weekends at the Farmer's Co-operative to discuss in dark terms a possible "sellout" by Britain. It was in February, 1961, that he decided to act. British Prime Minister Harold MacMillan had just delivered his historic "wind of change" speech explaining that Africa was no longer a white man's preserve. Lilford summoned the leading white farmers to Lilfordia.

"Things have gone all wrong, you know," he told them. They discussed declaring independence and even joining with South Africa where four million whites had just decided to quit the Commonwealth because of pressures to drop their policy of *apartheid*.

The decision was made to start a new party run by farmers. It was called the Rhodesian Front. They had little political experience but were wholly dedicated to white rule. The farmers decided that only they, with a real stake in the land, could be trusted not to bow to British pressures or black threats. Lilford offered his wealth to pay the organizing bills; he was immediately voted financial chairman. In the national elections of 1962, the party made a sweep of power and a farmer named Winston Field became prime minister. Lilford liked Field well enough, but he had his eye on a young farmer named Ian Smith, an ex-RAF pilot-hero, who seemed to be made of the stuff Lilford had in mind. What impressed him was a 1961 incident. Smith, then an elected member of Parliament, quit over a government move to increase black representation.

Lilford got him into Field's cabinet as treasury minister. It soon became obvious, at least to the extreme conservatives, that Field was not as forceful as they would like. He kept urging some compromise. The farmers met again. It was

TRUE




"Fortunately, this is only a drill."

decided that Field should resign. Lilford suggested that Smith take over. Boss's suggestion passed muster. Field resigned in April, 1964. Smith became prime minister.

Smith's first action was to arrest the most vocal African nationalists and fly them to a detention center in the remote area of Wha Wha. (Smith's move came after the nationalists claimed his government was "a suicide squad.")

Lilford was at last happy. Both South African-born Boss and Rhodesian-born protege Smith agreed their country should now proceed to independence—with or without British permission. The unilateral declaration of independence, referred to as UDI, came 19 months later. "Boss" considered his money, perhaps $50,000, well spent. His two loves, Lilfordia and Rhodesia, were both safe from Great Britain, now in the hands of a Labor party that to farmers was, at best, left wing.

Since independence and the beginning of sanctions aimed at collapsing Smith's regime, Lilford has been stumping the countryside encouraging farmers to tighten their belts, arm for violence, diversify operations and take pride in their freedom.

British diplomats believe that if Lilford were not on the scene, Rhodesia would now be on its way to black rule, and Queen and government would be over their African headache. Even they, however, consider him an enigmatic power and are uncertain about just what makes him tick.

Lilford is a quiet millionaire. "If you took the land, buildings and assets of all kinds—if it came to that I suppose I am a millionaire," he says as he rolls his own cigarette.

Lilford mines gold and copper, grows corn and tobacco, raises beef cattle and mutton sheep. He sits on the boards of half a dozen companies. He runs one of the best racing stables in southern Africa and breeds pheasants and geese for a hobby. His last tobacco harvest was 650,000 pounds, worth around $400,000. His 5,000 head of cattle, Santa Gertrudis and Afrikander, are worth $600,000.

Yet Boss Lilford looks and dresses like a *Tobacco Road* character having a bad year. His long hair is dull gray as are his eyes, eyes that long ago sank back in defense against the fierce African sun. His lean face is lined like a fingerprint and his thin cracked lips are continually pursed. His voice can be as soft as a father's reading a fairy tale, when he is explaining Rhodesia's history, or it can became edged with fury when he discusses sanctions, Britain or black rule.

His loose fitting, faded cotton drill pants have no belt and hang low on narrow hips. His work shirt is patched, tattered, and threadbare on the collar. He rarely buttons his sleeves. His shoes are scuffed. He carries with him tobacco in an old round tin, a wrinkled handkerchief, a chapstick and a black notebook containing cattle counts, ministry numbers and clips of little-known sayings by Abraham Lincoln that in Lilford's eyes make the Great Emancipator "a realist about the black, not one of those bloody liberals."

Lilford's most distinctive mark—after his height—is the eight-foot kangaroo-hide whip, called a *sjambok*, that he packs whenever he leaves the house. He uses it with the skill of a lion tamer to break up wild-dog fights, move a moody bull out of his way or chase the odd night prowler who dares venture unannounced onto Lilfordia.

At Lilfordia, Boss lives seven miles in from the main highway on his private road. The main house is an enormous rambling affair with a touch of Spanish architecture in the long verandas. The signs of the settler's home are also there: corrugated iron roof painted red and now faded, water stains on the clapboard ceilings from the long rains, a finely woven rug at the dining-room entrance noting "Rhodes Centenary 1853-1953," big dogs everywhere on the trained alert for uninvited blacks. There are neatly trimmed gardens, a swimming pool, a tennis court, and an elegant circular drive up to the main entrance lined with tall eucalyptus trees.

A few hundred yards away is the work area. It is always bustling. A group of Africans—he employs nearly 1,000 of them plus a dozen white foremen—in blue coveralls are stripping down farm machinery to change gasoline-driven motors over to diesel to cut down on gas consumption while sanctions continue. A herd of cattle is being dipped. Boss's Number One Alsatian, misnamed Mouse, is stalking a gaggle of geese at a safe distance. African children, in neat blue uniforms, skip off to the farm school in a thatch-roofed open-oiled building where teachers are provided by Lilford.

Under a shed is parked Boss's favorite car, a light-blue 1965 Chevrolet Biscayne. It is covered with barnyard dust, dried dung, dead leaves and crunched corncobs. He doesn't drive it anymore as part of his protest against America. "Yank participation in the sanctions and that bastard Goldberg's pronouncements in the United Nations disgust me," says Lilford. He has given up American instant coffee for a South African brand. "You Americans and Britain are quite ready to wipe us out. Wilson would shed crocodile tears and brainwash the Queen about what a bloody good thing it would be for the Commonwealth if the blacks took over here. Well, I say this: If we are allowed to handle the situation our own way we will show better results with our blacks than the U.S. will with theirs in 25 years. You're finding it hard enough to keep them going in America, aren't you? We have worked so long with Africans that we have reached a stage where we are accustomed to each other. I would go as far as to say that we even like each other, although I don't believe in shaking hands with them. All this black rule talk is going to force hatred between us because, Chreest meen, we are not going to live under a black government. I do not have sufficient faith that a black could run it anything like fairly. I suppose there could be a miracle and we would strike one who would behave. It would be that odd one. Then what would come after?"

Lilford has statistics that prove to his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**"Personally, I'd prefer the old-fashioned splashdown."**

satisfaction the blacks don't have it: Black illiteracy is 70 percent and only one out of six black children go to the free schools.

"Oh, perhaps some can achieve it intellectually," he says. "But they could never equal the common sense of the white. They would not stand a hope in the ordinary life. They don't know how to clean; they still rub themselves down with dung. You may think it is a fairy tale but when they farm, they harvest enough to eat and leave the rest to rot."

The blacks have their own view on this. "If we are backward it is because we have lost hope," says one, explaining that their political parties are banned and their leaders held in detention. Out of a potential 1.5 million black voters, 12,664 are registered to vote. There are only 15 seats (out of 65) reserved for black candidates, most of whom are considered "white stooges" by their own people.

The blacks are not impressed with the fact that, unlike South Africa, Rhodesia has no official policy of *apartheid*. They do know that Smith says over and over "no one man, one vote in my lifetime," and he is only 47.

Lilford thinks Smith is being condescending. "With quite a lot of luck," says Lilford, "and I mean quite a lot of luck, they may be *ready* for one man, one vote in about two generations. But it will take hard work and discipline. We are already giving them too much rope—in wages, sugar rations and all this handshaking. We are spoiling them and in return they say not thank you but *mena funa*, 'I want more.' They have no plan to pay anything back."

Such action is inexcusable to a man who rises at 6:00 a.m. to a cold wash, rarely gets back from his rounds for breakfast until 11:00 a.m., and never retires until 10:30 p.m. because of the press of work of running Lilfordia, advising a country and bucking up nervous whites. "Mind you, people claim black labor is bloody difficult," says Lilford, who delegates little authority to his blacks or whites. "White labor is also bloody difficult."

The skeleton key to the man is his background. Horatio Alger might have found it worthy of recording.

He was born on an isolated sheep ranch in the eastern province of South Africa with a midwife for a doctor. He was raised on the wild game his father shot. When he was five, his father, Rupert Atherton Lilford, from a titled family in Northamptonshire, trekked north 1,000 miles by ox-drawn covered wagon with a wife, child, 20 sheep and a crate of chickens to the land of Cecil Rhodes. Salisbury in 1908 was a frontier town of tents and shanties, mostly inhabited by ex-British soldiers, veterans of the Boer War, seeking fortunes in ivory and lost cities of gold.

"God's own country" was his father's phrase for it as he staked out a plot northwest of Salisbury in the land of the Mashona tribe.

The family home was a straw-roofed *rondavel* (round native hut) made with green bricks baked by the sun. The whole family turned to stumping the land, digging for water, eating beet curry and antelope meat. Lilford recalls that as a child his playmates were blacks. They taught him how to hunt and fish, as well as dubious survival methods like tying a string around the penis when swimming in the local rivers as a precaution against bilharzia. (A major killer in Africa, it is a river fluke that once in the body can destroy the liver or other vital organs.)

Lilford was educated in a Rhodesian private school called Plumtree. The staff was ex-army from the trenches of World War I; they ran the place like West Point. Lilford was tops in cricket, rugby and cadet training.

The Depression practically wiped out the farm and broke his father's health and spirit. Lilford had to forget plans for college in England and return to help plant tobacco. Rinderpest struck down the cattle and hail hit the crops. Insurance did not exist. To buy shoes and trousers, young Lilford took to the bush where he shot game with an Enfield rifle and sold the meat in town. Large hunks of property, including the paddock and the river, were lost to creditors.

A London buyer offered to take 200 head of cattle at bottom price. So hard up were they that Boss escorted the herd on the voyage, living in the cattle hold on biltong and water. When they reached Southampton six weeks later, half the herd had died. Lilford had to work his way back to Africa shovelling coal on a tramp steamer.

"The picture was black indeed," he now recalls. "We were under the breadline. It was up to me to refloat the boat. I started with damn-all. The people who stuck by me, though, are the ones I stick with now."

During the mid-1930s, tobacco prices began to rise. Rhodesia emerged as the world's second largest flue-cured tobacco exporter (after the U.S.). Lilford decided diversification was essential to survival in Africa, so he moved into mining and more cattle. The breaks came and he made few mistakes. As he became more and more prosperous, he began to relax a little. He built up his stable, judged plowing contests, lectured fellow farmers on the merits of contour plowing to avoid dust bowls, and was an active chairman of the agricultural college. He taught his daughter Dawn, now 26, to train horses and put her in charge of the stables.

His wife Doris Elaine is a robust 50-year-old South African-born leader of Salisbury and farm society. She and Lilford began to travel. They visited the Scandinavian countries, England, France, Italy and the Argentine. But Lilford was always anxious to get home. "Why, when I get home from places like Paris where you can't pee without paying," says Lilford, "I'm so happy to see that first black face of one of my chaps. Sometimes I want to shake their hands and shout 'I missed you.' "

Boss and his husky young farmer son Chesney, now 28, visited the King Ranch in Texas several times to buy Santa Gertrudis bulls. "We have everything Texas has—except oil," says Lilford.

Then came the wind of change. Lilford's leisure time suddenly disappeared. "I even gave up tennis," he says.

After UDI, the sanctions came as no surprise to Lilford and the whites. It was the expected consequence. What was infuriating to Lilford, however, was that Britain acted as if UDI was a heinous crime. Lilford insists the country was practically independent anyway. Until 1923, Rhodesia was under the control not of the British government but of Rhodes'

British South Africa Company. In that year, the whites voted to become self-governing which they did. Britain put Rhodesia under the Dominions office, not the Colonial office, because the place was so self-sufficient. It has had its own prime minister ever since.

"Independence had to be the next step," Lilford claims. "It was a right due us for running such a stable nation for 40 years." Lilford would now just as soon declare a republic and quit Queen and commonwealth, too.

How effective the sanctions have been, no one, not even the British, seems to know for sure. At first, Prime Minister Wilson predicted Smith would collapse in three months. Then it was six months. Now more than a year has passed and the Rhodesians are still plenty stubborn.

Now there are new mandatory UN sanctions, aimed at throttling 60 percent of Rhodesia's exports. No one knows if they will work or not. Many black African leaders are pessimistic. They recall the last time a world organization imposed major sanctions against a country. That was in 1936 when the League of Nations ordered its members to stop selling oil to Italy because it had just invaded Ethiopia. Italy still got oil and she completed her take-over of the ancient African empire.

There is gasoline rationing in Rhodesia today. But nobody is riding a horse or peddling a bicycle because of the shortage. From time to time, items like shuttlecocks, golf balls and Alka-Seltzer are in short supply. But suddenly they reappear. The talk around Salisbury these days is about the locally-made vodka. If Rhodesia ever runs out of gasoline, the substitute is there, handily bottled in fifths.

Along the wide streets of Salisbury, department store signs urge shoppers to "Buy Rhodesia;" a pair of shoes marked "Made in Great Britain" can't be given away. The roads from South Africa are chockablock with supply lorries. All of Lilford's vehicles carry bumper stickers saying *Dankie Suid Afrika,* "thank you South Africa." Still, more and more store fronts in cities like Salisbury and Bulawayo have "For Rent" signs on them and new construction is nil.

The big question mark is tobacco, worth $100 million annually to the economy. This year's auctions were held in secret. Only about 40 percent of the crop was sold. South Africa was the biggest buyer, but Communist China and Czechoslovakia also helped the cause. Lilford's broad, dark-skinned tobacco barns are empty and he plans a big planting again this year. Other farmers have not been so lucky.

The sanctions have juiced up the fighting blood of the whites. Lilford has a small arsenal in his bedroom. Mrs. Lilford has learned how to use a pistol. Farms are being connected by radio telephones and landing strips are being scraped out across a nation. The police force is up to 15,000 members and the army is at 10,000—many of them World War II veterans. There are a dozen Vampire jet fighters in the air force and the government is trying to buy more through arms dealers.

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"We are more than bitter about the sanctions," says Lilford. "Here we are one of the most loyal nations in the empire, and they are doing everything except kill us. They are trying to starve us. They say that sanctions are 'biting.' Chreest meen, I hate that word. We are now a wounded buffalo. You know how dangerous that can be. You've got to put 20 more shells into us to stop us. You'll have to hit a vital spot, and if we go for you nothing will stop us." If he thinks about it for a few minutes, he usually adds, "Nothing like sanctions to toughen up a nation. We must thank Wilson for that, you know."

When whites discuss possible invasion, the big guessing game at the bar of the Salisbury Club, the Can Can cocktail lounge of Meikles Hotel, or over sherry in Boss's sitting room is: Who will try it?

"A United Nations invasion would be a bloody disaster—for them," says Lilford. "If an African army attacked we would lay waste their capitals within 48 hours. Most of the farmers who still say their prayers hope the kaffirs will come down and have a try. A black army is a bit of a joke, you must admit." (The religious reference is based on Lilford's annoyance with the clergy who have urged the government to compromise and avoid bloodshed.)

A British attack is Rhodesia's biggest fear. But Lilford insists that one would give neither side what it wants. "We would probably have 30 minutes' notice and head for the bush," says Lilford. "If it looked like we were finished, I believe there might be a scorched earth policy."

Lilford and the Smith regime are gambling that Prime Minister Wilson's government, beset with problems aplenty at home, would not survive a motion to invade. "And what do you think South Africa would do—just watch?" says Lilford of Rhodesia's powerful ally to the south with an army of 250,000 all-white troops and a Lilfordian outlook on all things black.

At times, usually when he is tired, Lilford hints at seeing some light. "Perhaps there is a chance in the distant future that we can get together," he says. "When the rest of the world sees black, we must recognize their merit. There is a chance of a multiracial state, perhaps. But rule out domination by blacks. We must rule, must lead, if we are to go forward not backward."

The flame of such talk is usually extinguished by Mrs. Lilford. Known also as Paddy, she is quick to put aside her scrapbook on the John Birch Society to explain Boss's slip.

"What Boss means is the evolution must take time," she says. "We must go slow for their own good. They are trying to jump the gun; we are trying to keep civilized standards. You whip them up onto one rung of advancement, then you need people like me interested in education to keep the kaffir on that rung."

Only in the evenings do the Lilfords now seem to relax for a few precious moments. Then only do they move out of the plain and unfeigned sitting room into the regal living room where there are brocaded drapes, thick Oriental carpets and large oils of past Lilfords. There, over coffee from a silver service brought in by the African houseboy, they turn on the wireless. The government radio usually leads with a report of chaos someplace in independent Africa. They listen, then grimly contemplate the future—*apres* Boss.

"Three score and 10 is almost upon me," says Lilford. "Yet there is so much still to be done. When Paddy and I are gone and our pictures hang on the walls, the next generation may look up at us and laugh. 'See,' they may say, 'the kaffirs did not ruin the land.' They would be used to lower standards, of course."

There is no worry of that with son Chesney. He was recently sentenced to six months in jail for *sjamboking* an African he found trespassing on Lilfordia. He thought he had apprehended a Communist-trained freedom fighter; it turned out to be a lost poacher.

Daughter Dawn may be a problem, however. She thinks Nat King Cole records are "super." **—John Peer Nugent**

## "GET UP ON YOUR HIND LEGS AND SHOOT LIKE A MAN!"

[*Continued from page* 51]

He scored our weekly matches with as much serious accuracy as if it were one of those $25,000 matches of long ago. If he caught you even touching the target to flatten out the rough bits of paper raised by the bullet's passage, he'd hand it back and disqualify it. He sat there under a light peering with his one good eye through his glasses and a brass-bound magnifying glass at each hole in our targets. When he was satisfied that each score was correct, he would—in a firm hand—sign the target, H. M. Pope.

Although we were firing offhand, schuetzen-style down in that Murray Street range, we were not firing the kind of rifles—and their appurtenances—for which Harry Pope had become famous.

Pope hadn't merely made barrels. He had produced a method of shooting—the Pope System—which embraced everything from the design and casting of bullets, their lubrication, the way in which they were made to enter the rifle barrel, the barrel itself—dozens of exacting prerequisites meant to center a bullet on a target.

Say it's 1902. You've decided to splurge $40 on the most accurate shooting equipment you can buy. Here, after quite a wait, is what you'd get:

1. *A .32-40 Pope-barreled breech-muzzle loading rifle (.32 caliber bullet—40 grains of powder) complete with sights, palm rest and Swiss butt plate.*
2. *A bullet mold.*
3. *A bullet-lubricating pump.*
4. *An "everlasting" cartridge case.*
5. *A powder measure.*
6. *A re- and decapper of primers.*
7. *A false muzzle fitting the end of the rifle.*
8. *A bullet starter.*
9. *A hickory loading rod.*

Every one of these devices, except the everlasting cartridge case, has been designed and built by Pope himself in his uniquely precise style.

Before you can do any shooting with your new jewel, you'll have to cast yourself some bullets. Using the Pope mold you can be sure they're accurate—especially at their bases, which Pope considered of utmost importance. Unlike most other molds, a Pope mold cut its sprue (the excess lead tail formed in pouring) not from the base but from the nose of the bullet.

Next you lubricate each bullet by fitting it into the Pope pump, turning the incredibly smooth-working handle and forcing hard bullet grease into every groove of the bullet.

Now you're about ready to go shooting. Once at the range you lean your rifle, muzzle up, against the rough waist-high bench in front of you. You hang the powder measure (Pope made their powder reservoirs out of Baker's cocoa cans) from the counter. You press a primer into the base of the everlasting case and then, holding the mouth of the case under the delivery tube of the powder measure, fill it either with an automatically measured charge of FFG black powder or a combination charge—first, a tiny amount of smokeless (5 to 10 grains) and the rest black. Over the powder you press a wad, cut from what was in Pope's day a penny postcard. Now you put the charged case on the bench, *not* into the rifle.

Next you take a lubricated bullet and set it lightly into the false muzzle. The false muzzle is nothing more than a short, cutoff section of the rifle barrel which is superaccurately fitted into the business end of the rifle by means of four prongs. Its purpose is to prevent wearing out the actual muzzle of the rifle from continual loading—wear destructive of accuracy.

Now the bullet starter is used. One end fits over the false muzzle. You hit the plunger which sticks out of the other end with the ball of your hand—just once—and the bullet enters the barrel. Next you push the bullet down the barrel as far as the knob on the loading rod will let it—just 1/16 inch ahead of where the cartridge case will sit.

You're almost ready to fire now. Take off the false muzzle, point your rifle down range, pick up the loaded cartridge case, open your rifle's action and push the case in from the breech. Close the action, pull back the hammer, cock the set trigger. Aim. Fire!

Why all the fuss, why not just shove a complete cartridge into the breech of a rifle and shoot?

Here's why. Harry Pope was interested in supreme accuracy—not speed. He wasn't interested in building spray-the-landscape rifles for the military or for hunters who didn't know how to aim properly either. Harry Pope was not against hunting—he often hunted himself and took along only one loaded charge and bullet for his rifle. And he usually came home with his deer.

Pope believed that pushing a lead bullet into a cartridge case deformed the bullet's base and made tiny fins which steered it off its course as it left the barrel. Further, he believed that no bullet could be as accurately centered in the barrel coming out of a factory case, that pushing it in from the muzzle using his methods did a far better job of centering. One reason for this is the fact that factory ammunition has a certain amount of clearance to allow the case to fit many makes of rifle, all with slightly differently sized chambers. This clearance obviously, always shows at the top. The bullet then starts its flight through the barrel from slightly below center with, according to Harry Pope, a loss of accuracy.

But Pope's greatest contribution to fine shooting was in his barrels. The Pope barrel had a gain twist—very narrow lands, wide grooves. The juncture between lands and grooves was rounded to promote easy cleaning and long life. For example, Pope fired some 125,000 rounds through his own rifle with practically no wear. Modern precision rifles often lose their fine shooting edge before you can put a thousand rounds through them.

Of course, Harry Pope's meticulous craftsmanship helped greatly, too. Watching him work on a barrel, you swore you saw no metal coming out as he operated his rifling tool. Each cut was so fine that he seemed to take only slightly dirty oil out each time.

Harry Pope didn't invent the breech-muzzle loading system. It had been used before his time, notably by a Pennsylvanian—a mechanical genius named George Schalck—but Pope improved and modernized Schalck's methods. Schalck was an inspired mechanic. But Harry Pope was more than a great machinist, he was also a meticulous engineer who brought something new into gunsmithing—his training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Harry Melville Pope was born in 1861 in Walpole, New Hampshire. As a youth he worked for a time for his uncle, Colonel Albert Pope, then an important manufacturer of bicycles and, later, of cars—the Columbia and the Pope-Hartford, among others.

Interested in automobiles, I several times asked Harry Pope about his connection with these famous early cars. But he was always rather vague and disinterested in the subject although he mentioned going out in experimental machines, and trying out various foreign cars for his uncle. Had Harry not been so gun crazy, he might well have joined that small group of automotive geniuses who were so very much like him; Henry Royce, Ettore Bugatti, Mark Birkigt (of Hispano-Suiza).

But Harry *was* hooked on rifles and target shooting and in the same way that Henry Royce was dissatisfied with the cars he could buy and made one of his own, Harry Pope set about building his own rifles and winning matches with them even while he went to classes at MIT.

Harry Pope gave up the automobile very early—in about 1897—and opened his own gun business in Hartford, Connecticut. Pope's shooting with his own rifles had already made him famous, and in his first few weeks Harry took in orders which would keep him busy for many months. At that time you could buy a Pope barrel, complete with all the accessories, for $35. Thirty-five years later in the 1930's, Pope's price (without accessories) was still only $60, one reason why he was so very poor all his life.

In 1901, trying to cash in on Harry's prestige, the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company talked him into selling out to them and building the "Stevens-Pope" line of rifles. This arrangement didn't work out at all. Pope felt that Stevens was trying to hurry him, Stevens claimed that Pope spent about five times too long getting each rifle just right—Harry's

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"just right." And I suspect that Harry Pope was rather less than the perfect organization man. He could be a pretty cantankerous and sulfurously outspoken Yankee.

Pope, after breaking with Stevens, got as far away from them as he could. He set up shop in San Francisco. He got everything ready, installed his machinery and was all set to go to work on April 18, 1906—the day of the earthquake. He lost everything. Thirty years later he'd say to me, after looking for some special tool or part, "Dammit, Ralph, I can't find it. Must've gone in the fire."

After a year or so in Los Angeles, he came to the old Colgate factory building in Jersey City. His good friend, Colonel Colgate, had offered him a rent-free shop. And there he spent the rest of his life working and worrying and getting poorer.

I didn't see that shop until the mid-1930's—long enough later for it to get into the fine state of antineatness which Harry Pope loved. Packing cases, parts cabinets, old newspapers and magazines sat in precariously balanced piles on the floor. The long workbench was, except in a tiny space near Pope's vise, a foot deep in a churned-up mixture of tools, ammunition, old rifle actions; some of it loose, some in paper cottage-cheese buckets. And everywhere were letters, many unopened, begging for barrels or for work promised long ago which Harry "hadn't got around to yet, godammit!"

Pope said to me once, "Don't bother answering mail; once it's a year old, it don't matter none." I've since found that good, timesaving advice.

Only once did anyone ever try any cleaning up. A window cleaner came in and started washing the lovely, decades-old gray patina off the windows facing the workbench. Pope blasted the guy. "The light's just right the way it is—y'want to blind me?"

But Pope did some of his greatest work in that wonderful mess. There he used his famous old lathe whose bearings were worn out. To take up the wear he used bits of cellophane from the package of one particular brand of cigarette. He'd never stick something—say a barrel—in a lathe and just let it turn anyhow. He always lightly kept his fingers on the turning work. At the least hint of roughness, he'd stop to find its cause.

In Jersey City, Pope made other kinds of barrels beside those heavy octagon Schuetzen affairs. In a corner of his shop he tested his .22 caliber barrels by firing them from a machine rest toward a backstopped target at 50 feet. Always five bullets would make a hole small enough for an unfired .22 cartridge to stick in the hole.

Pope also built .30-06 and .22 caliber barrels for international match shooting, with notable success in the 1924 Olympics.

He, even in the '30's, promised a wealthy hunter a barrel for big-game hunting. Six months before this gentleman was to leave for Africa, he wrote Pope. No answer, of course. Three months later, another letter. Again no answer. In desperation the tycoon wheezed up the flights of stairs to Pope's workshop.

"Mr. Pope, I *must* have that barrel—I'm leaving on safari in two weeks."

"I'll start it soon as I can, sir."

"Mr. Pope, I'll pay you *double,* twice your $60 price."

"Mister, you trying to *bribe* me in my own shop? Good-bye, sir!"

Someone asked me recently, "Did Harry Pope actually live in that rat's-nest shop of his?" Certainly not. Pope lived not far away in an apartment with his wife. None of us in the club ever met her, nor did we ever hear much about Pope's two sons. Harry never talked about his family. But once or twice he did express concern about his wife's failing eyesight. And his worry about her crossing streets to get to his shop or to neighborhood stores.

How Pope made a living during his later years was something he kept very much to himself. As far as we know, he made and sold no barrels after 1938 or so. A .22 caliber barrel he brought down to the club range for Walter Stocklin that year was, Stocklin says, the last Pope barrel. Harry Pope's sons must have helped him, and he also may have received some payment for the help he gave Lucian Cary when that notable gun-enthusiast put Pope into his fiction stories under the name of "J. M. Pyne."

Harry Pope certainly never got any help from his country. He had some stubbornly old-fashioned ideas about government aid during those days of the New Deal when the U.S. first began to have a social conscience.

Someone had written an article for *Collier's* about the need for supporting craftsmen in their old age. To illustrate their story, *Collier's* editors bought from a free-lance photographer a picture of a white-bearded old fellow bent over a lathe. Unfortunately the old fellow was Harry Pope, who, upon seeing his portrait used (luckily for them without his name) in connection with a story about old-age relief, told us, most unprintably, what he thought about *Collier's*, their photographer, and 20th-century social progress.

Harry was always a 19th-century man.

Aged 89, Harry M. Pope died in 1950. Of the hundreds of rifles and barrels he made, a fair number must still exist—no one knows exactly how many. Some of them are in fine shooting condition, but, sadly, many have been rebored, their accessories lost, or allowed to corrode into uselessness.

Those rifles still in good shape and complete with accessories grow more valuable each year. I asked Charlie Wicks at Abercrombie & Fitch what a good Pope muzzle-breech loader might be worth. He said, "We haven't seen one here for a long, long time—at least $500 and maybe $750 for a really fine one, perhaps even more."

I asked Walter Stocklin, who is now a partner of "Guns Unlimited" in Easton, Maryland, what his magnificent Pope outfit (the one pictured) was worth.

"I couldn't imagine selling it," he said. "A man offered me $1,000 for it not long ago. When I turned him down he went up to $1,250. But I still couldn't let him have it."

So if you own a Pope rifle, cherish it. And once in a while, in honor of old Harry, make it speak and let it spit its potent puff of smoke. —**Ralph Stein**


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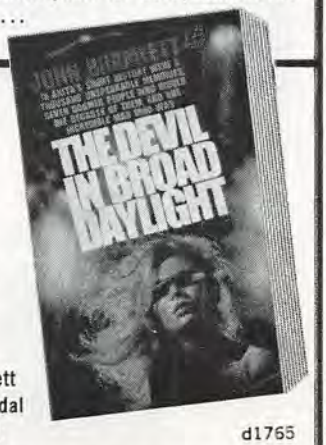


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## ROUND-THE-WORLD ROUTE TO RICHES

[*Continued from page* 33]

afford cars. The idea of car ownership was probably new to most Iranians, Harry Wendall reasoned. Maybe there were some who would like to have a real expert teach them how to drive.

Now, if there is one nation on earth whose very air and soil seem to breed car experts, that nation is the United States. The whole world assumes this. Anywhere on earth, if you want to know something about cars, you go to see the nearest American. Thus, when Harry Wendall began to advertise his American Driving School in Teheran, eager customers piled into his old Ford. Today Harry has a new Buick and Volkswagen, and he lives like a king in a country where real estate and other things can be bought far more cheaply than in the U.S. He has a four-room bachelor apartment and a part-time maid who cleans it for about $1.50 a week. At night he has the strange, brilliant city of Teheran, midway between East and West, its bistros ornamented by girls of all nations who have come here in search of excitement.

These two stories of adventure in far-away places illustrate some pleasant and profitable truths about American business and about the economic relationship of Main Street, U.S.A., to the rest of the world. One of the truths is that a business idea which is old in America is not necessarily old everywhere else—and may, in fact, be startlingly new. Another truth is that an idea which has been shown to work in America can often be made to work somewhere else. These truths, over the past decade, have made many Americans rich in many far and fascinating places.

"It isn't an unusual kind of story these days," says Clifton Trees, a young world-economics expert. Stationed at the New York headquarters of the world-spanning Chase Manhattan Bank, he helps bring together bright ideas and investment capital all around the globe. "There are many areas of the world that are ripe for accepting American goods and services. The risks are often big overseas, particularly the risk of political upheaval, and of course not all nations around the world have economies as stable as our own. But then, all frontiers are risky. That's part of the definition of a frontier, and part of the excitement too. If a man has a yen for adventure and is looking for a frontier to conquer, he can do worse than to take a Main Street business idea overseas."

It sometimes seems that there are few frontiers left to conquer in our own crowded, organized, maybe overcivilized nation. A man looking for something to do with his life often seems to have little choice: he drifts into the employ of some great ponderous corporation that did most of its conquering, had most of its excitement, before he was even born. Life there can be pretty dull for many. Sure, the money is good. A man doesn't usually want to abandon his material well-being and go bumming around the world in some abstract search for adventure. He wonders: isn't there some way I can have some fun and hope to make a buck too?

The answer many American men have found in recent years is the one Harry Wendall and Bill and Wally found. The present stage of world economic history is peculiarly well suited to this kind of gambit. Many nations are just now rising out of centuries-old poverty, boosted along by U.S. economic aid, growing industrialization and a general world tide of awareness that better days are possible. The average man in many rising nations has a little money to spend on himself, money that his father couldn't hope for and his grandfather could barely even dream of. He can afford to blow himself to a hot dog or a driving lesson—if somebody has the wits to come around and sell it to him.

In South Africa, for instance, where Bill and Wally made their first pile, the average per-capita income (a very crude index of what the man-in-the-street might have to spend) rose from about $300 a year in the mid-1950's to $425 in the early 1960's. This is roughly where the United States stood in the early 1900's. "By going into business in a foreign country that is just starting to develop, you can, in effect, go back in time," says James Murrin, trade-show organizer of the U.S. Bureau of International Commerce. "In many ways it was easier to start a small business in this country 50 years ago than it is now. Many fields today are either overcrowded with competitors or dominated by a few big corporations. Things were more 'open' decades ago, and it's that way in some foreign countries today. There aren't as many competitors around. If you're lucky, you can get in on the ground floor and ride up as the country's economy grows."

You can have yourself a ball, too. Take John Wald, for instance. He went to Acapulco, Mexico, in 1959 to visit an old Army buddy and take a short vacation from his New Jersey trucking business. Acapulco is a thriving resort town, populated by the international jet set. About a thousand miles up the Pacific coast is a less spectacular resort town, Mazatlàn. In between is wild country, a vast and varied sweep of palm-fringed coast dotted with lazy fishing villages and remote, exotic trading ports. This is Mexico's western coast, virtually untamed and only now beginning to open up to tourism. Jaguars roam the jungles, alligators bask in the swamps, strange colorful birds fly overhead. There are few railroads, airstrips or telephones. The local citizens, a happy lot, survive comfortably on very little work. The land is a well-stocked larder of edible fruit and game, and the hot blue seas teem with crab, lobster, sailfish and other gastronomic delights.

"My God, it's a tropical paradise!" exulted John Wald when he saw it. He was from Newark, New Jersey, which is neither tropical nor, by any stretch of imagination, a paradise. He saw no reason why he should live the rest of his life in that grimy city. He decided not to.

He recognized his chance when, at an out-of-the-way fishing town, he heard the owner of a small hotel say he'd like to add some new rooms to take care of more vacationers—but it was too hard to get lumber and furniture delivered to that remote spot. There were roads of a sort

TRUE

"It's a new gadget developed by the Army. Anytime you want to call me at the office, just pull this little pin!"

serving the region, plied by a few courageous buses and mail trucks, but there was little in the way of general delivery service. John Wald promptly flew home to Newark, made arrangements to sell his business, hopped into the newest of his three trucks and drove it back to Mexico.

Today he has five trucks traveling the bumpy, rutted, sometimes rain-swamped roads of the western Mexican coast. He drives one of his trucks himself. Nobody is in a hurry in this easygoing region, and he often parks his truck somewhere in the mountains or forests or along the shore, halfway through a delivery, and takes a day or two off to hunt and fish. Or he rides along with one of his Mexican drivers, has himself dropped along the route with camping gear and hunts until the truck comes back on its return leg.

John Wald's home at Guadalajara, where he lives with a charming Mexican wife and two sons, sports a magnificent jaguar-skin rug—a beast he shot himself. The effect is one of sumptuous wealth. "Actually I'm not rich in dollars," he once told an impressed visitor. "But, you see, the things you'd need money for in other places are free here. I didn't have to go on a thousand-dollar vacation to bag this *tigre*. In terms of the things I want out of life, I'm a million times richer than I was back there in Newark, New Jersey."

Jim Thompson, formerly of New York, tells much the same story. While doing U.S. military service in the East, he happened to drift one day into the city of Bangkok, Thailand. He was fascinated by its slow-moving, relaxed quality and its undercurrent of mystery. He was also fascinated by its silk industry. Hand craftsmen were weaving silk in the same way their ancestors had weaved it for hundreds of years. They couldn't turn it out fast enough. The world market for silk seemed to be huge and growing bigger all the time as nations and clothing fashions grew richer.

Jim Thompson took his military discharge in Thailand, invested his back pay in a couple of modern hand looms and founded the Thai Silk Company. Working at the new looms, the weavers he hired could turn out twice as much product per day as they could with their ancestral methods. Thompson hunted importers to sell his silk in the U.S., Europe, Australia, Hong Kong. The Thai Silk Company prospered with sales topping the million mark in 1965, and Jim Thompson now lives a kind of life he could never have hoped for in New York.

His house in Bangkok, where he lives as a bachelor, is built of massive teak timbers which he salvaged from old abandoned Siamese homes. It's decorated with Siamese art—a collection that would fetch a fortune if he chose to sell it in the U.S. Like Harry Wendall in Teheran, he has household help so cheap that it's almost free. At night he gives elegant Siamese-style dinner parties, shows off his art collection and blesses the day he left New York.

There are happy adventurers in almost every country of the non-communist world. In France there's Bernard Benson, from California, who now gets his cash and kicks by buying quaint old French farmhouses for a song, restoring the outsides, modernizing the insides American-style, and selling them to the moneyed jet set through Previews, Inc., an international real-estate outfit. Benson himself, 44, divorced, lives elegantly in an old château.

Yes, the world today seems to be America's oyster. Sometimes the newspaper headlines give the impression that everybody overseas hates us, but the impression isn't correct. Headlines are made by rioting crowds stoning embassies. Yet while rocks are crashing through a U.S. embassy's window, other, calmer citizens of that same country may be quietly helping American adventurers get rich.

Many nations like American ideas so well that they buy one-fourth or more of their imports from the United States. Japan, for instance. Of the entire $7.9-billion shoveled out by the Japanese in 1964 to buy goods from other countries, 29 percent went to the U.S. In the same year, India bought 38 percent of its imports from America. Turkey: 29 percent. Egypt: 30 percent. Venezuela: 53 percent.

In some nations the "American" label on a product or service has become a kind of status symbol. Many foreigners believe that, if Americans have had a hand in producing a widget, it's the best widget you can get—the same kind of premium-quality assumption we sometimes make about English raincoats or German beer.

It's even possible to go into some countries with an American product and sell it for a higher price than competing products, simply because it's American. An Iowa man named George P. Nissen found this out in 1963. He was in the business of making trampolines and other gymnastic equipment. Reasoning that Europeans were living higher than ever before and hence might be worried about physical fitness, Nissen decided on an overseas venture. He got permission to display his products in a sporting-goods show at the U.S. Trade Center in Frankfurt. His trampoline was priced $125 above other trampolines in the West German market, yet he sold $11,000 worth during the one-month show and now does business throughout the Common Market.

Want to try the gambit yourself? It isn't easy, true. Yet hundreds of men have done it. If you want that distant pot of gold, if you're hounded by a dream of faraway places, the world is waiting for you.

But how do you start? Well, you can start simply by visiting a foreign country and seeing what's there. That's what trucker John Wald did in Mexico. A less risky way is to get a job that will take you overseas. If you already work for a big company that does business overseas, you may be able to get yourself transferred abroad. Many companies stipulate that you must stay on your job abroad for a year or 18 months or lose certain financial benefits. This time could be well spent in surveying the situation in the foreign country before you make your move.

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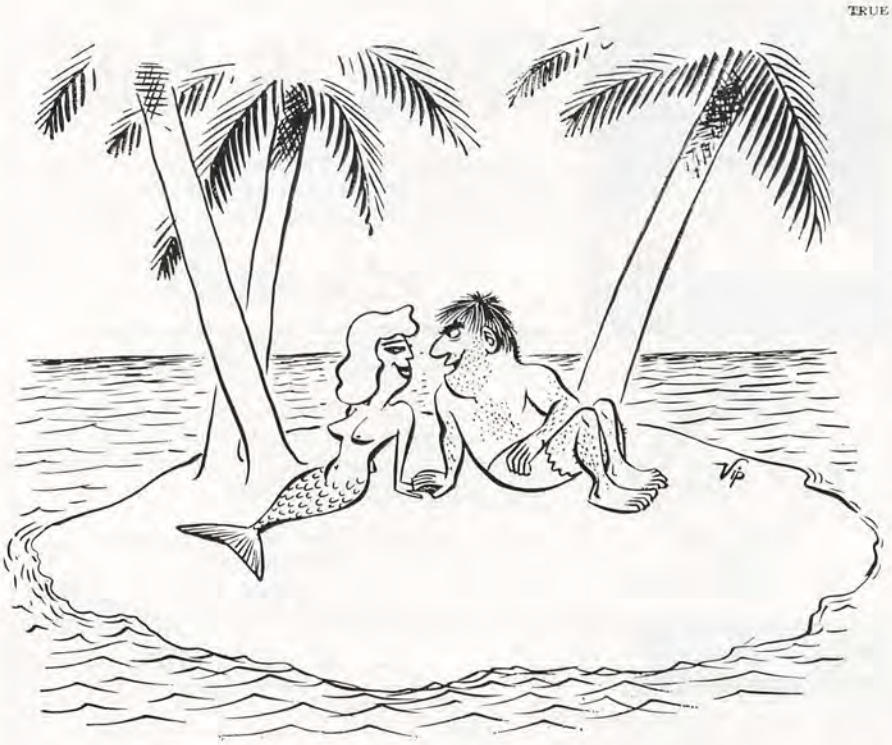


**"Your place or mine?"**

Europe and Latin America particularly are full of American adventurers who were shipped there by big companies, saw opportunities, quit their jobs and went into business on their own. Albert Bildner, for instance, was sent to Brazil by the Crown Cork Company in 1957, noted that it was hard to buy good Scotch whisky in that country, quit his job in 1959 and started an enterprise of bottling Scotch. He nearly went bankrupt the first year, but now he's the biggest independent Scotch bottler in all Latin America.

Another gambit is to let the U.S. government foot the bill for your first look around overseas. Jim Thompson of Bangkok got his start this way. He was a serviceman, but you can go over as a civilian too. Federal agencies employ more than 100,000 civilians overseas, in all kinds of jobs required by the complex business of government. For 10 cents you can get a booklet called *Federal Jobs Overseas* from the Superintendent of Documents (Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402). The booklet tells what jobs are available where, how to get more information, where to apply.

Or you can go at it the other way around. Maybe you already have an idea for a business that you think might turn a profit for you in some foreign country. You want help in estimating your probable chances of success, getting the business established. There are many sources of help that you can consult in this country, before you ship out and sink your savings into the venture.

You'll find help in banks, for instance. Almost any bank in any medium-sized U.S. city has contacts overseas. Those that don't have their own foreign operations usually maintain close working relationships with banks that do—big international ones such as the Chase Manhattan. If you want dope on the likelihood of running a TV repair shop in Turkey, there's a man somewhere in one of those banks who knows all about the Turkish TV-service industry.

Another good source is the U.S. Department of Commerce, which has branch offices in most U.S. cities. Through the Bureau of International Commerce, its overseas arm, the Department of Commerce will give you a lot of help for nothing. BIC is interested in improving the U.S. balance of payments—that is, seeing that the money flowing into the U.S. for goods and services equals or exceeds the money going out. Thus BIC is in business to help you if your proposed business idea involves (1) selling American-manufactured products in a foreign country or (2) running any kind of business abroad in which you use American supplies or raw materials.

Still another way to find your overseas adventure is to sign up for a franchise deal—a deal in which for an investment some big company will set you up in your own business, selling its product or service. For instance, the A & W Root Beer Co. of Santa Monica, California, offers franchises to men who want to set up their own A & W snack shops. Most of these ventures are in the U.S., but there are some overseas. And the overseas entrepreneurs are among the most successful of all 2,500 A & W franchiseholders. "It seems to be a matter of competition," says John Osterman, headquarters executive in charge of foreign franchises. "If you want to sell root beer and hamburgers in an American town, you're bound to have competition. But if you sell this kind of American-style snack in a foreign city, you may be the only guy in a thousand miles who sells it. You've got the market to yourself."

Al Lieboff, a man from Nevada, opened an A & W snack shop in the city of Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, in December, 1963. On his opening day, so many Malaysians came around to sample his American-type treats that special police had to be detailed to handle the traffic jam. Before sundown that day Lieboff sold 800 hamburgers, 600 hot dogs, 60 gallons of root beer and 40 gallons of grape drink.

Another American, Wilbur Miller, operates three A & W shops on the island of Guam. He started his first in 1961, investing about $20,000 in land and building. According to John Osterman, a typical successful A & W shop in an American city grosses about $150,000 a year. Miller's three gross well over $200,000 each.

"There's one thing you ought to be prepared for, though," says Osterman. "Life isn't as orderly in most foreign countries as it is in the U.S. You'll often find that business is conducted in a damned unbusinesslike way." In Latin America and southern Europe, for instance, people tend to pay their bills only when the mood seizes them. "Bill paying is a thing of the emotions here, not a thing of the arithmetical mind," says one Argentine banker. He tells the story of Frank Jirik, a chemistry teacher from the University of Kansas, who went to Costa Rica around 1950 and started a paint-manufacturing business in an abandoned garage. Jirik had so little capital that he couldn't even supply containers for his paint. His customers had to bring their own cans and bottles. Often they'd take months to pay; and although Jirik sold a lot of paint and eventually moved into a spanking new plant, he always had trouble scraping together enough operating cash. Then, three years ago, a flash flood destroyed his plant. Instantly he was mobbed by his debtors, tears of sympathy streaming from their eyes, overdue bills and dinero clutched in their hands. With this unexpected flood of money, plus help from the Costa Rican government, Jirik rebuilt his plant and is now back in business—and, as before, is having trouble collecting bills.

Governmental red tape is another problem that annoys American adventurers abroad.

One Midwesterner started a small toy-making outfit in France. The French admire American toys and often pay a premium price for them, and he had no trouble getting a foothold in the market. But the paper work required by the government was so huge that it swamped him, and he finally sold out in disgust to a Frenchman who was more used to the country's bureaucracy. Another American adventurer, in Italy, started a telephone answering service, a common idea in the U.S. but virtually unknown in Europe. The infant business was just getting onto its feet when the government-owned telephone agency stomped on it. No private businessman may make money from any telephone service in Italy, the government inspector said. "But I'm not competing with you guys!" howled the American. "You don't offer any phone-answering service." The government man shrugged. He was sorry, but it was the law. The American must close his business.

Many other kinds of difficulties can arise to clobber the U.S. adventurer

abroad. Some countries (Brazil, for instance) welcome foreign entrepreneurs, figuring that any new business means more jobs and more money for the local citizens; but many others—crowded countries like Switzerland, for example—tend to unreel red tape to entangle the foreign adventurer and keep him out. You may also run into problems with money: problems of getting it into the country and back out (if you want it out) on your own terms.

"My advice is simple," says the BIC's James Murrin. "For God's sake, study the country before you risk your money in it. Read the books, talk to the experts. Go to the country and poke around. And before you finally take the plunge, hire a good local business lawyer."

Yes, there are risks. But an adventure would hardly be an adventure if there weren't. "It's like playing poker," says John Wald down in Mexico. "You take a small risk, you get a small pot. You take a bigger risk, and—well, here I sit. I've got the western Mexican coast, the biggest pot I ever dreamed of."

That's an adventurer talking. Here's another: a tall, dark-haired, jovial man named Harold Toppel, formerly of New Jersey. "I was scared when I left Jersey," he says. "Scared blue. But this kind of scare every man ought to have. It wakes you up, makes you live!"

Toppel was working for a supermarket chain called National Grocery Co., when, at the age of 30, he went to Puerto Rico for a vacation. The lush tropical isle grabbed him hard. While indulging in his three favorite pastimes—golf, boating and tennis—he was clobbered by two thoughts at once:

(1) Wouldn't it be great if a man could stay on this sunny isle all his life, enjoy these sports all year round?

(2) Would the Puerto Ricans be ready for a supermarket?

At the time, almost all Puerto Ricans bought their groceries from small neighborhood stores called *colmados*—meagerly stocked, flyspecked little places. But Puerto Rico was busily luring in new industry and creating new jobs, and it seemed to Toppel that many island dwellers could now afford better fare, if somebody would come around and offer it to them. Toppel elected himself for the job.

He went back to the States, quit his job, gathered together some of his savings, borrowed money from his brothers and a bank, returned to the island and built something most Puerto Ricans had never seen before: a small but typical American-style supermarket, clean, shiny, well-stocked. This, the first Pueblo Supermarket, opened in the city of San Juan in 1955.

The islanders liked the idea. And in the decade since then, as Puerto Rico's economic growth has continued to boost the average man's income, Harold Toppel's Pueblo Supermarkets have spread throughout the island. There are now 14 of them, and more are planned for the future. Harold ("Pueblo Hal") Toppel, now in his early 40's, is a young tycoon with a luxurious home overlooking the sea, a boat for leisurely cruises among the Caribbean islands, a plane for faster island-hopping and all the tennis, golf and tropical sunshine he can use. Says he: "The day I quit my Stateside job was the best day of my life. I've never done anything smarter."

Yes, friend, you can get rich overseas as well as having a magnificent adventure. Rich, hell. You can dream of becoming a millionaire, a multimillionaire. The world is wide open for Americans with Yankee know-how and ideas and guts.

Like Bernard Cornfeld, for instance. He's a quiet, chunky man from Brooklyn, New York, now in his late 30's. Fifteen years ago hardly anybody outside Brooklyn had ever heard of him or seemed likely to. He was an ordinary guy with ordinary finances and ordinary prospects. His life was medium-dull. He was nobody.

Then, in 1953, he shipped over to Europe as a salesman for a mutual fund. His job was to sell shares of the fund, mostly to American GI's, but while doing his job he kept his eyes and ears open. He made contacts with European securities dealers, bankers, financial operators. He also talked to European men-in-the-street. Their incomes were rising; they were growing more and more eager to invest their spare cash in the glamorous, world-famed industries of America.

In 1956 Cornfeld took the plunge, quit his job and opened a small, independent sales agency of his own to peddle U.S. mutual-fund shares to Europeans. Through sheer hard work he forced the business to grow, pushed its salesmen into other parts of the world, eventually into more than 100 countries. Money poured in. He teamed up with other foreign interests, bought banks and insurance companies, even founded a mutual fund of his own. Today, 10 years after he plunged, he runs a financial complex whose tentacles encircle the globe. His headquarters are in Geneva, Switzerland, the country whose banks keep secrets. He owns a Swiss castle, a Lancia sportscar and several million dollars. Bernard Cornfeld of Brooklyn, not yet 40 years old, is an international tycoon.

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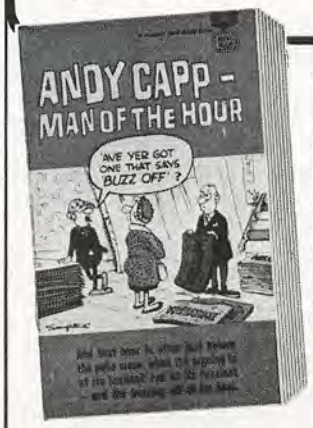


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## 409 MPH—ON A GOLDEN SHOESTRING

[*Continued from page* 47]

to work. If no other sponsors were found, he would carry the load himself.

As Hurst drove away, Bob silently handed the check to Bill. They were in business.

Later Hurst helped bring Chrysler back, this time with its new hemi-head racing engines. The brothers now had the power and two-thirds of the money they needed. Near the end of the year, Mobil Oil took the remaining one-third financial share, with a commitment to supply fuel and lubricants. The package was neatly tied.

As construction of Goldenrod proceeded, a comparison with Britain's late Donald Campbell, who held the land-speed title with his Bluebird, was inevitable. "Are you sure Campbell started this way?" The question became a standing joke, but to the brothers it was hollow. Campbell had reportedly spent $3 million on his car, and everything had been done first class. Goldenrod was being built in a converted roadside vegetable stand, 15 by 44 feet—scarcely space for the brothers and their small crew to squeeze by the developing car, let alone do any work.

There was no possibility of moving to more suitable quarters. The budget didn't allow for spending a nickel more than absolutely necessary. Besides, there was no time to move, with the racing season coming up. Bob formed the habit of starting his day at 2 a.m., when there were no interruptions, and working through until 5 p.m. Bill began at a normal morning hour and worked into the late evening. Because it was impossible to lock the building tight, Bob sometimes slept in the shop with a shotgun lying within easy reach.

One stifling mid-July day, a month from the car's scheduled completion, Bill, coordinating business affairs, looked up from his books. "Bob, we're broke," he announced.

Unforeseen expenses had pushed up the costs, and now a team of highly paid metal workers was on overtime, rushing to complete the body. Bill had already cut off the modest checks which had fed the brothers and paid their rent. Their two full-time assistants had agreed to wait for their money, but the metal men and some of the parts suppliers could not be put off.

Backer Hurst eased the problem with an immediate $5,000. Mobil promised $5,000 the day the car ran. Hurst's money kept work going, and a test at the end of August on the Riverside Raceway, not far from the Summers' construction shop, proved the car would run, thus clearing the way for the much-needed Mobil installment.

Now it was the first day of September, and Bob and Bill Summers and Goldenrod stood on the Bonneville salt. Mountains rimmed the horizon, but what the brothers saw in the distance was the record. Donald Campbell had averaged 403.1 mph. for his double run. According to the rules, Bob *had* to drive at least one percent faster—just over 407 mph.—to set a new record.

With a little luck he was sure he could do more. He had the power—and a shape for the car that would offer the least wind resistance. Walter Korff, an expert in aerodynamics, had worked with Bob on the skin design, and Korff had fed the results of wind tunnel tests on a scale model through a computer. It put the theoretical top speed at near 500 mph.

To reach that, of course, Bob would need every revolution of his four engines, each capable of turning out more than 600 horsepower at 7,000 rpm. The Chrysler hemi V-8's had been equipped with specially designed fuel injection and dry sump lubrication systems, both required to shoehorn the power plants into the cramped space available. Otherwise, the engines were closely related to those used in stock-car races.

While the crew readied Goldenrod, the brothers discussed the plan for the first run. Bob said he would hold the four engines down to 3,000 rpm., enough for about 215 mph. in fourth gear. This speed would let him test handling stability and feel out the intricate shift. The car had two transmissions, each linked to two engines, and the gears had to be changed simultaneously. At the end of the run he could also check out the parachute braking system.

There was really a double braking system. The high-speed setup was based on the parachutes—one 20 feet in diameter and two eight feet. Bob could fire them electrically from the cockpit. Normally only the large chute or the two smaller ones would be used, but the backup arrangement would prevent disaster if one chute failed. The low-speed braking system consisted of disks mounted one in front and one in rear, next to the two final-drive gear cases. In size they were somewhat smaller than those on a sports car, and they were effective only at speeds below 100 mph.

Bob squeezed his way into the narrow cockpit at the tail of the car and slid into the contour seat, which had been tailored around his wiry 160-pound frame. His field of view began at a point a hundred yards in front, and he planned to straddle an oiled black center line on the salt, noting numbered mile markers alongside the course to tell when he had passed the last timing light. Once through the speed mile, he would shut down the engines, pop the chute and coast to a stop.

He had been in this seat a hundred times before, but today was the real thing. For an instant he wondered whether he could remember all the control sequences, then as he slipped his feet onto the pedals, he knew he was in familiar territory. Hands reached in to cinch his harness and snap the hatch in place. He was alone. The smell of hot metal mixed with the stink of fuel filled the poorly vented cockpit, and he found it hard to breathe. Under his flameproof driving suit he could feel the sweat trickling down his back. His helmet was ringed by steel tubing, permitting only limited head movement. Fastened in, he was a prisoner, capable of moving only arms and legs.

"Let's go," he shouted impatiently. Bill eased their station wagon up to Goldenrod and nudged it forward to push-start the engines. As Bob released the car's clutch there was a smoky stuttering of exhaust. He pulled away from the push car, shifted to neutral, revved the unmuffled engines—and stopped.

The canopy was opened. Bob sat staring down into the blackness under the hood. "It felt like only three engines," he said. Someone announced that number one hadn't started. The throttle linkage had failed to open its fuel injector.

When the fault was corrected, Bob was off again. The 32 cylinders played a near-deafening symphony, then became muted as the car disappeared down the course.

Chase cars sped to where Bob stopped, six miles away. He was obviously pleased. "I took it to 3,500 rpm., shifted through the gears, and it felt perfect," he said.

Goldenrod's speed for the first trial was 218.66 mph. With good weather and no serious mechanical difficulties, Bob could increase it in easy steps. Perhaps by the end of the week, they would have the record.

It was wild overoptimism. But the brothers' reservation for use of the course would keep it only one more week. After that, they would be caught in a schedule which included runs by two jet cars and a rocket car, various smaller cars, and an elaborate television commercial.

By 4 o'clock that afternoon, Bob was ready for a run at 300 mph. Then the weather changed. Clouds darkened the sky, and what had been a gentle breeze increased to 22 mph. Chief timer Joe Petrali called for a hold. "No runs with a strong crosswind," he said. A sudden gust hitting a fast-moving car could bring instant disaster.

Bob stayed in the cockpit as the wind built to 30, then 40 mph. A light rain began and lightning flickered. "The wind usually drops at sundown," said Bill hopefully. The rain passed, and at 6:33 when the wind had stabilized at 12 mph., Petrali released Goldenrod. The engines screamed, but the speed for the mile was only 244.9—far off the goal of 300.

Bob explained, "I couldn't get it out of second gear, so I held the engines down to 5,500. But it looks like we're in the ball park." Driving nearly 250 mph. in second appeared very much in the game.

That night the car was trucked to its temporary shop, and the crewmen located the trouble in a long shift cable sticking inside its flexible housing. Slowly it was worked free and reinstalled. Bob sat in

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**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**

the car and moved the shift lever through the gears. "Tomorrow," he said. "We try again tomorrow."

Next morning the cable froze once more. A new cable was ordered, but it would take several weeks for delivery. Even with the old one, Bob was ready to continue trying, but rain kept the car in the shop. There, during an engine run-up, inspection revealed potential trouble: distortion in the rubber vibration-damper couplers mounted on the steel drive shafts. Bill rushed them back to Los Angeles for reinforcement. Four days later they were put in place, and Bob revved the engines—4,000, 5,000, 6,000 rpm's. Without warning came a sudden shriek of metal. Two crewmen leaped back, fearing the shrapnel of exploding parts. There was no shrapnel, but the front damper had shattered, and with it a universal joint.

Ray McMahan, a field engineer for Mobil Oil, stepped forward. "Bob, I think you should take the car home and work this out." It was fair advice.

For a long moment Bob made no reply. Their reserved time on the course was gone. From now on they would have to depend on luck, on the kindness of others, for chances to make their runs. There might be other mechanical troubles. But the way to find them was to try Goldenrod, and the place to try it was here. Bob looked at the engineer. "Thanks, Ray," he said, "but I think we'll stay and build new drive shafts."

The order for the special parts was put through, and a week later the brothers got the new shafts. They had been machined a fraction of an inch too short. Another set had to be made. The design now eliminated the troublesome rubber dampers, but the vibrations they were intended to absorb might appear dangerously in the all-steel connections. The name of the game was risk. Bob forced himself not to think of the unpleasant consequences if the shafts gave way during a run.

The new parts were installed, but the course was unfit from the rain. Bob, impatient, studied the stripped-down car. An idea had been growing within him, and now he turned to Pete Dawson, the Chrysler engineer assigned to Goldenrod. "When I step on it," he said, "it doesn't go the way I thought it would. I think there's something up with your engines."

Dawson assured Bob there was nothing wrong with the power plants. But he did suggest larger air scoops to aid the engines at low speeds.

Bob had an additional idea. "How about alcohol for fuel?" he asked.

He was on touchy ground. The basic premise which had drawn Mobil into the project was that Goldenrod would burn premium pump gasoline. A camera crew in New York was at that moment filming a Mobilgas TV commercial, awaiting only the record for its completion.

Dawson was agreeable, but Mobil's McMahan had to be consulted. McMahan realized that alcohol might solve the power problem, and he was also aware that Mobil was in too deep to pull out. The television commercial would have to be rewritten; now it would be Mobil "racing fuel" powering Goldenrod.


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What none of them knew at that point, and would not learn until long after, was that the apparent lack of power was due to the extra poundage which had crept in during construction. Designed for 6,000 pounds, the car actually weighed 8,400.

Unquestionably, the extra load affected the car's power-to-weight ratio, thus limiting acceleration. It also forced the tires deeper into the soft salt, thereby adding rolling resistance, reducing top speed. Bob estimated a loss of 1½ mph. for each 100 pounds above design weight, a potential of 36 extra mph. lost from the top end.

Goldenrod was to be ready for her first test with alcohol fuel on September 16. Late the night of the 15th, a windstorm swept across the salt. At first light, Bob surveyed the course. It was a two-inch-deep lake. Financial pressure set in. Far over their budget, the brothers had personally obligated themselves for each outstanding debt. They owed $10,000 (it would reach $18,000 before they finished). If the worst happened—complete failure—the unpaid bills would take Bob and Bill years to repay.

Bill was convinced that a record would bail them out. They had to stay and take the go-for-broke chance.

On September 25 there was time open on the course, and a run was made—269 mph. Early the next morning after another pass, Bob climbed out of the car. He slid his shoe across the moist salt granules. "It's still slippery," he said. "But I could shift, and the faster I went the more stable the car felt. I think it was the best run yet." Then came the speed over an observer's walkie-talkie—367.

They were within striking distance: they needed 40 mph. more. Plans were made for a record attempt early the following morning. Bob awoke in the predawn black to be greeted by a steady downpour of windblown rain. There was no point in staying around. The brothers took the long, lonely road home with their frustrated racer.

Then, late in October, came a reprieve, a telephone call from Petrali, the chief timer. There was opportunity for a run if they could come at once. In response, the Goldenrod van arrived at the Bonneville flats on October 23. The course varied from reasonably good in the center to soggy and treacherous at the ends. The approaches to the timing traps—5.8 miles on the south end and about five miles from the north—had slushy initial miles which would handicap acceleration from each direction. The conditions were not perfect, but an attempt on the record could be made.

The next morning, observers reported zero wind at each mile post. Bill helped Bob on with his helmet and special respirator. The breathing apparatus was being tried to solve the problem of cockpit air. Fresh air was ducted in, but midway through each run before, the cockpit had filled with fumes, and when Bob stopped, he would be nauseated.

At 8:41 Bob hit the throttle and Goldenrod was away, spewing a rooster tail of salt as the four tires clawed for a bite on the mushy surface. In the timer's shack the speed recorder clicked as the car broke the first light beam. Course observers noted the sequence: "In the mile. Clear of the mile. Parachute open." Petrali's crew calculated the speed: 400.667 for the mile, 405.095 for the kilometer.

"The car was okay but I couldn't breathe," Bob reported calmly after he had stopped. "And my goggles and the windshield kept fogging. I remember reaching up twice to wipe them while I was in the mile."

Despite the breathing difficulty, Goldenrod was made ready for the return run. The one hour permitted between runs ticked away. Tires were checked. The fuel truck pumped in alcohol. The car was set to go with 15 minutes to spare.

Bill nosed the push car against Goldenrod's tail and stepped on the gas. Nothing—his tires spun hopelessly. Goldenrod's wheels had sunk into the wet salt, and the car was bogged down on its aluminum belly. A second car moved in—and spun. The crew rocked and heaved, but not enough. Then someone rigged a tow line to the fuel truck and reluctantly the streamliner broke loose.

There were only three minutes left of the hour. Bob stood on the accelerator pedal, straining for speed. The noise was deafening but he heard nothing; every nerve was alerted to keeping the monster under control. He stole a look at the tachometer as the speed zoomed up in second gear—7,000 rpm., his shift point. Bob felt a shudder and sensed the speed slack off, but he slammed the gear lever to third. He passed into the mile before he had time to change up to fourth. A shift now would cost speed. Then he was beyond the traps and slowing.

As he rolled to a stop, steam poured from the front of the car, and there was a dent in the nose piece.

Bob piled out, shaking his head. "No good," he said. "Something's wrong. It felt like I put the brakes on."

The official speed confirmed his suspicions: 368 for the mile, 365 for the kilometer. He had been decelerating through the clocks.

Something indeed was wrong. The nose dent was minor, caused by metal expansion. More serious, a left front wheel bearing had burned out. Then the worst was discovered: the special power transfer gears between the two front engines had failed—and there were no spares. Furthermore, when the gears let go, the number two engine had overrevved and destroyed itself.

There was nothing to do but drive the 700 miles back to California.

On November 2, Craig Breedlove set off a remarkable chain of events at the Bonneville salt beds by averaging a record 555 mph. in his jet car, "Spirit of America." Immediately afterwards, Art Arfons arranged a new record attempt for his jet, "Green Monster." Both men were friends of Bob and Bill Summers.

The telephone rang in the brothers' home shop. It was Arfons. "I've got a week on the salt beginning November 7," he said. "If you can get up here, you can share time with me."

Goldenrod was a long way from ready, but Bob and Bill swung into continuous labor, and on the morning of November 11 they unloaded the car on the salt flats. For this try there was a firm time limit—the 13th. Breedlove was due back the day after that for a shot at the 576-mph. record which Arfons had set on his first attempt.

The car was moved at once onto the course. At 12:50, Bob made his first timed pass. The cockpit air was foul, and again his windshield fogged over, but it was a good run: 400 in the mile, 404 in the kilometer. During the turnaround inspection Bob placed his hand on the left rear hub and jerked it away in pain. Both rear wheel bearings had burned out.

Fortunately, the bearings could be replaced the same day. Chief timer Petrali, wise in the ways of Bonneville cars, told them to forget factory specifications. "Set the bearings looser," he said. "You're only interested in 25 miles of driving, not 100,000."

Next morning the car was pushed to the starting line under gloomy skies that spat brief sprinkles. Then Bob was off. The rpm. needle inched past 7,000 in third gear as he thundered into the time traps. He stayed on the throttle, flashing past the marker at the end and going automatically into the shutdown procedure: kill the engines, punch the chute button. The canopy billowed behind him and the car yawed violently before he was back in control. He coasted five miles.

When Bob stopped, an official handed him a note with the speed and asked him not to reveal it. Bob studied the figure keenly. He was aware that it was course policy not to make an announcement until the final average when a record appeared imminent. Goldenrod was halfway there.

But the Summers crew had already caught the speed: Bob had hit 412.7 in the mile, 409.2 in the kilometer. He had actually reached a top of 417 mph.

The sun broke through just as Goldenrod was buttoned up for her return trip. "Maybe it's a sign," said Bill. With five minutes to spare, the car was off. Her engines ran cleanly, and the shifts sounded smooth.

At the end of the run Bob stayed in the cockpit, waiting for the official speed. This time Petrali arrived personally with the figures. He showed them to Bob first, then announced two new records: "An average of 409.277 in the mile, 409.695 in the kilometer."

Bob struggled out of the car, but before he hit the ground he was hoisted onto the crew's shoulders and waltzed around for cameramen. Bill looked up at his brother. They had done it. It was like a dream, but they had done it.

Donald Campbell's record had been broken at a fraction of the Briton's cost. Final accounting set the total expenditures for Goldenrod at $108,000.

From England, Campbell expressed his feelings: "I have unbounded admiration for any man who can design, build and drive an automobile at any speed in excess of 400 mph."

Campbell, who felt his Bluebird capable of 500 mph., loomed as the only challenger to the Summers record. Then Campbell was killed early this year when his hydroplane flipped and sank while he was trying to set a new speedboat mark.

Nowadays, Bob and Bill Summers are hoping to cash in on their fame with a line of race car parts they are developing. They would like backing for another run to raise the record, but unless someone else tops the Goldenrod's speed, the Summers brothers may retire as undefeated champions. **—Wayne Thoms**

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## THE FORGER WITH THE HONEST FACE

[*Continued from page* 61]

this business. We see them all in here—the brides-to-be, businessmen picking gifts for their women, girl friends hoping to stick some guy for a bracelet, even crooks. But I generally have them pegged by the time they get through the door."

Lawton pursed his lips in admiring amazement. "Could you tell I'd been pushing cosmetics with Revlon for 27 years, too?"

Hendrickson laughed, and the two men began to swap salesmen's stories and to talk business. It was some time before the jeweler got to shoving the sales slip forward. Lawton glanced at it and reached into his pocket. "I've got an expense-account check here," he explained. "Can you take this for the clock and give me the rest in cash? I took a customer out last night and that finished my ready money."

Hendrickson looked at the check. It was made out for $97.66, a likely amount, and the company's trademark was on it, along with the official imprint of the company comptroller. It was obviously what it was supposed to be—an expense-account check. But Hendrickson was a careful man. "Have you some identification?" he asked.

His customer flipped open a wallet to show credentials complete with photograph, identifying him as a sales representative of Revlon. Hendrickson nodded and turned the check over. "You forgot to endorse it," he said chidingly.

Lawton patted his coat. "I'm afraid I've forgotten my pen. Do you have one?"

The jeweler produced a ball-point, and "John Lawton" was scrawled with a flourish. The price of the clock was deducted, and the change counted out into Lawton's stubby fingers. With a

cheerful "Good luck," he departed with his purchase.

The next day the check bounced, a fact soon known a few blocks away at FBI headquarters. Agents examined the check. It was beautiful—a piece of art, and duly appreciated. "This can only be the work of Courtney Townsend Taylor," said one of the men, in something approaching awe. "Nobody else makes bad checks this good."

A second agent disagreed. "It can't be Taylor. He's in Alcatraz." Then both men did a slow take. One picked up the phone and dialed the Bureau of Prisons.

As he absorbed the answer to his question, he scowled. Even before he hung up he was reporting to his fellows: "Taylor was released two weeks ago."

It was August, 1962, and the FBI's most wanton check forger was loose with his pen again. In his specialty Taylor was the FBI's number one nemesis, and he had held that distinction for 20 years. The Bureau's file on Taylor, when stacked, was itself almost file high. It held the record of not only every move he had ever made, but also formed a sound basis for predicting every move he was going to make. Proud of his craft, Taylor had once been unwise enough to write a book while in prison. The title he selected, *Business and Applied Advertising*, was innocent enough to give him hope of slipping the manuscript past prison scrutiny on his release, but an official had taken one look at what was really a textbook on forging and passing checks and seized it. Now it told the FBI how Taylor would operate—but not where. Knowing all about Taylor wasn't catching him.

Taylor was proof that a man can become a great success if he is willing to work hard and learn. The forger had made plenty of mistakes. From the conventional point of view, the first came when he was 20 and living in his home town of East Hartford, Connecticut. At that time he swiped a check from a neighbor's mailbox to finance a trip to California. The whole process was ridiculously easy. He merely forged an endorsement, went to the bank and cashed the check. He got away with that mistake, but the next year, 1929, found him behind bars in Ohio for auto theft. Paroled, he returned to stealing checks and forging signatures, but what for a while had seemed a promising career then ran into difficulties. From 1931 to 1943 Taylor was in one prison after another for forgery or theft of checks from the mails.

To Courtney Townsend Taylor the lesson that came through was this: he must find a better way to obtain checks than by stealing them. Forging signatures was only part of the technique required for a successful operation. He had to be able to make complete checks plausible in appearance. Having worked out this decision in prison, Taylor expressed a wish to learn the printing trade and was obligingly assigned to the prison type shop. There he practiced until he became a master printer.

But during a short period of freedom in 1943 he found that even this method of producing checks had its drawbacks. Without a shopful of equipment he couldn't turn out the work of a commercial check printer. He made this discovery when he was picked up again, and, of course, sent back to prison. Out in 1950, he tried a new system he had developed, whereby legitimate printers would duplicate for him in good faith the checks of leading American corporations.

Despite the efficiency of this system, however, within 10 months the FBI caught both him and the check-passing gang he had organized. Off he went to prison once more, to spend another decade reflecting on his mistakes.

As his reputation had grown, every FBI agent who had ever had any contact with Taylor had developed a story about him. "Remember that time. . . ." was the usual opener. In Chicago Taylor had hit every other store on one side of a downtown street. On his next trip through the city he took the alternate stores he'd missed the first time.

There was the yarn about the Alka-Seltzer check. In St. Paul, sometime in 1952, Taylor presented a phony check on the makers of the remedy to a shopkeeper for a small item. After the proprietor had made change, he said, "I got something you might like to see." He fumbled under the counter and brought out another check, explaining, "This is a bogus Alka-Seltzer check a fellow passed here back in 1943." Taylor was fascinated. He'd passed it himself.

According to another story, one morning about 11 o'clock Taylor presented a phony check to a store manager, who okayed it and handed him $75 cash. Two hours later, Taylor entered what he thought was another place and was confronted with the same manager. To his dismay he realized the store was L-shaped, with two entrances. Undaunted, the forger spread his biggest smile and let go. "You know, when I went home from lunch today I found another expense check waiting for me. Since you were so courteous this morning, I thought I'd impose on you for this one, too. Not easy to get a check cashed, you know."

It was for Taylor. He cashed that one and many, many more—totaling hundreds of thousands of dollars. He hit one store in Buffalo so often that the place had a $600 investment in him. Yet, in the last 21 years, Taylor had been out of prison only 29 months altogether.

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in Washington that the grinning, cocky, con-wise crook was on the loose once again, the FBI's vast machinery rolled into action. Wanted posters were printed by the ream, all with face shots and a description: 54 years old, medium height, heavy build, gray-brown hair well on its way back, hazel eyes, ruddy complexion, small scar on left wrist, cupid with "Jerry" tattooed on the right forearm.

Cops everywhere in the country were notified. Credit bureaus and merchants' associations were sent a full rundown on Taylor and his modus operandi. FBI agents zeroed in on his former haunts, then, sorrowfully, took up his paper trail. He was not hard to follow. The same day he took jeweler Hendrickson, Taylor hit nine other Washington stores, skipped to Baltimore and passed 10 more checks. The next paper appeared in New Haven, Connecticut, where a dozen merchants felt the pinch of another day of Taylor's work. Then the trail stopped.

Where was Taylor?

He was in a Chicago motel taking a breather, and for Taylor, breathers always came in a bottle. He was trying, at the rate of a fifth or more a day, to make up for the alcoholic abstinence of prison. Lounging and swilling in a well-appointed room, he chatted with his most recent accomplice, Charlie Russell, a shriveled-up 31-year-old who'd spent most of his adult life in prison. At Alcatraz, during his last five-year term, Russell had become a disciple of Taylor's, and gave due respect to the opinions and the advice of the master.

For Taylor the relationship was ideal. Although Russell passed an occasional check, he acted mainly as chauffeur, manservant and companion. Whatever his faults, he was a good listener. Now Taylor was calming his follower's worries. "Russ, don't fret about the FBI. I've made sure they know everything I'm gonna do—and they still won't catch me."

To Russell that assurance was pure magic. Still, there seemed a flaw in the master's argument. "Sure, Court, but the feds got you twice before. . . ."

Taylor smiled tolerantly, as to a retarded child, and took another swig of neat rye. "That was their big mistake. I know exactly how they did it each time, and it ain't gonna happen again—I guarantee it. For instance—" Taylor emptied his glass and refilled it "—when passing a check, the address you use on your phony identification cards is vital. If you are the least bit careless, the feds'll get you. That's how they did it in 1943. I made the mistake then of living at the same address I used on the i.d. cards. Nobody remembered the street but one guy hung onto the house number. The feds checked all the Seattle streets with a '1904' address. They got me at 1904 Minor Street."

Taylor was warming to his subject. "Another mistake in address wiped out my boys in 1951—Newhouse, Loveless and the rest. I had a big operation then, with a half-dozen guys passing checks for me. One of them used a phony house number for some street in Newport, Rhode Island. The guy who cashed the check got suspicious. He lived on the same street and thought the number was too high. He hollered for the cops, and that cooked the boys. Not me, though."

Russell was enthralled. "How did you get away?"

"Simple. I was working down the street and the cops missed me. Point is, the address did the fellows in. I learned. Now I go around a town till I find a vacant house—not a vacant lot or a nonexistent number, but an actual house. I find out who used to live there, then I say I'm the former resident's brother or uncle. When I'm passing checks, I ask the store managers if they know my brother-in-law. They fall for it every time."

Charlie Russell nodded wisely, absorbing this golden knowledge. Then he frowned. "I thought the feds caught you in '51, too. Was that after the boys were picked up?"

Taylor's face froze. "It was after," he said shortly. "And it was a mistake I won't make again. I was using another plan then. I'd pass one company's checks for eight consecutive days before switching to a second company. That was too long. It gave the FBI a chance to tell everybody to look for a guy passing these particular checks. Even so, I got all the way down to Mobile before anyone called the cops." Taylor took a long drink as if to drown his sorrow, then the big grin returned. "But I know how to get around that problem. When I leave Chicago, I'll have checks for six different companies. I'll use the checks from one company in one town on one day, then another company's checks in another town the next day. Six different checks in six towns in six days. Then repeat. Let's see the G-men figure that out."

He was to be proved right. There would be no way for agents to alert store owners effectively to the company checks being passed by Taylor. The FBI was forced to issue cautions against so many different checks in so many places that the broadside warning became ridiculous.

Taylor's technique for obtaining his supply of checks was unrivaled. He made what might be called "legitimate forgeries." The first step was to get hold of appropriate check paper. Taylor preferred bank safety paper, which is not supposed to be routinely available. It was to Taylor. He would enter a top-rank stationery store in the role of an advertising executive for some well-known local corporation. He'd explain to the salesman that his company wanted to print guarantees to accompany its products, and he needed advice about suitable paper. It had to be distinctive, he said, with a solid feel of integrity to it. Without fail, the salesman would suggest bank safety paper, and Taylor let himself be pushed into buying it.

Next he would drop in at a small printing shop, posing as the crew manager for a promotion unit of the company whose checks he wanted to copy. His story was that he had a half-dozen men conducting a sales campaign in town, and they'd run out of special contracts.

Opening his briefcase, he brought out a handwritten copy of the contract. The upper portion consisted of a form in the same design as the company's legitimate check; below was this sales agreement:

"In consideration of the attached voucher for $..... I hereby agree to increase my purchases of your products by 25 percent above my purchases for the period ———. It is further agreed that I will not cut-rate these products."

Taylor paid in advance for the printing job, left his supply of bank safety paper and returned in a day or two to pick up his contracts. Back in his room, he trimmed the bottoms off with an ordinary paper cutter, to leave check forms missing only a bank's name and the various check numbers. These details would be taken care of by another printer. In the second shop, Taylor announced himself as the district sales manager for the firm identified on the checks. He even passed out samples of the company products—which he actually bought for the purpose. He said he was setting up a branch office in town. A local account had been opened and he needed company checks imprinted with the name of the bank. Hauling out his hoard of authentic-looking blanks, he asked the printer to run off on them, usually in red ink, the name of the bank, its identifying transit number and the long number of the account. This job never took very long and Taylor waited for it, chatting away with the printers to make sure they didn't call up the bank and ask questions. As further insurance, he passed around a pint of whisky. He once explained, "I've never known a printer to refuse a drink."

When Taylor left the shop, he had a bundle of checks that could have come straight from a home office. All he had left to do was to type in a payee and a date, stamp in the amount with an ordinary checkwriter—and add a validating "machine-made" signature. Taylor had worked out a system for giving a handwritten signature the mass-produced appearance of the signature on a large-corporation check. He cut a small rectangular hole in an index card, and across the hole he taped down a piece of multigraph inked ribbon. Placing the ribbon over the signature line of a check, he scrawled a phony name through it with a hard stylus. The effect as shown on the check was exactly as though the name had been stamped by the signature machine of a company comptroller.

While the master forger had been arranging in Chicago for his several sets of checks, he had also prepared appropriate identification cards. Again he was exceedingly clever. Doing this printing

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himself on his own portable press, he made four different cards for each company: "official" company credentials, a driver's license (usually from New York or Illinois), a Red Cross card, and an FBI identification card complete with his photo and one of his thumbprints. Both the photo and the thumbprint were on the FBI wanted poster warning the country against him. The poster might well be up beside any cash register that Taylor, in his own way, was trying to rob. But what check casher would expect a man to be so bold as to use his mug shot for credit identification?

The purpose of the multi-identification was to throw off the FBI. A pursuing agent not only could not determine which company checks were to be cashed next, but he could not be sure what identification was to be used. For Taylor rotated his cards and added hunting and fishing licenses, dog licenses and a host of other cards picked up in his travels.

After the stay in Chicago, with his check supply replenished, Taylor was off in earnest. From September till early December, he made a grand tour of the United States in a Cadillac, chauffered by Charlie Russell. They crisscrossed the country from ocean to ocean, hitting virtually every city of 100,000 population and over. From his mistakes Taylor had learned that store managers in small towns were too likely to know which addresses were vacant houses. Breezing into a new city nearly every day, Taylor could collect close to a thousand dollars in two or three hours. He'd hit a store, walk down two blocks, turn a corner and hit another place. The order was random, the stores were unconnected.

Taylor was irresistible to merchants. Sometimes he was the successful salesman, sometimes the corpulent business executive on an extended selling trip. His smile, glib answers, free samples, references to relatives in town, together with his artful checks and "authentic" identification, made him appear a man whose check had to be good. From his talk there could be no doubt he understood the problems of the businessman. He sometimes pointed out that with all the forgers supposed to be around, a man couldn't be too careful with checks. To indicate subtly that he himself was no professional check-pusher, he always borrowed a pen to make his endorsement. He explained why in his unpublished book: "Everybody expects a forger to carry a pen. I never do."

Despite his experience, he made mistakes—and got away with blunders that would have trapped a lesser man. In a Des Moines hardware store, he started to pull out his identification and four checks fell to the floor. The merchant still cashed the one he offered. Another time he made a horrendous goof for several days running. He was using the name Rodney S. Hickson, but he was endorsing his checks "Hickman." He passed several until a merchant finally noticed the discrepancy. "Just what is your name?" the man demanded.

"Rodney S. Hickson."

"My friend, you've endorsed it Hickman. You better get your name straight."

The check wasn't cashed and Taylor left town at once, but there was no sign the merchant had called the police.

Rarely, Taylor was himself taken by his prospective mark. During a raid he made on Chicago, he entered a pawn shop and picked out a secondhand watch, presenting a check in payment. The pawnbroker protested that he was short of cash, and sent Taylor to a check-cashing agency next door. Taylor got his money without difficulty, but as he turned to leave, there was the pawnbroker. "Now I'll sell you the watch," the man said, and he did.

Store precautions had no terror for Taylor. He had his picture taken scores of times by automatic cameras. Why not? The FBI knew his work and what he looked like.

The agents followed his trail of checks persistently—but always a few days behind. Only Taylor knew where he was going, and he was cagey. Every time the agents figured his movements had fallen into a pattern so they could predict where he would arrive next, he changed the pattern.

Taylor's transcontinental tour ended just before Christmas, and he and Russell returned to Chicago to hole up in a hotel for the holidays. They were well fortified with cash and felt they deserved a few days of rest, of solid drinking, of nightclubbing.

But Taylor soon had his mind on more than pleasure. Since his last stay in Alcatraz he had been thinking of a way to spring an inmate from that escape-proof prison. Now he was sure he had the plan. The job would be simple. And it would give him a kind of revenge. He'd make the FBI and the Bureau of Prisons look like asses, and Courtney Townsend Taylor would be proved beyond doubt the greatest forger of all time.

One morning he broached the subject to his companion. "Charlie, how'd you like to see your buddy Roy Drake again?" The choice of bank-robber Drake was purely arbitrary—Taylor couldn't have cared less which prisoner on the island was to be the beneficiary of his cunning.

Charlie Russell was incredulous. "What're you talking about? Roy's got a 60-year stretch. He ain't getting out."

Taylor smiled tolerantly and took a long pull on his bottle. His smugness infuriated Russell. "What're you thinkin'? You gotta tell me."

"You're wrong," Taylor said. Then he leaned forward to confront Russell with a key piece of information. "Drake got only 30 years. The judge reduced his sentence."

Russell was disgusted. "For God's sake, so what? I'm supposed to wait?"

[*Continued on page* 112]


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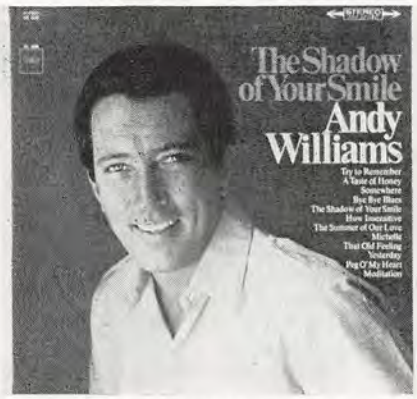


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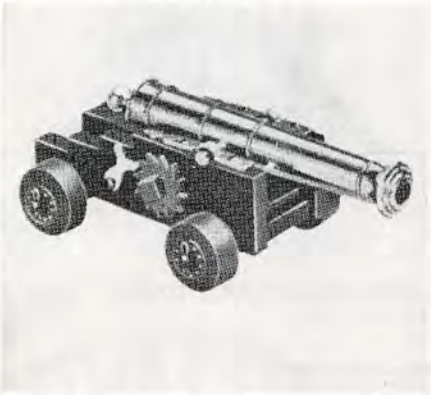

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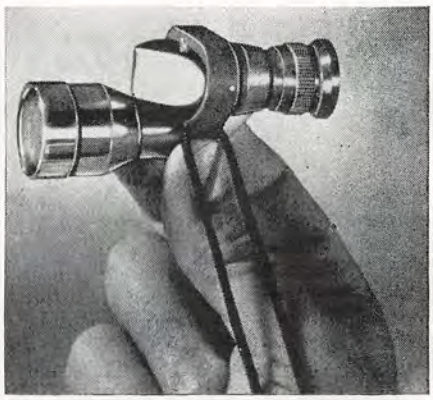

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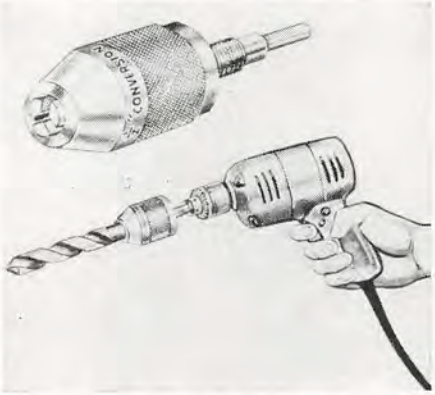

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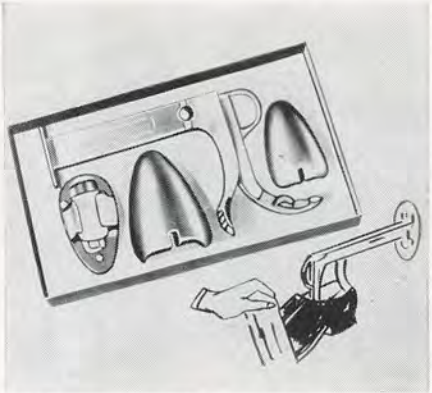

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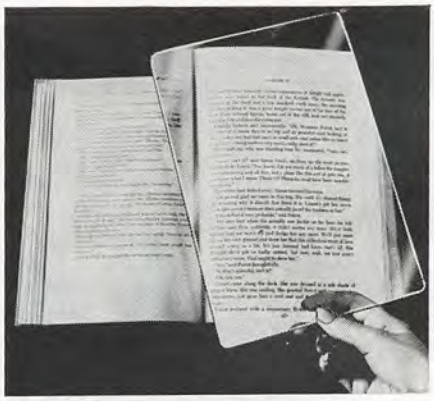

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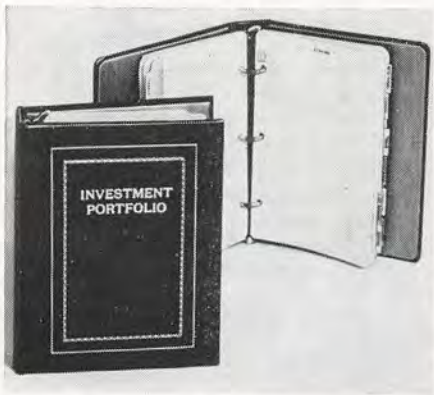


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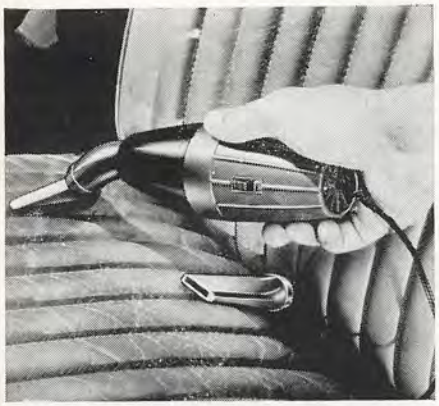

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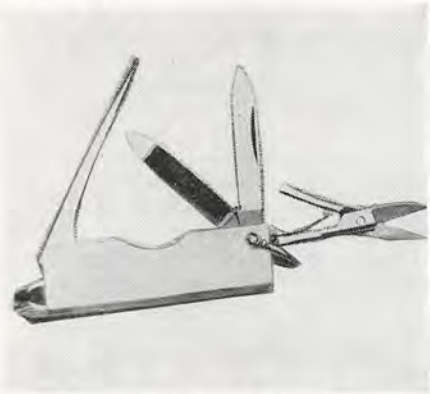

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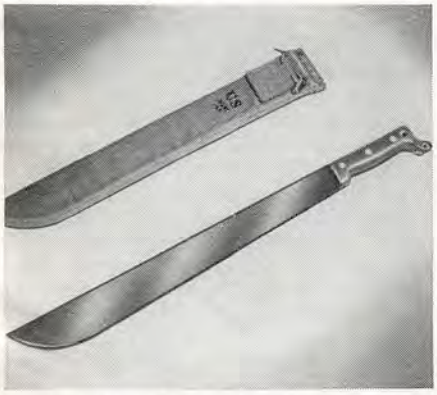

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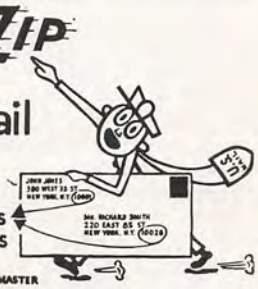


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[*Continued from page* 107]

Annoyed, Taylor snapped, "Listen, boy, don't knock me. I know what I'm doing. I got a copy of the court papers sent to Drake reducing his sentence. There's nothing to them—just a couple plain old letters. I'm gonna write myself a couple like them, and I'm gonna get Drake's sentence reduced a whole lot further."

Russell grunted in disbelief. "That's crazy."

"It is? You listen good. You watch while Courtney Townsend Taylor drives Uncle Sam crazy. I may even empty Alcatraz and start in on Leavenworth."

Briefly Taylor outlined his scheme to Russell. Drake's official notification of reduction in sentence consisted of an "order" and a "memorandum" from a federal judge in the southern district of Indiana, along with a covering letter from the clerk of court to the warden at Alcatraz. These papers gave Taylor all the information he needed, as well as the format of the legal documents.

Forging new papers for a further change in sentence took only a few days. The bond paper used by the court was no problem—Taylor already had a supply. Making rubber stamps for the names of the judge, Cale J. Holder, and the clerk of court, Robert G. Newbold, was easy. The toughest problem was duplicating the court seal which was pressed into the documents to authenticate them. Taylor found a wood carver who made a reasonable facsimile of the seal without asking questions.

The resulting "order," done first with stamps, date, case number and signature, looked absolutely genuine. When Charlie Russell got a look at it, he first snickered, then collapsed on the hotel bed with laughter. "Beautiful, gorgeous," he crowed. "Man, Drake is as good as here. This couldn't be more real if that judge carried it out to Alcatraz himself."

Taylor was pleased, too, although hardly surprised. He prepared a similar "memorandum" from the judge and a covering letter from Clerk Newbold to Warden Olin G. Blackwell at Alcatraz. The letter said: "Enclosed is the order, along with memorandum, entered this date in the case of United States v. Roy Rudolph Drake, alias Jack Hart, IP-56-Cr-85. It is to be noted that the sentence of fifteen (15) years imposed under Count III in Case No. IP-56-Cr-84 remains in full force and effect."

The effect of the Taylor-made documents was to reduce all but one of the sentences against Drake to the time already served. The remaining sentence, under Count III, although apparently calling for a 15-year term, was also nullified because Drake was now eligible for parole on that sentence.

Carbons to be sent directly to Drake were made of all the papers as the court would do. Then Taylor and Russell drove to Indianapolis and mailed the letters, after which they got roaring drunk amid howls of laughter.

"What I like best, Court," said Russell, "is that business about the 15-year sentence remaining in effect."

Taylor grinned. "Yeah, it was a nice touch. Drake ought to be out soon."

At Alcatraz, Warden Blackwell, a veteran prison official, received the forged papers on January 2, 1963 and began processing them as genuine. There was nothing about the change in Drake's sentence to arouse suspicion. Drake's lawyers had already brought action which caused it to be cut in half. A further reduction was not surprising.

But Blackwell was a careful man, and he had set up machinery to check such communications. Thus, a clerk in his office went over the court order as a matter of routine. The name of the prisoner was correct and so was the alias. IP-56-Cr-85 was the case number. Everything seemed okay. Drake was still serving Count III, Case No. IP-56-Cr-86. The clerk looked back at the new order. For Count III it read IP-56-Cr-84. A minuscule error—still. . . .

A less scrupulous officer than Warden Blackwell might have ignored the discrepancy, but he wanted the facts to prove out. Consequently, on January 6, 1963, he wrote to Newbold that "there was an obvious typographical error" in the court order, which he "decided to have clarified before making any changes in Drake's sentence."

The jig was up. When Newbold saw Taylor's papers, he spotted the forgery in a second. The FBI came in and found Taylor's fingerprint on the phony order.

Taylor was not too disappointed when he read of his failure in the papers. Drake's fate was immaterial: it was enough for the master that he had come closest of any man to springing a con "legally" from the impregnable prison. The near miss would solidify his reputation as the world's greatest forger.

But for the FBI, adding the charge of falsifying government documents to the other charges against Taylor was not catching him. Very soon the agents became aware that Taylor had taken off on another check-passing spree.

He had again refined his techniques. The only real weapon the FBI had against him was publicity, and this was stepped up: more posters, more warnings, news bulletins, telecasts. The Bureau wanted to make sure that Taylor would be working in the visibility of a fishbowl. Sooner or later someone would get suspicious.

It was to be later. Spring became summer, and Taylor was still finding it easy to cash his checks, but he was aware of the FBI pressure. It was increasingly possible that somebody would recognize him, despite his having grown a mustache. For the first time he was worried. Still presenting a cocky front, he dreaded the thought of returning to prison. He was in his middle 50's, and had been only six years out of prison since he was 20. That, he felt, wasn't fair. He was entitled not only to make some real money, but to enjoy it in peace. How could he put together a big chunk for retirement? He was no bank robber. Still, banks had the money. There ought to be a way for him to get at it.

By September he had found the way. In Chicago he came across a supply of stolen Bank of America traveler's checks. A man could cash a couple of thousand dollars' worth at a bank in 10 minutes. No forgery was involved—they were real checks.

Taylor paid dearly for them—25 percent of their face value. But he quickly turned a profit. The checks were accepted everywhere. All Taylor had to do was sign his name once on each check in private, and once before a teller, and a bank handed him the money. After he got rolling with the Bank of America checks, he estimated that in a few days he'd have enough to take him to Brazil, from which there was then no extradition, and in swinging Rio de Janeiro he could enjoy the life of wealth.

On October 10, Taylor and his pal Russell reached Superior, Wisconsin. Taylor drove around the town, but he was hesitant. The place was small—less than 40,000 people—and Taylor had made it an inviolable rule to stick to much larger cities. He shouldn't take a chance, but he was in a hurry—the smell of Rio and safety was in his nostrils.

He got out of the car and entered a bank. It accepted his traveler's checks without question. He had the same reception at the next bank. Now Taylor relaxed, and as he walked onto the floor of the First National Bank he figured that with $2,000 here and $2,000 at one more spot, he would have made eight grand in less than an hour. A few more performances like that and he would be on his way permanently.

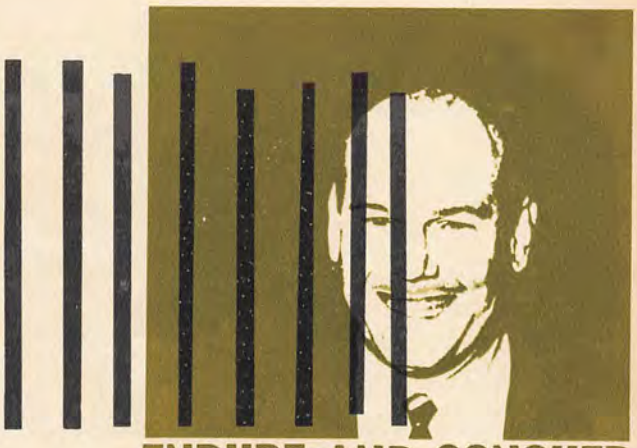
As Taylor was signing his name to the checks and accepting the $2,000 in cash, Harold Hultberg stepped up in line behind him. Hultberg was an employee of the Workers Mutual Savings Bank of Superior who had gone to the First National to pick up some money. Taylor had never heard of him, and Hultberg was aware of Taylor only as the heavyset fellow ahead of him cashing a stack of traveler's checks.

Hultberg transacted his business, then returned to his own bank. As he was passing a teller's cage, he saw the same fat man cashing traveler's checks again and he began to wonder. Who in Superior would have that many traveler's checks? To satisfy his curiosity, Hultberg phoned the First National, which was instantly interested. A call was placed to the Bank of America in San Francisco, and the numbers of the checks Taylor had cashed were read off. In seconds the word came back: stolen. Local cops picked up Taylor and Russell as they were driving out of town.

The FBI men came in, delighted to take custody. Taylor accepted his fate with resignation. His only question was, how long would he have to serve this time? The answer, after a short trial, was 15 years. Charlie Russell got five.

"I guess that ends Taylor," said one agent hopefully as he watched the famed forger being led off on the journey to Leavenworth.

"Don't hold your breath," said another. "He's only 55 now, and he'll get out in 10 years or so. I think we'll have one more go-around with Courtney Townsend Taylor along about 1973. What will he try then?"—**Robert A. Liston**



# ENDURE AND CONQUER

[*Continued from page* 31]
some time after I fell asleep. Nancy said later it was 12:30 a.m. when they departed. Nancy said she did not know whether my wife bolted the Lake Road door behind them. It was frequently left unlocked, mainly to provide access for hospital personnel who came to my home at all hours of the night for consultations on accident cases, or for the maid, who came to work early in the morning.

The next thing I knew, Marilyn was screaming or moaning my name. It was not exactly a scream. I really can't explain it. I jumped off the couch and headed up the stairs. My subconscious reaction was that she was having a convulsive seizure similar to those she had during her first pregnancy. I rushed into the room and several things happened almost simultaneously. I thought I could see a white form—an individual. I heard Marilyn moaning loudly and then some other noises. Then I felt I was struck down from behind, but can't say for sure.

Sometime after that (I have no way of knowing how long), I came to in a sitting position, facing the doorway of the bedroom. I felt an excruciating pain in my neck and I knew I had been injured.

I was fearful for my wife. I got up from the floor, went over to the twin bed, where Marilyn was lying, looked at her and felt her pulse. Everything was hazy and it was difficult to see clearly, but I felt that she was dead. I believe I then rushed into my son Chip's room, adjacent to ours. I wanted to find out if anything had happened to him. I don't know how I determined it, but after seeing him, I came to the conclusion that he was not harmed.

As I came out of Chip's room, I thought I heard a noise downstairs and ran down the stairs as rapidly as I could. It seemed to me that this noise was coming from the front part of the house—the part toward the lake. I turned down on the north section of the stairway and rounded the L-portion of the living room and went toward the dining-room table. At that point, I spotted a figure between the front door of the house and the front door of the porch or slightly beyond that point, perhaps, slightly toward the yard.

I gave chase, but lost sight of this intruder on the stairs heading down to the beach. By the time I got to the landing where the beach house was located, the figure was on the beach. I bolted down the remaining stairs, and tackled this individual from behind. It seemed to me he had a rather large head. Then, I felt as if I had been twisted or choked. That's all I remember.

The next thing I can remember with any clarity at all was returning to consciousness on the water's edge, at the beach. My head was facing toward the bank and my feet were in the water. I had the impression I was being wallowed back and forth by the waves. I dragged myself onto the beach and came to some sort of sensibility. Somehow, I made it up the stairs.

The time element is hard to estimate. I went back up the stairs to the bedroom where Marilyn was. I looked at her and felt for her pulse on her neck. When I touched her, I thought she was gone. It's hard to explain my reaction. I guess I thought I would wake up and find out it was all a horrible, fantastic dream. I'm not sure what I did in the next few moments. I may have gone into other rooms. I may have walked around upstairs. I may have gone back into the room where Marilyn was and looked at her again.

All I know is that eventually I somehow realized that this was, at least momentarily, real. I went downstairs, searching my numbed mind for what to do, where to turn.

"For God's sake, Spen, get over here quick. I think they've killed Marilyn." Those were my words to Mayor Spencer Houk of Bay Village when he sleepily answered his bedroom telephone at approximately 5:45 on the morning of July 4th. He said he would be right over. Although we had not been nearly as socially friendly with Houk and his wife as we once had, I still saw quite a bit of him in my official capacity as police surgeon for the community. As mayor, Houk—who owned a butcher shop—was also Bay Village's safety director. Together we frequently rode in police cruisers. This relationship and the fact that he was the top police official in the community and lived only a few hundred feet from our home apparently played on my subconscious. My immediate reaction was to call him, rather than the police department.

As I waited for him to arrive, it seemed like an eternity, I guess I felt that Houk would be there in seconds—less than a minute. But he waited for his wife to get dressed. Why, I'll never know. It took them five to 10 minutes to arrive at my home. They entered from the Lake Road door. Houk sent his wife upstairs, if you can imagine such a thing, and came into the den, where—bare to the waist—I was half-slumped in a chair. Drawers were pulled from my desk and contents of my medical bag were strewn on the floor. My face was badly beaten and my neck and head ached. He asked me what had happened and I told him what I knew.

What he saw was nothing compared with what confronted Esther Houk when she reached the bedroom, which contained two twin beds, a nightstand, a dresser and a rocking chair. Marilyn was sprawled on her bed in a pool of blood. There was

blood everywhere, on the bed, on the wall, on the floor. Her head and face were badly lacerated. My wife's pajama tops were rolled up around her neck. The lower part of her body, except for the lower part of her legs, was covered. (Marilyn was a modest woman and somehow in the confusion of the situation I had the presence of mind to cover the lower part of her body when I went upstairs after the assault on the beach.)

Esther ran down the stairs and shouted for her husband to call the police and an ambulance. Police records show that Houk reached Patrolman Fred Drenkhan at 5:58 a.m. Meanwhile, Houk, who never went upstairs to the murder room while I was in the house, telephoned my brother, Dr. Richard Sheppard, who lived nearby. Officer Drenkhan, whom I had known for almost three years, was the first policeman to arrive. Richard arrived at 6:10 a.m. Mrs. Houk met him on the front lawn and told him that Marilyn was dead.

Richard rushed upstairs, put a stethoscope to her chest and listened for a heartbeat. There was none. The homicide unit of the Cleveland Police Department was called. My brother Steve arrived, examined me and ordered me to the hospital.

Those who first saw me at the hospital said my face was swollen and I was shaking. My temperature was below 94°, a sign of shock. Steve found a swelling on the right side of my face, loose teeth and two broken teeth in my right jaw, and a severe bruise extending three inches down the back of my neck from the base of my skull. He found a lack of reflexes that indicated concussion.

The coroner, Dr. Samuel Gerber, a gray-haired man who spoke in a monotone, saw me at the hospital. He questioned me and examined my hair, hands and clothes for blood; he found only a smudge on the knee of my trousers, where I had knelt to take Marilyn's pulse.

Detectives Patrick Gareau and Robert Schottke made a two-hour check of the house. The detectives found much of the downstairs in disarray. In addition to the contents of my medical bag dumped on the floor and drawers pulled out of the desk in the den, they found smashed athletic trophies and Marilyn's bloodstained watch on the floor. A writing desk in the living room also had been rifled.

Schottke and Gareau checked windows in the house for signs of forcible entry and couldn't find any. This was not surprising to me. On most nights one of our doors was open.

Later in the morning, Schottke and Gareau asked me whether Marilyn had any affairs with other men. I told them to my knowledge she had not. The detectives wanted to know if I had been chasing around with other women. The answer was "no."

It was during this first questioning period that I was asked about submitting to a lie detector test and indicated I would be willing as long as it was administered by objective persons. "Well, you know, a lie detector never misses," one of the detectives said. "It's always right." I guess I looked at them rather quizzically. I knew that a lie detector wasn't foolproof. That's why evidence gained from its use is generally not admissible in court.

My yard was searched for clues. A green motor-boat tool bag was found in the brush on the slope leading to the lake. Inside the bag was my wristwatch, which had some moisture inside the crystal and blood on the face and the rim; my key chain and keys; and a fraternity ring. The watch had stopped at 4:15 a.m.

Whoever had bludgeoned Marilyn and attacked me had apparently removed these items from me, put them in the small green bag and tossed it away while he was fleeing. But Schottke and Garau read something else into the finding of the bag. They came to the conclusion that I had killed my wife and had faked a robbery to cover up the crime. They decided to confront me immediately, accuse me of the murder and try to get a quick confession.

They came back to the hospital and again were admitted to my room, despite the fact I was heavily sedated. There was only one part of that confrontation I recall vividly. I was lying in the bed, slightly propped up. Because of my condition, attendants had put rails on the side of the bed to keep me from falling off. Gareau again brought up the matter of the lie detector test and said no one could fool it.

"I don't want to fool it or you or anybody," I said. "I want to find out who killed Marilyn. Why don't you go look around, get some clues and find out who did it. You're detectives and you're sure wasting a lot of time here."

Schottke leaned closer to me on the rail and said, "Why should we look for any clues when we have everything we need right here?"

"What do you mean?" I countered.

"What do you think I mean," he said. "I don't know what my partner thinks, but I think you killed your wife."

olice singled me out as the Number One suspect and then set about to build a case against me, almost to the exclusion of considering any other clues or suspects.

Meanwhile, at the request of Doctor Gerber, who had assumed charge of the investigaton, a 24-hour guard was established outside my room by Bay Village police.

Our family lawyer called William Corrigan, a prominent criminal attorney with a flair for the dramatic. He visited me that evening and managed to put on quite a show for the photographers.

On July 4th, 5th and 6th, I was examined extensively by Dr. Charles Elkins, a prominent neurosurgeon. Doctor Elkins concluded that I had suffered a spinal cord contusion and concussion but was in no danger of death, required no surgery and would recover. This injury, he said, could be produced by a blow on the back of the head. Doctor Elkins conveyed his findings to Doctor Gerber, who was of the mistaken notion that these injuries had been self-inflicted and weren't as serious as my brother had indicated.

After Marilyn's funeral, I was discharged from the hospital on July 8th, and went directly to my parents' home, which was adjacent to the hospital. I felt that my mother needed me and I wanted to keep track of her. I knew she was depressed. In the first place, she had lost a daughter. She had always wanted a daughter and Marilyn had pretty much been my mother's daughter.

She was also terribly depressed by the publicity, the newspaper headlines and the fact that the police had accused me of murdering Marilyn. This was especially hard on her because she was an idealist. She was forever telling us that innocent people are just not convicted and that right wins out in the end.

On Friday, July 9th, I voluntarily returned to our home with police to recreate the night of July 4th. When we reached the bedroom I was horrified at all of the blood. I was shocked to see that the murderer appeared to be outlined in blood on the east wall of the bedroom. There was blood all over the room, but there was a concentration on the east wall. And, there appeared to be a two-legged figure resembling a good-sized man or woman on the wall, with no blood on it.

I pointed this out and a detective said, "By God, you're right."

The mob scene at the house was something. Reporters were out in force, so were housewives, children, bus drivers and maids. It was like a public park. People were tromping all over our property. It was ludicrous.

The next day, I went to the Cuyahoga County Sheriff's office in downtown Cleveland and gave a formal statement. I was questioned at length about the T-shirt I was wearing the night of the tragedy. It was missing and I had no idea why.

Sgt. Carl Rossbach asked me whether I had heard our dog, Koko, bark during the early morning hours on July 4th. I said I didn't recall hearing the dog bark. In fact, I don't recall seeing the dog at any time during the early morning hours after I was awakened by Marilyn's screams.

Then he went into my relationship with Marilyn:

Had we had trouble? Well, no major trouble. They had found letters of Marilyn's during my residency in California in which the possibility of divorce was mentioned. I explained that there had been slight difficulty, long since put aside. I did not volunteer any information on Marilyn's reaction to sexual relations after young Sam's birth, which was part of the problem. It hardly seemed relevant.

I made a 13-page statement, signed it, and left the sheriff's office convinced I had done everything possible to help in solving Marilyn's murder.

There were some, however, who didn't think so.

The Sheppard Murder Case was selling newspapers in Cleveland, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles . . . all over the country. The situation in Cleveland was appalling. The Cleveland *Press,* Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* and the Cleveland *News* launched a circulation war seemingly at my expense. They printed columns and columns of copy, some of it factual and some of it full of innuendoes and plain untruths. What was being printed in the news columns was bad enough, but what was to come in the editorial columns was unbelievable and eventually was to go down in history as one of the most colossal miscarriages of journalistic justice.

The assault was led by Louis Benson Seltzer, the most powerful man in Cleveland and perhaps in all of Ohio. He was the editor of the Cleveland *Press,* which happened to be the largest daily newspaper in the state. It seemed that Mr. Seltzer endorsed Detective Schottke's theory; that I had murdered my wife. "I was convinced that a conspiracy existed to defeat the ends of justice," he later wrote in an autobiography.

On July 14th, a white T-shirt was found under water on a concrete pier near our house. It was taken to Doctor Gerber's office. His aides found no blood on it. They said it wasn't mine because it was a medium size, not a large. That was my T-shirt, but it didn't have blood on it so they said it wasn't mine.

On July 20th, the *Press* printed a blistering editorial, under the headline: "Getting Away with Murder," and followed it with more demanding that Coroner Gerber call an inquest. And so he did, for the next day.

Upon returning home from Los Angeles in 1951 to join our hospital, I couldn't help but notice that a young medical technician was being attentive toward me.

The young woman's name was Susan Hayes. She was 21 at the time, had a nice figure in the crisp technician's gown, and a pleasant personality. Susan was rather pretty. She had brown eyes and brown hair and a little line of freckles across her nose.

One night I found myself alone in an automobile with Susan, who on late nights often asked the surgeons for a ride home. Marilyn was still having problems that went back to the birth of young Sam and Susan proved to be available to fill a natural need for me. Never did I tell her that I loved her or wanted to marry her. On the contrary, I told her of my love for Marilyn and Chip and that I had no intention of breaking up my wonderful marriage. As far as I was concerned, my relationship with her was a purely physical arrangement of convenience.

Susan moved away once, but our relationship continued when Susan was geographically available.

Marilyn knew about this relationship but she understood and recognized why it had developed. "Look," she once told me, "I know my father has had a mistress ever since I've been able to walk, but that woman has been closer to me than my stepmother." It gave her an insight regarding our own situation.

In March, 1954, Marilyn and I went to Los Angeles, for me to complete an extra special course in brain dissection. Marilyn and I especially wanted to see Dr. Randall Chapman, an old friend, and his wife.

Marilyn knew I would be very busy. Mrs. Chapman asked her to visit their ranch, about 300 miles north of Los Angeles. Marilyn and Mrs. Chapman left for the ranch the day after we arrived. Before she left, knowing Susan Hayes had moved to Los Angeles, Marilyn kissed me on the lips, and said, "Get your work done at the college, but also have yourself some fun. I'll see you up at the ranch."

I called Susan, and we had dinner with Doctor Chapman, then went to a motel on a hill overlooking the city, where we spent the night. The next day I took her with me to the home of Dr. Arthur Miller and his wife, Carol, at their demand.

The Millers insisted that while I was in Los Angeles I stay at their home. They also knew that my relationship with Susan was a little more than casual and they suggested, too, that she could stay in their home, if I wished. Sue and I spent four or five nights together in the Miller home.

During this period we went to San Diego. During the trip, Susan left her purse and wristwatch in a service station washroom. I bought Susan another watch to replace the lost one. It cost about $50. Aside from the wristwatch, the only other presents that I gave Susan Hayes were an eight-dollar signet ring and a suede coat. I didn't lavish gifts on her.

After completing my work in Los Angeles, I drove with Doctor Chapman to his ranch near Monterey to join Marilyn and his wife. We spent a wonderful few days. It was during that stay that the child Marilyn was bearing at the time of her death was conceived. We had agreed that an addition was in order.

For reasons of his own, Doctor Chapman at this point told Marilyn privately that I loved Susan and planned to marry her. Marilyn concealed this conversation from me, though she told part of it to Nancy Ahern. When I learned of what she had heard, I persuaded her it was not true, partly through my delight at the prospect of a second child. It's amazing what an effect this clearing of doubt had. We had been happy, but thereafter there was a new hue to almost everything we did. Daily, Marilyn tried to do something for me that would in some way overcome what had happened in the previous months. I returned these gestures like an echo. We acted spontaneously. We were surprising ourselves by how very much in love we were.

The basic point I am trying to make is that my affair with Susan—if you want to call it that—was not clandestine. It really was in the open. I did not try to hide it, and I expected people to see it for what it was—a source of satisfaction for a physical need.

The police knew the first day that I had purchased a watch for some woman. I readily admitted it although I declined to give detectives Susan Hayes' name because there was no sense bringing it into the situation at that time.

I knew that they had done additional checking about my friendship with Susan Hayes and so the night before Doctor Gerber's inquest I told the entire story of our relationship to attorney Bill Corrigan.

Corrigan immediately asked me what I would do if I was questioned about my relationship with Sue Hayes. I said, "All this means is that I was eating my cake and having it at home, too. It doesn't mean anything else. It might have given Marilyn grounds to kill me, but surely not me to kill her." He advised me to "deny any sexual relations." He said, "I believe she won't tell on you."

I told my mother what I was going to do and she was very upset that I was going to lie if questioned about having sexual relations with Susan Hayes. I told her that was Mr. Corrigan's advice. As it turned out, it was the worst piece of legal advice a man could receive.

For the inquest, hundreds of card chairs were set up in the auditorium and hundreds of men, women and children crowded into the place, to say nothing of the reporters and photographers. They were everywhere. The crowd was hostile. The spectators hooted and booed and made nasty remarks to my parents and other members of my family. Doctor Gerber acted as judge, prosecutor and jury, and he played to the crowd.

Shortly after I took the stand, Doctor Gerber began to question me about the trip Marilyn and I took to California the preceding March. The police obviously had done some investigating and found out that while Marilyn was in Monterey Susan Hayes and I had stayed at the Millers'.

"In your stay at the Miller home did you at any time sleep in the same bedroom with Susan Hayes?"

"No," I replied.

"While there did you have any sexual relations with Susan Hayes?" Doctor Gerber persisted.

"No, not at any time," I answered.

The hearing was then recessed for the weekend. It resumed on Monday, July 26th. One of the witnesses on Monday was my mother. That was terrible. It tore me to pieces. My mother was a highly modest woman. She had come from a farm in Illinois and she had earned her own college education. She had been a schoolteacher and had taught English, Greek and Latin. She had always been afraid of firearms and my father had sheltered her. Throughout her life she remained idealistic, and this left her unprepared for what she had to go through before that leering, jeering crowd.

Meanwhile, Cleveland detectives went to California, to talk with Sue Hayes. She was young and inexperienced and they threatened they would prosecute her as a prostitute or convict

her of perjury if she didn't talk. They pressured her and finally she called her father and he told her to tell everything. She told them that we had had sexual relations at Doctor Miller's home. This, of course, made me a liar under oath at the inquest.

The police brought her back from California and the statement she made about our affair was made public. What could I say? I explained that I had denied the sexual relations because I wanted to protect the lady's reputation. But those bent on sending me to the electric chair cried, "If he would lie to protect a lady's reputation, what would he do to save himself?"

Pressure was building to arrest me. "Why isn't Sam Sheppard in jail?" shouted a Cleveland *Press* headline. The editorial below it demanded in plain terms that I be brought into the police station for questioning—like any other murder suspect. It accused police of wilting before a screen of protection thrown around me by friends and counsel.

You might say, whatever Seltzer wanted, Seltzer got. And, he wanted police to give me the third degree in hopes that I would confess to murdering my wife.

The night of July 30th, three policemen arrived at the home of my parents. Newsmen already were cluttered around the home and a mob had started to assemble.

They trampled on the lawn, stepped in the flower beds. There were newsmen on the porches. My poor mother was petrified when photographers used flash guns with their cameras in trying to get pictures through the windows of the house. The ugly, hostile mob shouted "Murderer," and "Go get him," as police arrived.

Finally, I was handcuffed right in front of my mother and taken to the Bay Village City Hall, where, before my attorney could arrive, I was charged with my wife's murder and bound over for a preliminary hearing. Then I was taken to jail, photographed, fingerprinted, thrust into a tiny cell without toilet or basin. The next day the detectives went to work on me. The questioning lasted three days and ranged from violent shouts and accusations to soft-voiced offers of deals. Finally I refused even to speak.

At the preliminary hearing, the same day that county officials were taking the case before the county grand jury, Bill Corrigan asked that I be released on bail and the judge agreed. I could be freed on a $50,000 bond.

Within little more than an hour I was freed. I drove to my mother's home and we had a wonderful reunion. It was all too short. I knew it would be only a matter of time before they had me back behind bars. Late the next afternoon, August 17th, the Cuyahoga County Grand Jury returned a first-degree murder indictment. That was my last day of freedom for more years than I care to think about.

Three days later I was arraigned on the first degree murder indictment and pleaded innocent. That day my brother Steve received word that David Kerr, the chief of the Cleveland homicide unit and a man who had a lofty reputation for solving murders, wanted to see him. I'll ask my brother to tell it the way he did in his book, *My Brother's Keeper.*

*He [Captain Kerr] leaned over his desk and grimaced at me. "I'm going to tell you something and if you ever tell anyone I said this I will call you a liar. Now then—you see your brother and tell him to confess. God damn it, he can plead insanity or whatever he wants. He will do six months in a hospital and then come out cured. He can return to the practice of medicine and there will be no further difficulty."*

*"And if he refuses to confess to a crime he didn't commit?"*

*"Don't give me that crap, Doc," Kerr growled at me, "but if he is silly enough to refuse you can tell him for me that we'll burn him. That's all."*

Steve came to me, but I refused the deal. I settled back to wait for my trial. I still had enough faith in the American system of justice to feel that when all the facts were laid on the line before a jury, I would be vindicated.

My trial began October 18, 1954. I was taken in handcuffs to the first floor at the Criminal Court building. We stepped off the elevator and walked down the marble corridor to the courtroom. I was all but blinded by the popping flashbulbs and the glare of floodlights used for the motion picture cameras. The scene seemed to be one of bedlam.

A few days before, Judge Edward Blythin had met with the representatives of the press and arranged for newspaper, radio and television reporters to occupy the first rows of the spectator gallery. Reporters from Cleveland, New York, Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Lorain, and God knows where else, were on hand for the trial. Judge Blythin had personally handwritten tickets for the press seats and all other spectators attending the trial.

As it turned out, people—friends of mine—who wanted to come to the trial couldn't get in because there were no seats. The judge had reserved seats and upon learning this, I said to myself, "What the hell is this reserved seat business." He was practically selling tickets.

Actually, inside the bar, the judge had placed a table for special press people like Dorothy Kilgallen, Bob Considine and some of the elite. This was totally out of keeping with the dignity of the court. Too, some of the reporters were within a few feet of the jury box. When the jurors were finally selected they could measure the reactions of the newsmen to the statements of the lawyers and the witnesses and they could hear the murmured remarks of the press and the laughter, which was sometimes bordering on raucous.

Judge Blythin, a man of 70, was a former Cleveland mayor. He was a rather thin fellow who spoke with a slight Welsh brogue. At the outset, I was extremely hopeful that he would turn out to be what I thought a real judge was supposed to be. But Judge Blythin was up for reelection to a six-year term, and when I found out that he was giving interviews to reporters on the courthouse steps, I began to wonder about him. Of course, we later found out that early in the game he reportedly told Dorothy Kilgallen that I was "guilty as hell."

The man who was heading up the prosecution team was John Mahon, an assistant prosecutor for 22 years. He also was running for election as a judge and getting his name in the paper every day didn't hurt.

After three weeks of jury selection, the trial proper finally began. That afternoon we went to my home in Bay Village so the jury could inspect it. I was handcuffed.

Police had roped off my home, but off the property there were hundreds of spectators. It was a depressing gray day and cold. A newspaper helicopter flew overhead for pictures. The place had been in the possession of the police for four months and it was a mess. Inside we moved from room to room, as Sheriff Joseph Sweeney pointed out various objects and rooms. It was an emotional experience; when I saw Chip's teddy bear, I wept.

Then we went back to the courtroom. I felt numb. I wondered what all the out of town newspaper reporters were doing, what had made this such a big thing.

The only reason I could come up with was the fact that I wasn't guilty and a lot of people knew it. But I was on trial for my life and I happened to be a young physician who was approaching a social-economic bracket that most people resented. This was the only way I could analyze the intense public interest my trial was creating. I wasn't too far wrong.

In his opening statement John Mahon told the jury that the state would prove that I bludgeoned Marilyn to death in the morning as the climax to an argument over "other women," particularly Susan Hayes. "No one was in that house attempting to commit a burglary," said Mahon. "No evidence has been found that any burglar or marauder had been there."

We countercharged that police officials had quickly made up their minds I was the killer and had spent all their time building a case against me, to the exclusion of attempting to seek the real killer.

That afternoon, the state called its first witness, Dr. Lester Adelson, the deputy coroner. He showed the jury colored slides of Marilyn's wounds on a large motion picture screen.

Corrigan believed that no single blow had been severe or deep enough to penetrate the outer covering of the brain.

He tried to develop that she had been killed by a left-handed person. I'm predominantly right-handed. Bill Corrigan was trying to show subtly that an athletically inclined person like myself would certainly have penetrated the outer covering with at least one of the blows. Believe me, if I wanted to kill someone, it wouldn't have taken 35 blows.

The autopsy was botched. The authorities claimed they did not examine for sexual assault. That's ridiculous. Marilyn's legs were spread over the rail at the bottom of the bed. Her pajama tops were pulled up over her breasts and if there ever was a suggestion of sexual assault, there it was. They knew I found her in this condition, and then had later covered her. How could any competent coroner's office claim they didn't examine for sexual assault when they saw a woman in this condition?

The evidence that would suggest my innocence was played

down. They found a piece of nail polish in the room that didn't match any of Marilyn's nail polish. They found a piece of leather that matched nothing in the house, and a piece of tooth. They didn't photograph these things. They just passed them around in a tiny tube—and they were hard to see.

Next, the state called my neighbors, the Aherns. One statement made by Nancy Ahern during cross-examination by Corrigan was very unfortunate and uncalled for. "Well, Mrs. Sheppard always seemed very much in love with her husband," she said, "but I was never quite sure about Dr. Sam."

I thought to myself, "Who gives a damn whether your wife's golf partner thinks you love your wife or not?"

Nancy Ahern also testified that my wife had confided to her about the remarks Doctor Chapman made to Marilyn while we were at his ranch in March, 1954. This was Chapman's hoax to the effect that I wanted a divorce.

Spencer Houk—the mayor-butcher—testified that he had heard my brother Richard ask me the morning of the tragedy whether I had anything to do with Marilyn's murder. Richard had told me this never happened.

Doctor Gerber, the coroner, testified that he found a large bloodstain on the underside of Marilyn's pillow. He brought in the yellow pillowcase. He said the stain was the imprint of two blades and said flatly that the imprint was of a surgical instrument. Needless to say, the mere suggestion of a surgical instrument as a murder weapon was a destroying blow for a surgeon on trial.

His logic was absolute idiocy. He never produced any surgical instrument to support his testimony, and the court never asked him to do so.

The bloodstain was obviously due to blood caught between the creases of the pillow.

Gerber's unsubstantiated testimony about the imprint of a surgical instrument on the pillow really hit my mother. Mom had been depressed for weeks. This absolute lie really got to her. That night—in an attempt to kill herself—she took an overdose of sleeping pills. Fortunately, she failed. She was hospitalized and the Bay View records showed that she had been treated for a suspected mild stroke.

The State put fingerprint experts on the stand and they testified that they found no prints in the house and there were indications that someone had tried to remove fingerprints from furniture. The thing they didn't explain was why I would want to rub the fingerprints off the furniture in my own home. I wouldn't have any motive to do this because my fingerprints surely were supposed to be all over the place.

Throughout those first days of testimony by state witnesses, the local newspapers interpreted virtually every piece of testimony that was given at the trial, most of it under blaring headlines which tended to distort what had been said. Most of them were content with interpreting the testimony that was given on the stand. The Cleveland *Press* decided to do one better. On November 24th, the day before Thanksgiving, the Cleveland *Press* ran an article under a big, black headline, "Sam Called a 'Jekyll-Hyde' by Marilyn, Cousin to Testify."

The paper quoted Houk as having told authorities that Marilyn had said of me, "You don't know that guy . . . he's a regular Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. . . ." It said that a "bombshell" witness, Marilyn's cousin, Thomas Weigle, would testify to my violent temper in an incident in which I was alleged to have beaten Chip.

Weigle did describe the so-called beating of Chip, which when I testified I explained was a simple spanking for discipline.

Thomas Weigle did not testify—as the *Press* said he would—that I was a "Jekyll and Hyde." No one knows whether the jurors saw the story or the headline and what effect it might have had on them.

Nor could we determine who was affected by a broadcast by columnist Bob Considine who compared a meeting I had had with police to the famous confrontation of Alger Hiss, a convicted perjurer, with Whitaker Chambers. We asked Judge Blythin to question if the jurors had heard it but he refused. "We can't stop people listening to it," Judge Blythin said. "It is a matter of free speech. . . . We are not going to harass the jury every morning. I have confidence in the jury."

Later, Walter Winchell, the columnist-broadcaster, said that a woman arrested in New York for robbery (a woman I had never heard of in my life) stated that as my mistress she had borne me a child. Two jurors admitted they had heard it. "Would that have had any effect on your judgment?" Blythin asked. Both said "no." My attorneys asked for a mistrial, but Blythin turned them down.

Detective Henry Dombrowski testified to finding a trail of possible blood spots through my house. He had tested them but did not bother to test the apparent blood spots in Marilyn's bedroom—on the theory that it was so obviously blood that no tests were necessary. This is impossible to understand. Corrigan forced Dombrowski to admit that he had learned later that our dog regularly dropped blood.

The State called as its last and star witness, Miss Susan Hayes—the event for which most of the spectators had been waiting. Sue looked quite attractive for her courtroom appearance before a standing-room crowd. She wore a black wool dress with an angora knit collar. When she finished the oath, Bill Corrigan rose and asked that she be told of her constitutional rights.

"She is not required to testify to anything that will incriminate, disgrace or shame her," he said sharply.

It wasn't long before the questioning got to the trip I had taken to Los Angeles with Marilyn in March, 1954, and the incidents at Dr. Arthur Miller's house. The questioning went like this:

Q. *Where did you stay that night?*
A. *At the Millers'.*
Q. *Did Doctor Sam remain at the Millers'?*
A. *Yes.*
Q. *Did you both use the same bed?*
A. *Yes.*
Q. *State whether you had intimate relations with Dr. Sam Sheppard.*
A. *Yes.*
Q. *State whether you had any clothes there at the Miller home?*
A. *No, I went to the Downey residence for clothes.*
Q. *Who drove you there?*
A. *Doctor Sam.*
Q. *What did you do when you got to Downey?*
A. *I changed clothing.*
Q. *Where did you go then?*
A. *We drove back to the Miller residence.*
Q. *How long did you stay there?*
A. *Seven days.*
Q. *Did Doctor Sam remain at the Millers', and how long?*
A. *Yes—seven days.*
A. *Did you occupy the same bedroom with Doctor Sam for seven days?*
A. *Yes.*
Q. *Was the first time you had intimate relations with Dr. Sam this time in California?*
A. *No.*
Q. *Referring to the time you were at Bay View Hospital in December of 1952, did you have intimate relations with Doctor Sam before?*
A. *Shortly before.*
Q. *After you quit Bay View in 1952, and the time you quit in 1954, did you have intimate relations with Dr. Sam Sheppard?*
A. *Yes.*
Q. *Where did you have these intimate relations?*
A. *In an automobile, and in the apartment above the Fairview Clinic.*

She was on the stand a total of 65 minutes. Someone asked me whether I felt sorry for her, having to bare her soul? Sorry? How could I feel sorry for her? My reaction was that she was a silly girl. She didn't have to testify at all.

The first defense witness was my brother Steve, who testified that I had suffered both a brain and a spinal injury. Character witnesses for me followed him to the stand, and two men who had seen separately a "bushy-haired" man on Lake Road that morning.

Then it was my turn on the stand. It was an emotional experience to relive that terrible night. In response to Corrigan's

questions, I told about the brutal questioning by police—a statement which police officials denied to the newspapers but not in court.

Before turning me over to the prosecutors for cross-examination, Corrigan posed one last question. "Doctor, have you in your lifetime ever submitted to sin?"

"I have succumbed to human frailities, yes, sir," I answered.

On cross-examination, Mahon forced me to discuss my affair with Susan in detail. The questioning lasted a day and a half, but I remember best this last flurry:

Q. *Now, Doctor, the injuries you received—didn't you receive those from jumping off the platform down onto the beach?*

A. *No, sir, I think that would be impossible.*

Q. *Why impossible?*

A. *Because a spinal cord contusion is something that is the result of a rather forcible force. It would necessitate almost definitely a force from the back of the neck. That would be so unless there were injury to the top of the head.*

Q. *And couldn't such a blow be administered to the back of the neck if you fell on it?*

A. *No, sir.*

Q. *Isn't it a fact, Doctor, that you beat your wife that morning?*

A. *No, sir.*

Q. *And after you had killed her, you rushed down the stairs and jumped off the platform to the beach, and fell and injured your neck?*

A. *That is absolutely untrue, sir, and unfair.*

Q. *When you testified at the inquest, was an oath administered to you?*

A. *Yes.*

Q. *The oath was to tell the truth?*

A. *Yes.*

Q. *Did you tell the truth?*

A. *Not in regard to Miss Hayes.*

Q. *You mean you deliberately lied at that hearing?*

Among the last witnesses was Dr. Max Don, who formerly worked at Bay View. He said he had frequently gone to my home after midnight to show me X rays of accident patients and that he usually—if not always—found the door open on the road side.

Years later, Doctor Don told me that some time in 1953, Gerber said something like this to him, "So you work at Bay View with the Sheppard boys. Some day I'm gonna get one of them."

Dr. Charles Elkins, the neurologist who had examined me, described a spinal cord injury.

In closing arguments, the prosecution said, "He lied about his relations with Susan Hayes. If the defendant would lie under oath to protect the name of a lady, how many lies would he utter to protect his own life?"

Our side countered, "Five months after the murder of Marilyn Sheppard, the state still does not know how she was killed, with what weapon she was killed or why she was killed. Yet on the basis of this flimsy evidence, the state is asking that you send Sam Sheppard to the electric chair."

Bill Corrigan was splendidly emotional, reducing me—and several others—to tears. But in looking back over Corrigan's closing argument in my behalf, I wish he had been a little less eloquent and had hammered away at some of the discrepancies in the state's case. He didn't point out the fact that my pants were not spattered with blood and the absence of blood on my belt, my shoes or my person. Nor did he bring up the issue of the tooth chip, the piece of polish or paint, and the piece of leather in the murder room.

The jury deliberated through Friday, through Saturday and into Sunday. Although I didn't see it myself, the scene in the pressroom and in the courtroom was something to behold, according to reliable sources. Newsmen were playing cards, sleeping on benches, drinking whisky while waiting for the verdict. Each time Judge Blythin called the jury in to send them out for a meal or to recess them for the night, there was the inevitable barrage of flashbulbs.

The jury deliberated into Tuesday. Corrigan was worried. The tension was beginning to become unbearable.

Late on Tuesday, I was half napping in my cell. The chief jailer said, "Okay, Sheppard, let's go." He didn't say that a verdict had been reached.

I got up, grabbed my towel, and rubbed my face and eyes vigorously, trying to get the sleepy look out of my eyes. The courtroom scene was bedlam.

"They've got a verdict, Sam," Bill Corrigan said solemnly. "Steady yourself, it's not good."

Judge Blythin, in a black robe, assumed his position on the bench. The jury filed in. The foreman handed the judge a sealed envelope. Blythin carefully tore it open. I held my breath.

"We, the jury," he read—and then paused momentarily—"do find the defendant," and he paused again, . . . "guilty of murder in the second degree."

Blythin asked me to step forward. I did. He told me I had been convicted of second degree murder: "It is now the judgment of this court that you be taken to the Ohio Penitentiary, there to remain for the rest of your life."

The day after the conviction, the jail authorities put me in a solitary observation cell, which they said was common practice for anyone convicted of murder.

I had plenty on my mind beside my current predicament. My mother, who had tried to take her own life during the trial, was still despondent and had taken the verdict extremely hard. My father, like other members of the family, had lost a considerable amount of weight during the long weeks of the investigation and the trial. But it soon became evident in my father's case that his loss of weight wasn't entirely due to the worry and anguish over the trial. He was extremely ill.

The day before the verdict was reached both my mother and father were taken to Bay View Hospital—Mother for her emotional state and Dad for treatment of what had been diagnosed as pleurisy.

As Christmas came and went, it became obvious that my father's condition was deteriorating. Then we learned that he was dying of cancer.

Bill Corrigan put three motions for new trials before Judge Blythin who quickly rejected them.

My attorneys decided to proceed directly to the Court of Appeals. On the morning of January 7th, Blythin continued the stay of execution of my sentence—delaying my trip to the Ohio Penitentiary—indefinitely.

Early in the afternoon I was in my cell, at County Jail. Suddenly, one of the deputies came into the cell and removed my radio. There was no explanation. I knew something was wrong. Within moments, a deputy came in and ushered me to a small, bare-walled room. My brothers, Richard and Steve, and Steve's wife Betty were there.

"Who is it, Steve?" I asked.

"Mother shot herself, Sam," Steve said. "She's at peace and won't have to worry any more." I was sitting at a small, wooden table. I dropped my head in my arms and cried.

Mom had been staying at Steve's house. With Dad in the hospital and Mother aware of the graveness of his condition, my brothers felt that she should not stay alone in their home next to the hospital. I had not seen Mother since the day of my second arrest. I forbade her to visit me in jail because of her sensitive nature.

Steve said Mother had appeared in good spirits that morning when he left for the hospital. Later, Betty left the home, leaving only Mother, a maid and Chip in the home. Around 11 a.m., Mother wrote a short note, locked her bedroom door, put a .38 caliber revolver to her temple and pulled the trigger. At noon, Betty hurriedly summoned Steve home from the hospital. When he entered Mother's bedroom he found her dead. A note was propped up on the dresser:

*Dear Steve:*

*I just can't manage without Dad—thanks for everything.*

*Mother*

Late in the day I was given permission to telephone my dying father at Bay View Hospital. He told me to continue to fight. "God bless you, son. Don't ever give up," were the final words that he spoke to me. "Never," I said, choking back the tears.

The court gave me permission to attend Mother's funeral on Monday, January 10th. At 2:30 p.m. I left the County Jail handcuffed to two deputies. I said nothing all the way out to the Saxton Funeral Home in Lakewood. The funeral inside the home was supposed to be private, but the scene outside was anything but that.

Lakewood police had roped off the funeral home area, but more than three thousand people, by police count, loitered and ogled in the area. Some were newsmen, but the vast majority were morbid curiosity seekers who couldn't leave us alone in this hour of extreme and overwhelming grief.

At the end of the sermon, I walked to the casket and prayed. I was still handcuffed to Deputy Mike Ucello, who was standing behind me, intruding on our last moment with Mother.

From the funeral home, we went in cars to Sunset Memorial Park in North Olmstead. As snow fell on a frosty knoll overlooking a quiet lagoon, Mother was laid to rest, without privacy. Newsmen and the curious climbed fences and hid behind shrubs to catch a glimpse of the Sheppards in mourning. It was so incongruous. In life, Mother, like Marilyn, was so very, very modest. On the return trip to County Jail, I asked the deputies if I could stop for a moment at Bay View Hospital to visit with Dad. They refused, and we went directly to the jail.

Soon, my father was transferred to the famed Cleveland Clinic for further tests and examination. The diagnosis—cancer of the stomach. Dad knew he was dying, and asked to be allowed to spend the remaining days of his life at the hospital he built and loved, and where he could be near his sons. He returned to Bay View Hospital on January 14th.

Three days later, my attorneys appeared before the three-member Court of Appeals and asked that since I was convicted of second degree murder I be released on bail, pending outcome of my appeal. The justices took the matter under advisement, promising a decision in a few days.

About 11 on the night of January 18th, two deputies came into my cell and removed my radio. I knew why, even though they didn't tell me. Again, minutes later my brothers, Richard and Steve, arrived and we gathered in a small room in the jail.

"You must know why we are here," Richard said, putting a firm hand on my shoulder. "Dad passed away tonight."

The next morning, the Court of Appeals refused my application for release on bail. A day later—on January 20th—I again left the County Jail in handcuffs, this time for my father's funeral. Even though the arrangements had been kept secret, there was another mob scene and again little privacy.

After the funeral I returned to my cell, shaken and depressed, wondering what new and tormenting tragedy fate had in store for the Sheppard family. In little less than seven months I had lost my wife, my mother and my father, and my freedom.

Until my trial, police kept possession of my house, which barred my engaging my own criminology expert to examine it. After the conviction, when the house was returned, Corrigan decided to call Dr. Paul Kirk, noted West Coast criminologist. Corrigan told me, "If there's anything in the house you don't want uncovered, tell me not to call Doctor Kirk. He will report what he finds, regardless of how it might affect your case."

"Call Doctor Kirk," I said. "I've got nothing to hide."

Doctor Kirk was a professor at the School of Criminology of the University of California, and the author of several books and scientific papers on criminology. He was one of the nation's foremost experts in the field of blood detection and blood groupings, as well as investigative procedures. Doctor Kirk spent four days making a minute inspection of the murder bedroom and the rest of the house.

He visited me in jail, then went home to California to study the trial record, analyze his findings and reduce his conclusions to a report. When it came in, Corrigan filed a motion before Judge Blythin for a new trial on the grounds of new evidence that Marilyn's murderer was a left-handed person. Kirk's report, in the form of an affidavit, was the basis for that. It was a blockbuster and it proved for all to see that I was innocent of the murder of Marilyn. Doctor Kirk's statement said:

Careful appraisal of the technical evidence presented by the prosecution shows it to be completely worthless as proof of guilt (or innocence) of the defendant. Only the autopsy and pathology findings are really pertinent to the case. With two minor exceptions, it shows no circumstantial value whatever. They are: (a) Water under defendant's watch crystal. (b) Loss of T-shirt.

The first point, (a) is self-contradictory. If the watch was in the lake after the murder, fresh blood on it would have been removed to a degree which would make any effort to group it completely futile. Since it was considered to be sufficient for grouping, the watch couldn't have been in the lake after the murder, and the water must have been under the crystal previously.

Point (b) has no ready explanation which can be shown so definitely. It is consisten with the story told by the defendant, as well as with the version presented by the prosecution. It is not impossible that the murderer removed the T-shirt to be used in cleaning blood from his own person. An unbiased observer surely would be struck by the fact that the defendant, if he removed his T-shirt because it was bloody, would surely put on another one to cover the loss of the first.

Analysis of the technical evidence shows it to be superficial, incomplete, and erroneous in interpretation. At the most, it establishes that the victim was beaten to death by a weapon of unknown type; that there was some blood found in various places in the house; that the murderer attempted to give an impression of a burglary; that it was so amateurish and clumsily performed as to fool nobody, and that certain details appeared to be inconsistent with the story told repeatedly by the defendant. Even these apparent inconsistencies were so minor as to be of little value if correct, and no certainty of the correctness of interpretation was established.

Next Doctor Kirk described how he traced blood spatter patterns in the murder room and how he tried to reconstruct the spatter in his laboratory by producing a dummy skull with a wood block, sponge rubber and sheet of plastic which simulated human skin and striking it with a variety of possible weapons, including a ball peen hammer, steel bar and flashlight.

He told of finding a large blob of blood on the closet door in the bedroom and upon laboratory analysis determining that it matched neither Marilyn's blood type nor mine. And he described how he obtained a large number of human teeth from dentists and by experimentation determined that Marilyn's teeth were broken by an outward pull rather than from a downward blow. Doctor Kirk continued:

A reconstruction of the murder is possible.

(1) The original motive of the crime was sexual. Examination of the slacks in which the victim was sleeping shows that they were lowered to their approximate final position at the time the blood spatters were made. Leaving the victim in the near nude condition in which she was first found is highly characteristic of the sex crime. The probable absence of serious outcry may well have been because her mouth was covered with the attacker's hand.

(2) The victim was not moved after being beaten. This follows from the fact that her head was at the same point as the center of the blood spot pattern. Since her legs protruded under the lower crossbar of the bed, it follows that she had drawn up her legs in a defensive action, and moved downward during the early stages of the struggle. At the time of her death or unconsciousness, her muscles relaxed and the legs straightened to a position similar to that in which she was found.

(3) At some point in the activities of the attacker, the victim obtained a firm grip on him with her teeth. His defensive action of jerking away was violent enough to break two or three of her teeth. The evidence indicates that blood welling from the resulting wound to the bitten member was thrown as a very large drop to the wardrobe door.

(4) Presumably inflamed by the resistance and pain, the attacker utilized some available weapon to strike the victim down.

(5) She was beaten by a weapon held in the left hand, swung low in rapid and vicious blows to her head after it was puddled with blood from earlier injury. Her head was certainly beaten for some time in almost exactly the same position—the one in which it was found.

(6) The weapon was almost certainly not over a foot in length, and had on it an edge, quite blunt but protruding. The edge was almost certainly crosswise to the axis of the weapon and could have been the flared edge of a heavy flashlight. It was not similar in any serious respect to the alleged impression of a surgical instrument on the pillow case, nor to any of a large variety of possible weapons that have been suggested by the prosecution.

(7) During the beating the attacker stood close to the bottom of the bed and balanced himself with one knee on the bed. The

weapon swung to about ½ foot from the wardrobe door in this position.

(8) After commission of the crime, the attacker faked a very clumsy attempt to indicate that a burglary had been committed.

Doctor Kirk dealt with the "Defendant's Account."

No crime reconstruction is complete or reliable unless it is at least consistent with all the known facts. Several obvious inconsistencies are certainly present between the reconstruction and the theory that the defendant was the attacker. It remains to show that the reconstruction is consistent with the version of the events given by the defendant.

His account is vague, with few details. It is not a well thought-out story such as might be expected of an intelligent person who was faking the account. The vagueness itself is a characteristic which must be consistent with the known facts if the account is to be considered true. That a true account would necessarily or probably be vague is indicated by the following known or claimed facts:

(a) The defendant was asleep on the couch when last seen by his visitors, the Aherns. A person suddenly awakened from a sound sleep often is confused and at a loss to act or understand what is happening, especially if it is not commonplace and customary.

(b) Sworn testimony is available to indicate that he suffered a dislocation or other injury to the vertebra of the neck, sufficient to inhibit his normal reflexes. Sworn testimony is available to indicate that he suffered a blow to the face sufficiently to loose teeth, and cause swelling and discoloration around the eye. These circumstances strongly imply the probability of unconsciousness, which is certainly consistent with vagueness.

Doctor Kirk said he had tried to duplicate the situation as I described it—shutting his eyes briefly, then running up the stairs where he had an assistant in the position I had seen the form. With the light as it had been that night, he found just what I had found—that he could not see the face of the person there. Other points were:

1. It was entirely possible that the defendant was struck on the back of the neck by the same weapon used to kill Marilyn Sheppard.

2. The method and clumsiness of removal of the watch and key chain from the defendant's pocket certainly appear to be the work of another person. It would be difficult and unnatural for a person to rip his trouser pocket downward in removing a key chain, but this would be extremely probable if someone else stripped it from a prone body. It is also unlikely that a person removes his own watch so as to damage the band, even if he is faking a burglary.

3. The abandonment of the green bag in the woods is not the work of a person who is deliberately setting a scene as it was postulated that the defendant did. If he took time to wash off all the blood, to sponge the stairs and take other precautions attributed to him, he would not carelessly throw away the green bag where it would not necessarily be in a real burglary. Rather, its abandonment was the act of a person in an unnatural hurry as would be true of an intruder being pursued as claimed by the defendant.

4. One portion of the account given by the defendant can be accurately confirmed, viz., the return to the bedroom with wet clothing, and leaning over the bed (water spots on the sheet).

5. Another point of importance that was apparently not fully developed is the question of the amount of sand in the defendant's shoes. If he waded out into the lake to wash off blood, he would not sink into wet sand very far, and would pick up in the shoes minimal quantities of sand. Also, *he would not pick up any sand* in the pockets. If he were lying on the beach, as he stated, he would accumulate large quantities of sand in his shoes, and some in his pockets, as was the case. Further, the toes of his shoes had pressed into the insoles and linings much more sand than the heels of his shoes. While this scarcely constitutes proof that he lay face down in the water and sand, it at least is more consistent with that idea than with any alternative, for the sand would work down into the toes and inevitably more would remain there than in the heels.

6. It is not reasonable to believe that the defendant would deliberately break his own and his wife's trophies, as occurred. Under no circumstances, would this assist in establishing the events as the work of a burglar, for it is equally unreasonable for a true burglar. It is completely consistent only for someone who hated the Sheppards, or who was jealous of their athletic tendencies and abilities.

7. It is not reasonable that the defendant would mistreat his surgical and medical equipment, as was done. Even to establish the event as the work of a burglar, a doctor who likes his work (as it appears he did) would have faked the theft from the bag entirely differently, rather than merely upsetting it in the hallway, disrupting the contents of his desk, etc.

8. By no stretch of the imagination can it be conceived that the injuries to the defendant were self-inflicted. As a person who was fully aware of the danger associated with a blow to the back of the neck, and faced with almost insurmountable difficulty of delivering such a blow at all, and certainly of doing it under control, no doctor would ever risk trying it. It is also peculiarly difficult to deliver a blow of any force to one's face. *Neither of these injuries can be reconciled with self-infliction.*

9. It is equally ridiculous to assume that these injuries were sustained in falling from the landing platform at the beach. That type of fall would inflict many abrasions, bruises and secondary injuries to the limb, with the serious possibility of broken bones. It could not under any circumstances select the back of his neck and his face for the only injury. No *satisfactory explanation except that given by the defendant has been advanced for his injuries.*

10. The type of crime is completely out of character for a husband bent on murdering his wife. In such instances, the murder does not start out as a sex attack with the single exception of an unfulfilled and frustrated husband, which is completely contrary to the indications of this event.

11. Tests of the large spot of blood on the wardrobe door which were conducted by this Affiant establish in Affiant's opinion that it is human blood, that it is not the blood of the defendant, Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard, and that it is not the blood of Marilyn Sheppard, the murdered woman.

Cleveland newspapers gave a good run down on Doctor Kirk's affidavit. The next day, they carried the comments of various law enforcement officials, including Coroner Gerber's comment that Kirk's report was "an opus of fantasies that should have been produced by a well-paid advocate and not by a scientist."

Bill Corrigan argued, "We have brought in evidence that there was another person in the house. We have a statement from one of the leading criminologists in the United States. You can't ignore it."

Judge Blythin countered, "Is that new evidence or is it opinion?" He ruled against me.

Corrigan also appealed Judge Blythin's ruling against a new trial, charging that the finding of a blood spot on the wardrobe—which could not be identified as either Marilyn's or mine—proved there was a third person in the murder room.

had already made up my mind: after a year in the county jail, I would go on to the Ohio Penitentiary to await action on further appeals. I had bedbug bites all over me and my eyes were swollen from so long in that dark, dungeonlike jail. There was no exercise and only rarely fresh air and I knew that I was deteriorating physically. I needed a chance to exercise and get in shape for the long fight ahead, and I knew that my treatment would be much better at the penitentiary itself. Now I was ready to go.

Photographers, television cameramen and news reporters were all over the place as I was led out for my trip to Columbus. They were yelling questions and shouting at me.

At the prison, I was ushered through a large room full of uniformed guards, with sticks in their belts, and taken to a small cage where the handcuffs were removed.

I saw the prisoners from the various prison mills marching to and from supper. The prison band, which did quite well with poorly-tuned instruments, played while the men paraded to the mess hall.

I was taken to the deputy warden's office. We walked across the prison yard and I couldn't help noticing the old buildings and the double and triple walls which surrounded us. We passed the prison garden; it was filled with beautiful roses. Then I was taken to the clothing room, where I was stripped. I was given clothes marked 98860. That was to be my identification number for the rest of my stay at the Ohio Penitentiary.

I showered and was sprayed with DDT powder and then put on prison clothes. One of the most drastic things about entering the prison is the combination of putting on those ill-fitting, scratchy, crude clothes, and the heavy clang of the doors behind you as you go in. Most prisoners, I later learned, never get over the incessant clanging of doors, no matter how long they have been there. They say that a man goes stir crazy when he's had too many doors slammed behind him.

The first few weeks were devoted entirely to orientation. New prisoners were given a tour of the penitentiary, took psychological tests and met various department heads. We were examined and given inoculations. We were instructed as to the rules of

the penitentiary and we were given several orientation lectures.

I took every opportunity I could to work out in the gym. I started tumbling and planned to start lifting weights and initiate a general body-building program. "A man can maintain a great deal of mental health when he is improving his physical health, producing a stronger, finer functioning body," I noted in my diary. One of the most depressing factors in stir is the physical decline.

During my first weeks in the penitentiary, I met with both the deputy warden, Mr. Maxwell, and Mr. Alvis, the warden. Maxwell told me I was going to be treated like everyone else. He asked me my age and I replied, "Thirty-one."

"Forty-one—that won't be too old when you get out of here," Maxwell said.

"Who knows I'll get a parole?" I asked.

"Keep your nose clean, son, and you'll make it," he answered, adding that I would get a parole if there aren't too many people complaining about it from the outside. We both knew that many would complain when the time came, just for the hell of it.

At first, he said, I would be assigned to regular work, but eventually I would be moved to the hospital. He looked shocked and distrustful when I said I didn't want to work in the hospital—but for a surgeon to work around a hospital without practicing is tough. In fact, because I was educated, I was assigned to teach in the auto mechanics classes. I brushed up on the texts, went to work and found it congenial enough. What's more, I began to receive "good time" for teaching, meaning credit toward a quicker parole.

With my assignment to the vocational school, I was shifted from the receiving cell block to a regular block. Four of us were packed into a small, filthy cell, a seven-foot cube. There was a toilet with no toilet seat and certainly no privacy.

There was a young student in my class, who was 20 but looked 16. He had been convicted of armed robbery. Steve was quite young and immature, and he became dependent on me for advice and help.

One day, he came to me and said that a rather large, muscular Negro in another part of the vocational school was trying to attack him sexually. He was what we called a "jocker," a fellow who goes around and has relations with young, tender-looking boys.

First this man had asked Steve to take part in immoral acts. When Steve refused, this bully threatened to rape him the first chance he got, or he would maim him with a hammer, a gas pipe, or whatever came in handy in the carpenter shop. Knowing that this kind of violence was not uncommon in the penitentiary, Steve was shaken up and very upset.

The next day I approached the jocker, tapped him on the shoulder, told him I wanted to talk to him, and led him to a spot that I had already picked out—around the corner from a large shelf in the storage area, which was fairly well screened. Before he knew what happened, I slammed him in the throat with my fist. He went down like a bag of cement. He wasn't unconscious, but he had a little trouble breathing for a while. Steve had no more trouble.

On January 11, 1956, the Ohio Supreme Court agreed to review my case. It was my first legal victory since this nightmare began and it was only a partial victory at that, for the court agreed to rule only on constitutional grounds, not on my plea of new evidence developed by Paul Kirk's investigation.

Soon after this, Warden Alvis, a decent, straight-shooting man of great humility for whom I developed a real respect, told the press that I had been transferred to the prison hospital. I would not operate, he said, but there were many nonsurgical things I could do. From the first day, however, I was performing major surgery.

On the first day, I met Dr. Roy Swenson, a mild-mannered Swede, and a very accomplished surgeon. Like all of the prison surgeons, he had a practice on the outside and came to the prison on mornings to do surgery. He said he wanted me to assist him with a major operation on a man who had cancer of the lower bowel. It was the first time I had been in surgery for a year and a half, but it seemed as if I had been there just the day before. For a few moments I forgot where I was. The surgery was successful and Doctor Swenson was gratified and so was patient later.

Later, when the doctors were gone, I was summoned by the head nurse—an inmate—who said that one of the patients in the ward was dying of an acute coronary thrombosis. I examined the man, then ordered the standard procedure for a heart attack of this kind including drugs and oxygen. The man started to change from blue to white and then all of a sudden he began to display a regular respiration and heartbeat. He had been in a coma. Now he opened his eyes and talked lucidly.

Just as quickly, he started to take a turn for the worse. I looked around and there was this male nurse standing by the oxygen tank. He had the hose to the patient's oxygen mask bent double the way you'd double a garden hose to shut off the flow of water for a moment. I was trying to save this man's life and the sonofabitch was trying to kill the patient by cutting off his oxygen. I grabbed the man by his shirt and he dropped the hose.

"What the hell do you think you're doing," I shouted.

"This guy's a fink (prison jargon for stool pigeon) and I'm going to make sure he's not going to live," the nurse replied.

"Look you take care of him on your time, not on my time." I shouted that we were trying to bring this man around and that he had better get the hell out of the ward or I was going to throw him out bodily. He turned and left, warning me that he would be back with some "friends."

A couple of brothers, whom I will call the "Other Brothers," one a wrestler, the other a boxer, both real hoodlums, had overheard and, admiring my honesty though they too disliked the patient, they backed me up when the nurse and his friends returned. Actually, I had become quite fearless, because I really didn't give a damn. If someone had stabbed me, I could not have cared less.

As time went on, I learned that some of the inmate nurses were stealing drugs from the hospital. They were taking narcotics and barbiturates for themselves or giving them to their friends.

For the first few times, I was a real rube. Seeing that I was busy administering anesthetic or scrubbing in with Doctor Swenson, the male nurse would ask if he could administer the morphine.

Unbeknown to me until later, the man would pinch the patient's arm in a deft manner with his thumb and forefinger. Then he would puncture the skin and push the needle right through the pinched skin and out the other side into his own finger and then push the plunger on the syringe. Others, I soon learned, stole varying amounts of morphine by squirting the drug into the caps of bottles and then taking the caps out of surgery at the end of their shift.

As I discovered these techniques, I tried to put a stop to them. I soon realized, however, that if the anesthetic and drugs were to be protected I was going to have to get in better physical shape and learn a little about brawling.

I turned to the Other Brothers for help. They knew how to fight in the ring and how to handle themselves in a street brawl. These men taught me how to fight dirty, if I had to, and their efforts will be eternally appreciated.

One of the favorite drugs of the male nurses was sodium pentothal, a barbiturate which is used as an anesthetic and which induces sleep when given by injection. I was assisting Doctor Swenson in a complete laryngectomy, an operation in which the voice box is removed. I caught this male nurse, a big Italian fellow, stealing sodium pentothal by draining it out of the little sterile bottle with a syringe. He replaced it with some water, colored to look like pentothal.

I was too busy to do anything about it at the moment, but I got some fresh pentothal. When the operation was over I was still fuming. Imagine—here's a guy anesthetized on the table and this male nurse replaced the pentothal that was to be given the patient to maintain his level of sleep with colored water.

I called this big Italian fellow into the locker room and belted him as hard as I could. He hit the corner and just crumbled to the floor. It was just a punch that hit him out of nowhere.

He was lying on the floor gibbering, "I know I did wrong. Don't kick me." Well, I wouldn't kick a man when he was down, but that's not the convict way. He expected me to stomp on him. I said, "This is just a taste, just a taste. Anybody who takes anything off that anesthetic table is going to have to fight me." He got the message and so did some of the others.

Word of what I had done spread around the penitentiary. Regardless of what these men did in surgery, I never told a prison official about it. It was not my business to be a stool pigeon.

I was called upon more and more to assist in major surgery, not only by Doctor Swenson, but also with the neurosurgeon,

the plastic surgeon and other visiting surgeons who practiced in the hospital. I performed a number of neurosurgical operations by myself. One time I was off duty when one of the convicts working on the coal pile had his head split open in a fight by a shovel-wielding inmate. The visiting neurosurgeon called for me. Together we virtually reconstructed this man's head in a long and tedious operation. Eight weeks later he was back on the coal pile, throwing his share of coal.

Eventually, the chief resident surgeon put me more or less in charge of the postoperative section after they left the prison hospital for the day.

Of course, it was also good to be called "Doctor" again. This irritated some officials who forbade it—with the results that the inmates took pains to call me "Doctor" or "Doc Sam."

As I approached my third Christmas behind bars, the Ohio Supreme Court had rejected my appeal and I had placed all my hope in the U.S. Supreme Court. It seemed inconceivable to me that the highest court in the nation could fail to see the unfairness of my trial. Corrigan saw mine as a test case that might set the ground rules for all trials in the future. "Something has got to be done about the way the news media affected a fair trial in your case," he said. So it was with utter dismay that I learned in mid-November, 1956, that the highest court had refused to hear my case. It would take almost a full decade for the court virtually to admit that it might have erred in not hearing the case and to rectify one of the great wrongs of American jurisprudence.

Endless years of incarceration are hard enough to bear even if you have been rightly convicted. But, there are no words that can adequately describe the feeling you endure behind the ugly gray walls when you have been wrongfully convicted and have untold more years behind bars staring you in the face.

I threw myself into medical activity with greater intensity than before. Whatever spare time I had left was spent in athletics or in acting as an instructor in weight lifting and body building. By projecting myself wholeheartedly into whatever I was doing, it was quite often possible to forget why I was in the place and what the immediate future held. I was like a robot.

On March 21, 1958, I was first in line for a hypodermic shot of live cancer cells administered by the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research to "guinea pig" convicts at the Ohio Penitentiary. The plan was to inject live cells in one group and dead cells in another. The dead cells presented no danger, but it was hard to be sure about the live cells. The experiment was completely new. If the men were to be encouraged to take part in it, I knew that I had to volunteer. My arm swelled, but no cancer developed, nor did it in any of the other 19 men who took the live cells.

My participation was duly noted on my prison record, but it won no favor for me in terms of special treatment. Normally, prisoners with good records are moved to honor camps around the state or to the prison honor dormitory within three to four years after entering the Ohio Penitentiary. It took me five years.

The shift to the honor camp outside the penitentiary walls came early in July, 1960—as the Ohio Supreme Court was rejecting still another appeal.

The honor dormitory was an oblong, three-story building outside of the main walls of the penitentiary. Offices, a kitchen and dining room were on the first floor and several four-man rooms were on the second and third floors. There were no doors to the rooms, except to the dispensary. Draperies separated the rooms from the hallway. Prisoners could have fabric sent in from the outside for the windows and the doorway. Inmates were allowed to have throw rugs and radios of any kind. No individual television sets were permitted in the four-man rooms, but there was a large set in the dining room.

My job in the honor dormitory was first-aid man and as such I was given a room of my own which also served as the dispensary.

If you can call any form of incarceration pleasant, life in the honor dormitory was better than anything in the county jail or the penitentiary. The pressure was off. There were only a handful of guards and there was little regimentation. I was permitted to eat when I wanted to and could go out into the yard anytime to work out with weights or shoot baskets. But it didn't last long. In January, 1961, they transferred me to the Marion Correctional Institution, a medium security institution which had everything but a wall. No explanation was made until I arrived. Then they told me frankly that they needed help in their surgery. As things turned out, I became a one-man surgical department. There were no specialists called in from the outside. This arrangement continued for two years.

At Marion, there was plenty of time to participate in basketball and baseball and to make trips around the state with our institution teams. Also, eventually I was able to set up my own small business in the institution. In the honor dormitory at Columbus there had been an opportunity to do some leather work, making purses and clutch bags. This helped maintain the dexterity of my hands and it was enjoyable work.

At Marion, one of the inmates had a virtual monopoly on making religious jewelry, which was sold along with other prisoner-made handicraft in the display cabinet at the entrance to the institution. I learned that this man wanted to sell his little monopoly and I decided to buy it.

The busy surgical schedule, teaching in the nursing school, the jewelry business, and participation in athletics kept me on a treadmill. Keeping busy was the only way I knew to maintain my mental health as the weeks and months moved slowly toward the day when I could apply for parole.

During this period there was no legal activity by my attorneys.

Corrigan suffered a mild stroke early in 1961 and he died in the summer. I mourned him like a member of the family.

For the next several months, my legal ship was rudderless, but for all intents and purposes, it didn't matter. There appeared little anyone could do to upset the conviction that had kept me in Ohio penal institutions for more than seven years. However, in November, 1961, a young lawyer named F. Lee Bailey of Boston flew into Cleveland for a meeting with my brother Steve. The session had been arranged by a mutual friend who suggested that Steve listen to the young man's ideas about future moves to free me.

Bailey, an ex-Marine Saber-jet pilot who had attended Harvard and Boston University Law School, was on his way back to Boston from California. He and Steve talked for hours and Steve was impressed. Bailey, if retained, would press for a lie detector exam. The favorable results could lead to a clemency ruling in my case. If officials refused to permit me to take the test, Bailey was prepared to appeal into the federal courts again. The next day Steve brought him to Marion to see me and we talked several hours.

Lee Bailey's aggressive, but articulate, presentation made an immediate impact on me. The big question was, however: Could he get state penal officials to grant the test or force them to do it through the courts?

Throughout 1962, Bailey gave generously of his time without remuneration. He made numerous speeches and radio and television appearances in Ohio.

But the state of Ohio resisted his plea for a lie detector test. Then he went into the courts and was set back too. On December 27, 1962, the Ohio Supreme Court turned me down again.

Ariane Tebbenjohanns, beautiful, blonde, 24-year-old wife of a steel heir, first read about my case in Dusseldorf, Germany, in a magazine in 1954. It fascinated her and she immediately formed a permanent opinion that I was innocent. The method of the killing just didn't *fit* with my education, dedication to medicine or background. The next year she and her husband, Olaf, met an American couple on the Riviera who said they thought I was innocent. But of course, there was nothing they could do. Gradually the case became an obsession with her. She bearded American acquaint-

ances: how could they enjoy themselves "while an innocent man is sitting in a dingy cell, with no one to fight for him."

"Stop talking about Sam Sheppard," her husband would say. "Can't you talk about anything else?"

In 1957, Ariane divorced Olaf Tebbenjohanns. The divorce had nothing to do with her interest in the Sheppard murder case. In fact it took another two years for her to write the first letter. It was early 1959, and I had been vegetating in the Ohio Penitentiary for nearly four years.

She didn't know where I was, but remembered the name "Sheppard Clinic, Cleveland, Ohio," from the original article and sent the letter to that address. It reached my brother Steve.

Steve brought the letter to me during his next visit. I read it and sensed that the tone was different from most of the letters that had been sent by well-wishers. I told Steve to write Ariane, tell her of my desire to hear from her again and ask for a picture of her.

We began a three-way correspondence. Ariane would write to me, care of Steve. Steve would bring the letters to the penitentiary, I would read them and tell him what to write in return, since I was allowed to write only to my immediate family. Most of her letters were light, telling of incidents that happened to her during her travels though Europe, about her family and her daughter Iris. Through Steve, Ariane learned about prison life.

When I received her picture, I was amazed that someone as beautiful would take the time to become interested in a convicted murderer in a prison thousands of miles away. The three-way correspondence continued for almost two years. I found myself waiting desperately for Steve's next visit, so that I could read Ariane's latest letter. Then, in 1962, the Marion officials permitted me to put her on my approved mailing list. At last, we could correspond directly.

The correspondence had a remarkable effect on me. It pulled me from the depths of the depression, where the never-ending series of setbacks had pushed me. When she received a picture of me and wrote back that I was getting too fat, I began to work out with more determination than ever before. It was not uncommon for me to do several hundred push-ups as part of my body-building campaign.

I read her letters, meticulously written in white ink on a parchmentlike red stationery, five and six times a day, carrying each new one with me until the next one arrived. She sent me a little lock of her hair and I carried it with me in a transparent packet.

When we began corresponding directly with one another, we both realized there might be something more to our friendship than a woman's concern for a man who was falsely imprisoned. The first time I acknowledged to myself that there was a deep affection for this beautiful woman came when I sent her a picture and inscribed it, "All my love."

During 1962 Ariane had a lingering feeling that she might be falling in love with a man she had never met. In the summer of 1962 she acknowledged in her diary, "It's preposterous. The idea sounds abnormal, but I've become so obsessed with the thought of Sam that everything else seems insignificant."

In December, she decided to do something about it. She would come to the United States and try to visit me. She would find out whether our relationship was friendship or love—and live with it.

The whole thing seemed unbelievable to me. I asked myself, "What does a beautiful, wealthy woman with the world in the palm of her hand—with more suitors than she could handle—want from a guy like me?"

Steve picked her up at the Cleveland airport and on the way to her hotel, asked her pointedly, "What would you say if my brother would fall in love with you? Have you ever considered that possibility?"

"Yes," she answered. "That's why I am here. Because I too think I am in love with him and want to make sure. I think it is unfair to build up any dreams in his mind under these circumstances."

"Then I must tell you frankly," Steve said, "that I am under the impression that my brother is already in love with you."

The next night, Ariane boarded a train for Marion. Since I was on semihonor status, we were allowed to have lunch together, and she carried with her on the train a large bag filled with cold meats, cheese, bread, butter and fresh fruit. It was 19 degrees below zero that night and, to make matters worse, the train's heating system broke down. By the time Ariane reached Marion after midnight, she was half frozen from the bitter cold.

She was up early, so that she could be at the institution by 9 in the morning. She grabbed a cab, stopped at a doughnut shop, purchased a dozen doughnuts, and proceeded to the prison.

"There's a woman out there to see you in a mink coat that will knock your eyes out," the guard said.

"Oh, bull," I answered. He finally convinced me that it was Ariane. I dressed quickly and hurried to the visiting room and sat down on the edge of a big table, with my back to the doorway. I tried to pretend that I was relaxed.

When she walked into the room, I stood up and with a big smile on my face, said, "Hi, how about giving me a big kiss." She gave me a kiss on the cheek and I knew she was real.

She had platinum blonde hair and exquisite features. She was wearing a smartly tailored suit and, just as the guard had said, she was draped in mink. She was even more beautiful than in the pictures she had sent me. We sat down and started to talk. We both relaxed and it was as if we had known each other for years. We both knew it had been love before first sight.

As we became more engrossed in the conversation, we found we were talking about our mutual futures. I was telling Ariane of a tentative plan in which I would go to India to establish a clinic, if and when my sentence was commuted or parole was granted. Suddenly, the conversation stopped for a moment and then I spoke again, "Ariane, I'm in no position to propose to you. Although, I would love to ask this question more than anything in the world."

"I wish you would go ahead and ask, Sam," she replied. "Because the answer is going to be yes."

"I even have something I can give you as a symbol of our engagement," I said, then got up from the table and placed a sterling silver chain and dove of peace—with "Sam-Ariane" on the back—around her neck. I was so nervous I could barely fasten the clasp. My hands were trembling.

In all, we spent four and a half hours together. As the moment for her departure neared, we both stood up. Ariane kissed me on the cheek. Guard or no guards, I grabbed her in my arms and kissed her on the lips—so eagerly I almost broke her back.

It was 3:15 p.m., when she turned and left. We were engaged, but neither of us knew when we would see each other again. In the short span of little more than four hours, we both knew that we were deeply in love—that fate had ordained a future for us together.

For me, it was as if Ariane had tapped me with a magic wand and said, "You're alive again."

Lee Bailey's request for a lie detector test had little success, but—after eight and a half years in prison—there was a chance that my conviction could be reduced to manslaughter which would have meant immediate parole. A hearing was held January 29, 1963. Ariane asked if she could attend. Bailey said yes—and, knowing the press would discover her, decided to announce our engagement.

The publicity was heavy and prison authorities were furious. They saw the whole thing as a publicity stunt to draw sympathy. The Pardon and Parole Commission turned down my request and I was taken—in chains, like Dillinger—from Marion back to Columbus. My right to receive mail or visits from Ariane was cut off.

Ariane was a gutty girl. Finding she could not write me, she sent a letter to the Columbus *Dispatch,* which printed it so I could see it. She spoke out passionately, here and in Europe, on the injustice of my conviction, to the continual embarrassment and irritation of the prison authorities. When they threatened me, I sent word to her to hit them harder. There was nothing they could do to me that hadn't already been done and I would not knuckle under. I smuggled a few letters out to her, but decided that was risky and worked out a code contained in innocent business letters sent my brothers or Lee Bailey. I think people had expected Ariane to vanish when the first wave of publicity died down; when she didn't, and even took a real

interest in young Sam, as Chip was being called by then, they realized that she was genuine.

Then the great break came when, in a series of new precedents of which the Gideon case was most important, the U.S. Supreme Court in effect virtually ordered U.S. District Courts to reexamine state convictions to be sure the defendant's rights had not been abridged. Bailey, who had been preparing a writ of habeas corpus to be presented to District Court, now rushed it through and in April, 1963, filed a petition charging that my Constitutional rights had been violated 22 separate times, from my original arraignment without an attorney to the action of the Cleveland *Press* in "deliberately and with malice" printing articles and editorials implicating me, to the seizure of my home which prevented the discovery of evidence by my investigators. Then we settled down to wait.

There were endless delays and it was early 1964 before the case landed in the court of Federal Judge Carl A. Weinman, an able, businesslike jurist. Then began a series of pretrial hearings at which both sides—mine and the state's—developed their positions. One startling affidavit we presented was from Dorothy Kilgallen, the famous Hearst journalist who had covered my trial. She testified that before my original trial, she had spoken to Judge Blythin. He had been courteous but surprised that a journalist of her stature would come so far to cover such a trial. Surprised herself, she had pointed out that journalistically, it was "a good murder." It had a pretty victim, and the accused was prominent and respectable. And, she added, it also was a mystery. Her affidavit continued:

And Judge Blythin said, "Mystery? It's an open and shut case."

And I said, "Well what do you mean, Judge Blythin?" I was a little taken aback because usually, I have talked to many judges in their chambers, but usually they don't give me an opinion on a case before it's over.

And so he said, "Well, he is guilty as hell. There's no question about it."

It was a startling statement of bias by the trial judge.

By May, all the final papers were filed. The original points, including the Kilgallen statement, had been reduced to four basic questions. Judge Weinman, dispensing with oral argument, retired to study and then decide these four issues:

Was the newspaper publicity before the trial and/or during the trial such that it violated my constitutional rights?

Did the trial judge, by failing to disqualify himself after making certain statements regarding my guilt, violate my constitutional rights?

Did the trial judge, in permitting police officers to testify that I had refused to take a lie detector test and in permitting Spencer Houk to testify that he had taken a lie detector test, violate my constitutional rights?

Did the action of the bailiffs in permitting the jurors, during deliberations and without authority from the court, to hold telephone conversations with persons outside the jury room, violate my constitutional rights?

I began the inevitable waiting game as Judge Weinman pondered the 13th legal appeal made in my case.

I continued a vigorous program of physical activity, exercising for hours on end in the cell. During the daily exercise routine, it was not uncommon for me to do 500 push-ups and 500 sit-ups, 400 squats, 400 reverse push-ups. Plus a half hour of intensive isometric exercises.

Two months later, unexpectedly, the word came. I was returning to my cell after a visit from Chip when the man in the next cubicle shouted, "You're going home!" Tears were streaming down his face. "You made it, you made it," he said, his voice choking. Then other guys down the range started shouting to me that they had heard on the radio that Judge Weinman had ordered me freed.

I was dumb struck. About all I could say was "Goddam." I walked into my cell and the three other cell mates said they, too, had heard the news on my radio. One of the fellows, Harry, said, "Doc, I'm telling you I couldn't be happier if I were going out tomorrow." That's saying something!

I sat down on the bed, put on the earphones and listened to newscast after newscast to get the details.

That afternoon at his Dayton office, Judge Weinman issued an 86-page decision, setting me free on $10,000 bond and gave the state 60 days to retry me or my release "shall be final."

"The Court," he said, "has considered the question of whether or not petitioner received a fair trial and in regard to that question has found five separate violations of petitioner's constitutional rights, i.e., failure to grant a change of venue or a continuance in view of the newspaper publicity before the trial; inability of maintaining impartial jurors because of the publicity during the trial; failure of the trial judge to disqualify himself although there was uncertainty as to his impartiality; improper introduction of lie detector testimony, and unauthorized communications to the jury during their deliberations. Each of the aforementioned errors is by itself sufficient to require a determination that petitioner was not afforded a fair trial as required by the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. And when these errors are cumulated, the trial can only be viewed as a mockery of justice." He added:

"The order which follows is somewhat atypical in that it permits petitioner's immediate release, but this case is unusual for petitioner has been incarcerated for almost 10 years as a result of a trial which fell far below the minimum requirements for due process."

Next morning the daytime range guard came on duty, banged his nightstick on the bars and shouted, "Sheppard, pack your shit. You're going home, you sonofabitch." Then he handed me a pink slip, which meant release. I was already packed. My cell mates had shined my shoes and helped me pack.

Just before noon, the order came for me to be released. Out the front gate we went. As I walked across the prison yard to the series of gates leading to the honor dormitory, a spontaneous cheer went up from every office, cell block and factory in the penitentiary. It touched me deeply, because I felt it represented the fact that most of the men knew of my innocence because I lived with them. Convicts are not fooled; they know.

Outside the gate there was an overwhelming surge of people. Not only newsmen, but well-wishers. I was driven in a state automobile to the Federal Building in Columbus, where bond was made.

For the first time since August, 1954, I was a free man. I wanted to get the hell out of there, eat a steak, and get with my family and my girl, especially my girl, go swimming and do all of the things which I had been missing for so many years. Actually I wasn't so much in a daze as I thought I would be. I wanted to do things before this breath of freedom suddenly came to an end and I knew there was a good chance of that. I had to accept the possibility of a return to the penitentiary. I called Ariane in Cleveland. We agreed to get married as soon as possible and she said she'd drive to Columbus immediately.

But state authorities were already trying to return me behind bars. Prosecutor John T. Corrigan—no relation to my late defense attorney—got a temporary stay of the release order from federal appeals court. "Don't tell me I have to go back," I cried in near panic. During the next frantic three hours, as I expected marshals to come in the motel room we had taken, Bailey called everywhere seeking an out. In the midst of all this, the door burst open and Ariane ran into my arms. It was only the second time we had been together; it was pure ecstasy.

The next day the pressure faded. Bailey arranged for me to be free at least until a hearing four days hence and Ariane and I went to Chicago to be married. Bailey was my best man; during the ceremony I half expected someone to burst in and arrest me. We went to New York for a few days and then back to Ohio for the appeals hearing.

The ruling was in my favor; I would be free for at least a few months, to be father to my son and husband to my new wife.

My hearing in the U.S. Supreme Court finally came—but only after 18 gut-wrenching months of waiting. We had moved into Ariane's little apartment and the legal fighting had gone on. Again and again it seemed that I might have to go back to prison, once in 20 days, another time in only five days. I couldn't bear the thought. Each time Bailey worked his legal magic and I stayed free.

The hearing in the nation's highest court was impressive.

Bailey bore down on the press coverage of the first trial and on Judge Blythin's prejudice. The state of Ohio insisted that it had been a good trial—a fair trial.

Now the agony of waiting began again. Every Monday when the Court announced verdicts was a torture. We hardly slept and when I did sleep, it was to nightmares of returning to prison. Finally, the news came—and it was favorable. The Court set aside my conviction and ordered me released from custody unless the state retried me in a reasonable time. Our initial reaction was quiet. It was to thank God for the verdict. The feeling quickly turned to solid relief. It was rather strange; I was calm and pleased, not overexcited.

The 29-page opinion was written by Justice Tom C. Clark. He proceeded to outline press activities which he said marred the "judicial serenity and calm" that any defendant deserves.

"There can be no question about the nature of the publicity which surrounded Sheppard's trial," Justice Clark wrote. He continued:

"The carnival atmosphere at the trial could easily have been avoided since the courtrom and courthouse premises are subject to the control of the court.

"Secondly, the court should have insulated the witnesses. A typical example was the publication of numerous statements by Susan Hayes, before her appearance in court, regarding her love affair with Sheppard. Although the witnesses were barred from the courtroom during the trial the full verbatim testimony was available to them in the press. This completely nullified the judge's imposition of the rule.

"Thirdly, the court should have made some effort to control the release of leads, information, and gossip to the press by police officers, witnesses, and the counsel for both sides. Much of the information thus disclosed was inaccurate, leading to groundless rumors and confusion."

That left the new trial. After several days of deliberation, County Prosecutor John T. Corrigan appeared on television to say that I would indeed be tried again, but this time for second-degree murder. This is a bondable offense and he said he was agreeable to my remaining free on the same $10,000 bond.

It was a solemn time. My family already had been through one trial. Now, after years of legal maneuver, there would be another. Would a jury acquit me—as I was confident—and finally put an end to a nightmare that began on July 4, 1954?

Lee Bailey wasted no time getting ready for the trial. He flew into Cleveland and immediately jolted me: "First, I may ask you to stay off the witness stand; second, I intend to use this trial to attempt to show who killed Marilyn, and why, even though it may mean throwing some stones you might not want thrown."

"Why shouldn't I testify?"

Bailey said, "Sam, you're going to have to face a fact. In Cleveland you're a phenomenon, not a case or a person. You are also the source of a great community guilt. I have never met one adult in five years in Cleveland who didn't have an opinion as to your guilt or innocence, no matter how ignorant he or she might be of the facts in the case. I will meet them for the first time when we go to select a jury—people who *say* they have no opinion. But the feeling is there. It runs deep and it's dangerous.

"If the state doesn't put in a case," he continued, "you would do them a great favor by testifying. Then the jury could find that you were lying, and this would give the state's case greater weight on appeal. No defendant should ever testify unless there is some proof against him. You have told what you know until you are blue in the face. If the jury doesn't buy it as the police give it to them, they won't buy it just because you testify to it."

I insisted that no stones be thrown at my dead wife, even though facts had been developed over the years that reflected unkindly on Marilyn.

Finally, Bailey shrugged. "You're the one who has got to go back to prison if you get convicted because you won't let the truth come out. But bear this in mind: If *I* lose your case, I'll stick with it as long as is necessary to set things right. If *you* lose it by overriding my judgment, you're on your own. You wouldn't remove a tumor from my brain if I insisted on telling you how to operate. You're a good doctor, but no lawyer. It's up to you."

Suddenly I knew he was right. "Okay," I said wearily.

In late September, 1966, it was announced that the trial had been assigned to Judge Francis J. Talty, one of the most junior jurists sitting in the Common Pleas Court.

Later that day, Bailey said, "I have met the judge and looked him in the eye. You never know enough about any man until you look him in the eye. Brother Talty has a good eye. About everything I have learned so far is good. He is reputed to be a strong man. He knows the law, and he intends to give you a fair trial. That's about all you could possibly hope for in this city."

The trial began on October 24th. Judge Talty kept all photographers outside the court building. He ordered all newsmen not to seek information from counsel, parties or witnesses. He also assigned a number of seats to newsmen—this time outside the bar inclosure. When he got a look at the order assigning news seats, Bailey merely shook his head.

Of the 14 seats assigned, only two went to news media outside Cleveland, and these were given to the Associated Press and United Press-International wire services. All the rest were given to newspapers, television stations and radio stations in the local area. Gone were the *Chicago Tribune,* the *New York Times* and just about every other large metropolitan daily that staffed the trial in 1954. Gone were the Considines and the Kilgallens.

"It would appear," Bailey said to me before the start of the trial, "that the people of Cleveland may learn of your acquittal, if and when it comes, but it is doubtful they will ever know how it happened. I have little hope that Cleveland news media, now on the defensive, will file objective reports. The U.S. Supreme Court never intended that your case should give trial courts this kind of power and we never asked that it should. I'm going to object to the order." An objection was made before Judge Talty and was immediately overruled.

It occurred to me then, and I continue to wonder about it, that all the mighty proponents of a free press took Judge Talty's order lying down, and with only a few mild whimpers of protest. Although I feel that I was badly abused by irresponsibility and callousness on the part of the news media in this case, I have no doubt that freedom of speech and publication is important to our democratic way of life.

Lee Bailey said, and I believe, that the restrictive order was patently illegal, however well intended. Yet not one newspaper or radio or TV station appeared with lawyers to fight for the right to hear and report the trial. It seemed very much as though those who were so brave when it came to blackening an individual in print, when he cannot fight back, were somewhat lacking in plain old guts when it came to brass tacks—that is, a lawsuit to enforce their rights.

It took a little more than a week to select the jury. Bailey was satisfied with the group. Then, with Prosecutor Corrigan leading, the trial began. Corrigan was a tall, well-built man with light wavy hair and a glass eye from a World War II injury.

After a visit to the Lake Road house, long since sold, Bailey told the jury, "You will be satisfied that Sam Sheppard did not kill his wife and you will have a pretty good idea who did." Then it was on with the testimony. Most of the witnesses who paraded to the stand had appeared at the first trial. However, there were vast differences in the way they were handled, and in some instances, what they had to say.

First to appear for the state was Dr. Lester Adelson, the pathologist who had performed the autopsy on Marilyn.

J. Spencer Houk, the former mayor-butcher, now turned automobile salesman, appeared next, followed by his ex-wife Esther. They had divorced in 1962, and Houk had remarried.

Why, Bailey demanded to know of Houk, on cross-examination, did he not immediately call the police when he received my early-morning call saying simply, "Spen, get over here quick. I think they've killed Marilyn!" Why did he not take a weapon with him when he came to my aid? Why had he brought his wife, when he did not know who "they" might be, whether "they" were armed and dangerous, or how many "they" were? How had Esther known that Marilyn lay in her bedroom, since I did not mention the fact when they first arrived and before Esther dashed up to the bedroom? Why did they not call the police immediately upon seeing my condition, instead of examining Marilyn first?

The answers given by both Houks were generally vague, with very little explanation offered other than "We never thought about it at the time." When their testimony was completed, Bailey had begun to lay the foundation for what was to become a strong and recurrent defense theme: The investigation had left many important questions unanswered and, worse, many questions unasked.

The "star" witnesses for the State of Ohio during the first trial had been homicide detective Robert Schottke and Coroner Samuel Gerber.

Schottke was a sergeant now; he had made a name for him-

self early in the investigation for having been courageous enough, within 12 hours of the murder, to accuse me while I lay in a hospital bed of having committed it. Bailey gave Schottke both barrels.

He had said that he knew what I had told others concerning what had happened and also that he knew I was in the hospital, presumably injured. He had talked to me on the morning of July 4th, and had looked around the house and premises. He had been present when one of the young boys found the blood-smeared watch, ring and key, and had never thought to have them fingerprinted immediately upon their discovery.

"Did you realize that Marilyn's killer had probably left prints on those items of jewelry, Mr. Schottke?" Bailey shot out.

Schottke admitted that this was probably true.

"And did you think it important to ascertain just what prints were there before accusing *anyone* of this murder?"

Schottke nodded grudgingly.

"Was there some reason that you made no effort to check these prints before you threw an accusation at a man who had just lost his wife and was lying in bed in a hospital?" Bailey demanded to know. Schottke could furnish no reason.

"Officer Schottke—you knew Sam was in bed with possibly serious injuries. You knew that his neck had been X-rayed. Did you make inquiry as to just how badly he had been hurt?"

Schottke said that he had made no inquiry at all.

"You knew, did you not, that if these injuries were serious beyond the point where they might have been self-inflicted, then Sam could not be guilty?"

Schottke conceded that this was so.

"Then it appears, does it not," said Bailey, "that you accused the doctor without troubling yourself to determine whether or not he *could* be the guilty one?"

At first there was no answer. Then Schottke nodded.

When Coroner Gerber took the stand, he looked uneasy. His testimony was much briefer than at the first trial, but there was one startling difference: This time when he was shown Marilyn's blood-soaked pillow, with the so-called "impression" still visible, he simply stated that the impression was of some *object*. Gone was the ridiculous but nonetheless damaging statement that a "surgical instrument" could be seen.

When Bailey rose to cross-examine Doctor Gerber, I noticed a slight smile playing around the corners of his mouth and eyes. He reasoned that Corrigan wanted no part of Gerber's "surgical instrument" nonsense, and had told him to omit it. He also felt that with a little goading, Gerber would disregard these instructions. Sure enough, when pressed as to what he really saw in the pillow imprint, the coroner burst out: "It looked like a surgical instrument to me."

"Well, now, Doctor Gerber," said Bailey, beaming, "just what kind of surgical instrument do you see here?"

"I'm not sure," replied the aging doctor-lawyer hesitantly.

"Would it be an instrument you yourself have handled?"

"I don't know if I've handled one or not," said Gerber.

"Of course, you have been a surgeon, have you, Doctor?" asked Bailey.

Gerber admitted that he had not.

"Would you by chance have with you at the moment the instrument you say you see?"

The coroner had no instrument with him.

"Do you have such an instrument back at your office?"

Gerber shook his head.

"Have you ever seen such an instrument in any hospital, or medical supply catalogue, or anywhere else, Doctor Gerber?" Bailey asked, bearing down.

"No, not that I can remember," Gerber answered, in his monotonous tone.

"Tell the jury, Doctor, where you have searched for the instrument during the last 12 years."

"Oh," said Gerber, in the most startling admission of the trial, "I have looked all over the United States."

"My goodness," said Bailey, feigning surprise, "then, please, by all means, tell us what you found."

Gerber shook his head sadly. "I didn't find one." Corrigan and his assistant, Leo Spellacy, looked as if they were ready to muzzle their star witness with the blood-smeared pillow.

"Now, Doctor," said Bailey, tightening his voice and staring right through the little coroner, "you know that Sam Sheppard was and is a surgeon, don't you?"

Gerber nodded.

"And you didn't describe this phantom impression as a surgical instrument just to hurt Sam Sheppard's case, did you Doctor? You wouldn't do that, would you?"

"Oh no," said Gerber piously.

Bailey then turned to attack Gerber on his personal bias in handling that part of the investigation which he took in charge.

"Did you, Coroner Gerber, tell a young intern about a month before Marilyn Sheppard was murdered that you intended someday to 'get' the Sheppards?"

"Any man who says that is a liar!" Gerber shouted.

The prosecution was counting heavily on Mary Cowan, Doctor Gerber's assistant and the head of the morgue laboratory. She had found bloodstains in various parts of the house; some of them were human. She had examined my watch and Marilyn's, and photographed both of them before the bloodstains were wiped away. There had been whispers in the corridors to the effect that the prosecution had some sort of bombshell to dump in our laps, and Mary Cowan told us—or tried to tell us—what it was.

"What did you observe about the blood on the defendant's watch?" she was asked by Corrigan.

"I saw a spatter," she said, "as if the watch were hit with flying blood." She then flashed a colored transparency on the screen, and pointed out what to her seemed to be little droplets of blood at various points on the rim around the crystal and on the band.

It was obvious what the prosecution was trying to do. If the jury could be convinced that the blood on my watch was in fact "spattered," they might well conclude that it could only have gotten there while I was beating Marilyn, and her blood was flying about the room. I did not know at the time that the prosecution had fallen into a little trap.

Bailey drove in especially hard on the blood pattern in the room, and the failure of all concerned to take any serious note of it. Miss Cowan said that she had very little experience with blood-spatter patterns and crime reconstruction, and that she didn't think that they were of great significance in any case. She balked visibly when she was reminded of her claimed ability to diagnose the spatter on my watch and finally admitted that divining the probable source of flying blood was a difficult matter.

She also balked when it came to deciding whether the murderer was right- or left-handed. At first she said that there was no way to tell. Bailey led her carefully through many of the photographs taken by Doctor Kirk. He got her to admit that they in fact fairly represented the murder room as it had appeared when she first saw it. She admitted further that the absence of all blood from the northeast corner of the room could only be interpreted as meaning that whoever beat Marilyn to death was standing at the foot of the bed when doing so. Then, pointing to the large blood spots on the closet door, he got her to agree that these came no doubt from the back swing of whatever weapon was used. Finaly, he said to her, "Does it not appear, Miss Cowan, that this weapon was swung in a left-handed arc?"

Mary Cowan's eyes blazed. She was standing only a few feet from me, glaring at Bailey. "It would seem so," she said. The prosecution thus unwillingly adopted a left-handed killer.

The State of Ohio rested its case with less evidence than it had in the first trial, and we asked Judge Talty to dismiss the case as insufficient. He refused.

I slept fitfully that night, unable to avoid an uneasiness that the courts of Ohio were still no place for me.

On the following day we opened our evidence with a witness who will not be named here. Bailey insisted that we had to bring out *all* the facts and I reluctantly agreed. That does not mean, however, that I must discuss them all in this book—and I do not intend to do so.

Our heaviest reliance was placed upon Dr. Paul Leland Kirk.

He detailed at length his examination of the physical evidence in the case, and particularly his minute examination of the murder room. He had photographed virtually every square inch of that room, and had made meticulous notes of his observations.

He had made drawings scaled to a fraction of an inch. Looking for an answer to the many questions that the murder of Marilyn Sheppard had posed, he had made tests and experiments with blood that had never been made before. As I listened to his calm, complex, but always lucid testimony, I wished bitterly that the authorities who butchered the investigation of my wife's death had had the services of such a man as Paul Kirk.

Once a man is convicted in a highly publicized trial, it is much more important to protect the victory than to let the truth out and admit a mistake. I am convinced that if Doctor Kirk had entered my case at the outset, as he would have if Cleveland had asked him, I would never have been arrested.

He was on the stand the better part of a day. By the time direct examination had been concluded, he had established pretty clearly that: (1) whoever killed Marilyn had stood at the foot of the bed from beginning to end; (2) had used a left-handed swing, the arc of which could be completely resurrected from the blood trail left on the walls and furniture; and (3) had deposited a spot of his or her blood on the closet door, a spot that could not have come from Marilyn or the weapon which beat her to death. Beyond this, Doctor Kirk repeatedly refuted with fact those things that the prosecution had sought to suggest as possible theory. When Bailey turned Doctor Kirk over to the prosecution for cross-examination, he did so with a flourish.

Corrigan asked Doctor Kirk less than a dozen questions. He sought several times to suggest weakness in Kirk's opinions, and each time was rewarded with a polite, patient and logical answer that strengthened rather than weakened the opinion challenged. Corrigan knew better, as Bailey thought he would, than to continue. He stopped asking questions and sat down.

There were several witnesses or affidavits to attest to my injuries. Max Don, a young doctor who had been an assistant to me told of meeting Coroner Gerber and telling him he was on the staff of Bay View Hospital.

"Oh," said Gerber, "you're one of the Sheppard clan?"

"Well," replied Max, "if being on the staff of Bay View makes me one of the Sheppard clan, then I guess you're right."

Gerber turned to walk away, and, as he did so, said over his shoulder, "I'm going to get those Sheppards one day."

Our last, and certainly one of our most important pieces of evidence came from Dr. Charles Elkins, neurologist and neurosurgeon, who testified that I had suffered a severe injury to my spinal cord that no layman could see.

With that, Bailey rested my case. It was Monday, November 14th. The state offered rebuttal.

First to appear was Jerome Poelking, a lieutenant in the Cleveland police, who had dusted the bedroom for fingerprints. He pointed to the blood spot that Doctor Kirk had said came from someone other than Marilyn or myself, and said that he had brushed fingerprint powder over it in the course of his work.

Next to be called was Dr. Roger Marsters. He was a blood expert who had contradicted Doctor Kirk in 1955, when our motion for new trial was heard, and Bailey had been waiting for him. Marsters was to be used as the vehicle for two defense bombshells, although I am sure he didn't know it when he took the witness stand.

In a relaxed position, he outlined his qualifications, then gave opinions about the subgrouping of dried blood which suggested that Doctor Kirk could not have told the difference between Marilyn's blood and any other type 0 blood he might have found. This, of course, had been the critical point in Doctor Kirk's testimony, because a stranger's blood on the door proved the presence of a third person in the room. Bailey stood to cross-examine, and the telltale smile told me that he had some aces tucked away somewhere.

"You have some substantial experience with grouping whole blood, Doctor Marsters, have you not?"

"Yes, I do," replied Marsters.

"And, prior to your participation in this case in 1955, had you ever tried to group dried blood, Doctor?" Bailey shot out.

There was no answer for a moment. Then Marsters said, softly, "As a matter of fact, no." I saw this admission hit the jury hard.

Having settled that matter, Bailey turned to a question which the prosecution had omitted to see.

"Doctor Marsters, there has been evidence that the blood spots that Doctor Kirk grouped were at one time dusted with fingerprint powder. Do you have an opinion as to whether or not this might interfere with later attempts to group the blood?"

"Oh yes," replied Marsters, "I think it might substantially interfere or contaminate the blood." No doubt the judge, as well as the other lawyers in the courtroom, thought Bailey a fool for eliciting so damaging a statement when the prosecution had overlooked it entirely.

"You are firm in this opinion, Doctor Marsters?"

"Oh, yes, definitely."

Bailey reached into his outside coat pocket and produced a sheaf of papers which represented an article of some sort.

"Did you, Doctor Marsters, by chance write an article about the deterioration of dried blood?"

Doctor Marsters slowly recalled that he had written such an article, and had published it in a scientific journal.

"And did you, Doctor Marsters, report in that writing some tests which you made, in depth, in order to determine whether the presence of fingerprint powder would contaminate dried blood?"

Doctor Marsters reacted with hesitation. "Yes, I think I did make tests like that."

"And did you not report, Doctor Marsters, that fingerprint powder does *not* contaminate dried blood?"

Doctor Marsters allowed as how he had reported that fact, based on the tests he had made. Again I saw the jury react.

This was a pretty telling contradiction, but Bailey was not through. He chose Doctor Marsters as the vehicle for exploding the prosecution's "spatter" theory as to my watch. Doctor Marsters had examined the watch for 25 minutes, he said. It was apparent to me that he was acquainted with the spatter theory, and was prepared to back it. Bailey asked that the transparency be projected again, as an aid to his cross-examination. He held the watch in one hand—the watch now clear of all blood—and walked to the screen, where the projection showed.

"Doctor Marsters," he began, "does this photograph fairly represent the watch as it was when you inspected it?"

Marsters said that it did.

"And do you observe that when this photo was taken, at the top of it, the flexible band is folded back against the back of the watch?"

Doctor Marsters nodded, puzzled.

Bailey continued. He pointed to a couple of blood spots on the *inside* of the band that had not been pointed out before. "And Doctor Marsters, did you notice these spots which could only have hit the watch while the band was folded as shown?" Doctor Marsters had not. But the bombshell had been turned around. As indicated by these spots, whatever spatter had hit this watch had not struck it when the watch was being worn on a wrist. That was the last we heard of the watch as being proof of my guilt.

Summing up to the jury, Bailey told the story of a woman who lost a bill one dark night and was seen hunting for it a block away under a street light. Why hunt here, someone asked. Because, said she, the light is better here. That described the State of Ohio, he said: instead of trying honestly to find Marilyn's killer through investigation, they went after me as a matter of convenience.

At 10:45 a.m. on the morning of November 16th, the agony of waiting for the jury began.

I felt slightly relieved when I heard that the odds in Las Vegas were 100-to-5 for my acquittal.

We spent a long, nervous day. The jury was about to be "put to bed" for the night when suddenly we learned that it had a verdict.

"If it goes the wrong way, Sam, we'll do whatever we have to do to keep you from going back to the Ohio Penitentiary," Bailey said solemnly. I gave him my identification bracelet, my wallet and other personal effects because I feared that if I was found guilty, Judge Talty might pass sentence immediately. Then we proceeded to the courtroom. I don't mind saying I was just plain scared because of the horrible feeling that the verdict might not be favorable.

The foreman handed a folded note to Judge Talty. I held my breath as he unfolded the paper. Then I closed my eyes, clasped my hands and prayed. I heard Talty say:

"We find the defendant *not* guilty."

I jumped to my feet and banged my hand on the table. "Sit down," Bailey said. I felt a firm hand on my shoulder. I sank back into the chair and began to sob.

Two days later Lee gave me, as a souvenir, the gray ball-point pen that the twelve jurors had used to sign the final ballot.

**—Dr. Sam Sheppard**

# THIS FUNNY LIFE

I gave up the habit of working late at the office; one week I telephoned my wife four nights in a row to tell her that I wouldn't be home, and she accepted the situation with remarkable composure.

She was composed when I called her the fifth night, too. But, just before hanging up, she inquired sweetly, "George, can I depend on that?"

*P. A. George*
*Pasadena, Calif.*

A soldier from Georgia was discussing Army life. "Well, I'll tell you," he drawled, "it's not really bad after you get used to it. But I thought I'd die when I was first drafted, I was so homesick. I'd heard if you were a little touched in the head, they would discharge you. So one morning in front of the barracks I started putting on a show. Spotting a captain, I knew it was now or never, so I dropped down on all fours and started barking at him. That captain never batted an eye. He just dropped down on all fours and barked back at me. That's when I started liking the Army."

*Richard J. Arbisi*
*Rockford, Ill.*

My friend Steve was helping put himself through college by waiting on tables in a restaurant near the campus.

One night, a diner who was obviously down on everyone, tried to put him through the mill. He complained about the cleanliness of the silverware, the temperature of the coffee, and groused loudly all through the meal.

As Steve was clearing the table afterward, the diner glared at him and sneered: "Say, a guy doesn't have to be very bright to wait on tables, does he?"

Without blinking an eye, Steve replied: "If you're looking for a job, sir, you'll have to speak to the manager."

*Herman Wrede*
*Gardena, Calif.*

While stationed with the Navy in Japan, I was standing in a line at sick call for a routine checkup. Directly in front of me was a young, nervous-looking ensign who looked like fresh meat just out of Officer Candidate School. As he stepped up to the appointments desk the seasoned-looking corpsman asked him the routine question, "Nature of ailment, sir?"

The ensign mumbled something that the corpsman couldn't hear, and was asked to please repeat it.

This time the ensign replied loud enough for me to overhear him. "I believe that I have caught the Enlisted Man's Disease."

The corpsman, without the slightest hesitation, replied with a little more volume than was actually necessary, "Fine, sir. Would you please step into the next room and get your Enlisted Man's Shot!"

*Philip J. Bergin*
*FPO San Francisco, Calif.*

The zoology professor had just finished discussing the life cycle of fish, explaining in some detail how the female deposits the eggs and the male later fertilizes them.

A co-ed immediately raised her hand. "Do you mean that they don't—ah, I mean—that fish never. . . ."

"Exactly, Miss Davis," the professor said. "That's where we get the expression 'poor' fish."

*John H. Spickard*
*Idaho Falls, Idaho*

Odessa, Texas, as well as everywhere else, was suffering in over 100 degree heat. The Temple Baptist Church took advantage of the situation and had a sign in front of the church reading, "You think it's hot here?"

*Name withheld at writer's request,*
*Odessa, Tex.*

My brand-new bridegroom beamed as he complimented me on my "going-away" suit. Pleased as punch, I announced that it was designed by Oleg Cassini.

That evening, my husband was anything but beaming when he caught a glimpse of me in my wedding-night negligee. He stared in silence at the high neckline, long sleeves, and heavy cotton plaid, then asked, "And who designed that little number—Margaret Sanger?"

*Mrs. Jack Dublin*
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

My sister and I were arguing about the forthcoming marriage of our father, a widower of many years, to a young woman, younger in fact than either of us.

"I frankly don't believe in these May-December marriages," I declared. "I can see what December is going to find in May—freshness and effervescence—but whatever, may I ask, is May going to find in December?"

"Christmas," my husband broke in.

*Mrs. R. Whyman*
*New York, N. Y.*

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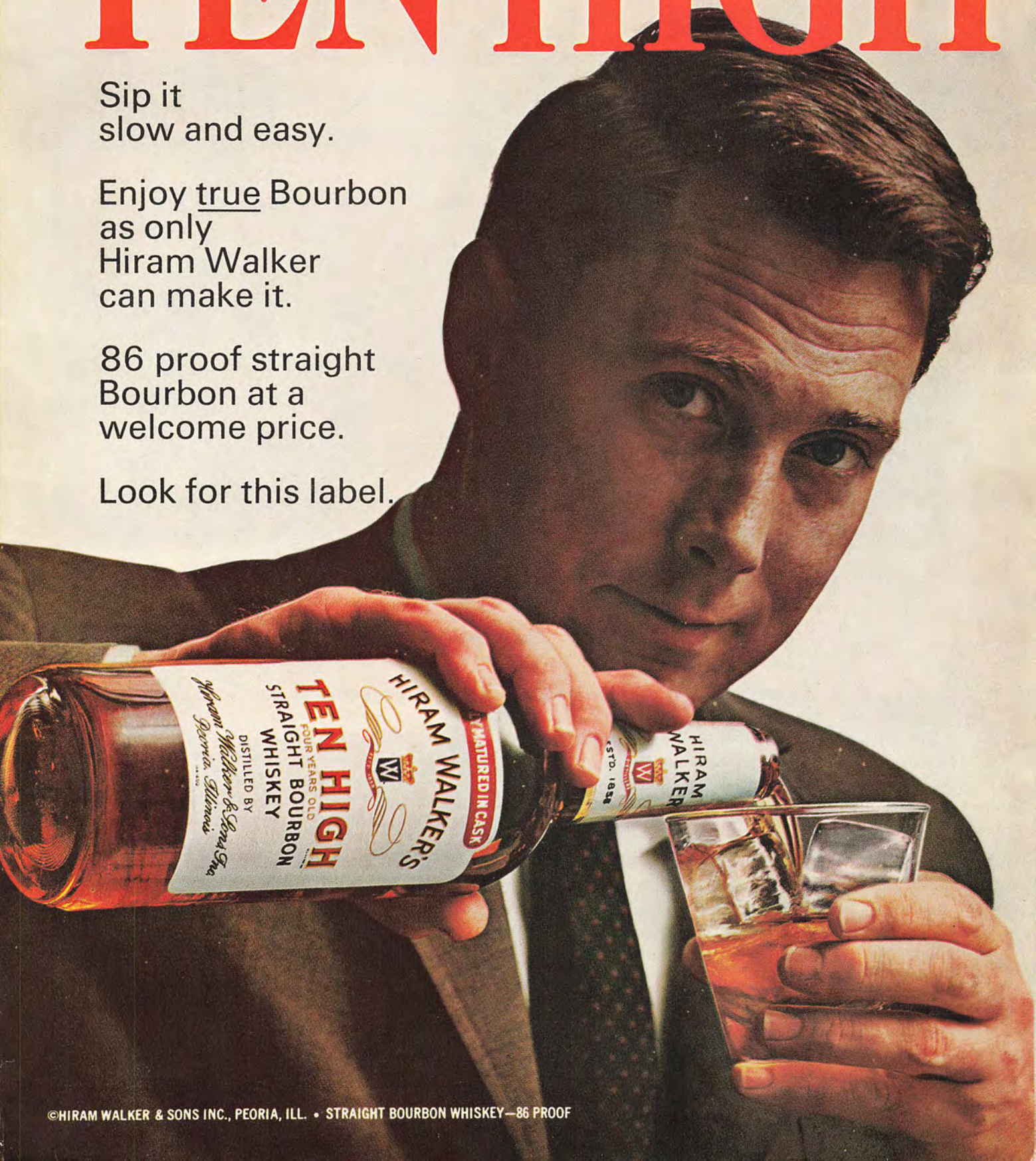


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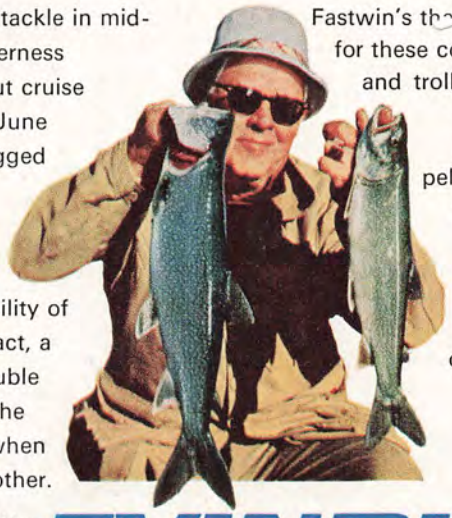

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